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* THE

SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx: it is the effort to discover all truths relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare, and destiny; and its application to a regenerate life. It recognises a *continuous* Divine inspiration in Man; it aims through a careful reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.

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[No. 1.

THE NEW YEAR.

JUDGING from what has been accomplished during the past year, we enter upon the present with every assurance of even a still greater advance in our inquiry than that which is so apparent in the year that has gone. It is no longer possible, as it was long thought to be, to put it down by ridicule; and most of the editors who have from time to time been most loud in their attacks, have retired into more prudent silence, waiting, perhaps, to renew the attack in a form which may promise them more success. We have no fear that they will remove a single fact, or lessen the value of any of the philosophy that is based on the existence of spiritual laws, while we may admit that the observation of many of the present methods of spiritual manifestation is comparatively new, and that they are now, for the first time, becoming understood as in harmony with higher laws. History affords abundant evidence of the great law of spiritual intercourse. Every age and nation in the past have had their religions and revelations, and the very idea of religion and revelation presupposes the necessity for inspiration from the invisible world and the agency of spiritual intelligences acting as angels or ministering spirits to communicate between God and man. Let all the phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism become repudiated, and we can form no idea of another world, nor of the manner in which mortals can receive anything like a revelation. Let all the Bibles of the past be expurged, and everything of a spiritual character be erased, and we have nothing left but the skeleton of a dead history and a few abstract teachings. Already there is abundant proof in the current literature of the day, that many of the best minds are deeply imbued with the new philosophy, and that they are beginning to press us on to deeper inquiry and research. Science is being pursued in many directions to the very verge of the

spiritual, and there loses it itself for want of the elementary laws which it will find in the study of this subject, and which will give it a new world to conquer. At present it only sees the apparently brazen wall which it has itself erected, as a bar to its further progress; but this wall it shall walk boldly through, when it will give to facts and evidence their due significance. The denial of spiritual causation, and of spiritual dynamics, forms this impassable barrier; but it will soon be seen that the whole basis of this world of matter is solely spiritual, and that a wrong method of inquiry has been pursued, by proceeding from the outward to the inward, instead of from the inward to the outward. The nature and mode of creation has been reversed, and research has, therefore, been stopped at the very point whence all the energy which gives life to matter proceeds. Apply this to man, and to his spirit, as subsisting in and deriving all its force from the spiritual world, and what a field is opened for enquiry into the great question of pneumatology—a science which has yet really to be born, for no progress has been made in it during all the ages in which men have been disputing about it. For want of some knowledge of this, the warfare between science and religion appears now to be separating them wider than ever, and to be carried on with a bitterness altogether incommensurate with the wisdom of the combatants. All this will have to be reversed, and a commencement made on a spiritual basis, large enough and true enough not to be in even apparent contradiction to the discoveries of science. When the present pulling down of man-made creeds has proceeded far enough for the building of a true temple of the soul, then will begin the reconstruction of the new edifice, in which the artificers will be “the wise-hearted men in whom the Lord hath put wisdom and understanding, to know how to work all manner of work for the service of the sanctuary.” In the reconstruction of religious creeds, which is now inevitable, there can be no question but that the basis of spiritual laws will be recognized as the great necessity; and if we do not fear the shaking to their foundation of present forms of thought, which this day is coming upon us, it is because we so clearly see that the ground must be first cleared for the new building of a true spiritual Christianity.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—JEROME CARDAN.—HENRY CORNELIUS AGRIPPA.

EDITORS of newspapers, who, of course, are well informed on all subjects, from consols to cosmogonies, when they deign, with a lofty air and an unction of superior wisdom, to speak of "the victims of the pitiable delusion of spirit-rapping," have their philanthropic hearts stricken and saddened at the "crass ignorance" and "mental imbecility," which this "miserable superstition" necessarily implies. The editorial mind is clear that these "deluded victims" can never have come under the operation of the schoolmaster; that their minds are unenlightened by penny readings, and popular lectures, and dissolving views. "Cannot something be done," asks the eloquent and able editor, "to save this benighted people who know not science, from the error of their ways, and so initiate them into the mysteries of the magic-lantern and true religion that they may come to disbelieve in spirits altogether, and to fully appreciate the theory maintained in the British Association for the Advancement of Science, Section D, that if Adam was the first man, he was lineally descended from a very ancient ancestry, even though it might (according to modern prejudices) be regarded as one somewhat disreputable, or, at best, of questionable respectability?"

Certainly this generation of philosophers and editors is very wise, and certes, also, all who have gone before it, until within a century or so, (to say nothing of the major part of mankind at the present day) were very much otherwise. And as we have invented telegraphs and railways, and rifled cannon, it, of course, follows that former generations must have been wrong in those spiritual beliefs and alleged supernatural facts to which they clung so tenaciously, and of which they affirmed themselves to have ample evidence, and abundant testimony of then living and competent witnesses. So strangely, however, does the whirligig of time bring round its revenges, that possibly the old belief in spirits, and guardian angels, and their communication with mortals, entertained by the saints, and prophets, and apostles, and fathers, and divines, and philosophers of past ages, may, to the horror of professors and newspaper editors, come again into vogue. Who knows? I have seen it stated in print, that physicians, and even clergymen attend *séances*; and the *Westminster Review*, a few years since, in reviewing Spiritualism, warned its readers that "should ever the time arrive for the renewal of the movement, the persons at its head would be found to be men and women whose intellectual qualifications are known to the public, and who possess its confidence and esteem."

Whatever may be the case now, until a comparatively recent

time, a disbelief in spiritual powers and operations was regarded as an evidence of ignorance and mental weakness, and as having an unscriptural and atheistic tendency. Take the writings of More, Baxter, Glanvil, Cudworth, or almost any of the earlier divines, without distinction as to sect, and you will find that they gave a prominence and attached a weight to spiritual narratives of which a modern divine, having due regard to his reputation (to say nothing of his chances of promotion) would feel ashamed. And this is true not only of their divines, but of their scholars and men of letters. The fact may be slurred over, as it generally is, but no honest and intelligent scholar will venture to call it in question.

One of the most eminent of the scholars and men of science of his time was Jerome Cardan, an Italian physician of the sixteenth century. He was successively professor of mathematics, or of medicine, at Milan, Pavia, and Bologna. Henry Morley, who has recently written the most complete biography of him that has yet appeared, says:—"He was the most successful scientific author of his time. . . . He was not only the popular philosopher, but also the fashionable physician of the sixteenth century—pope and emperor sought him; kings, princes, cardinals, archbishops were among his patients. There were other physicians in those days wise enough to be less credulous on many points, but greater wisdom did not win for them equal fame." The same writer speaks of his learning and his "quick, natural wit. . . . There was pith in what he wrote, and his works always sparkled more or less with those well-considered and well-pointed sayings, in which learned and unlearned equally delight." And speaking of one of his latest books (*On Civil Prudence*), he says:—"In this work it is to be seen that, as a philosopher, Jerome's faculties remained, to the last, clear and lively. There is the old terseness in it, and more than the old wisdom. . . . He maintained perfectly the tone and spirit of a man of genius and a scholar." In his practice as a physician, Cardan estimates that he cured more than ten thousand patients. Such was his reputation, that the king of Denmark invited him to be his physician; the College of Physicians at Rome elected him a member, and the pope awarded him a pension. He was a distinguished writer not only in medicine, but in philosophy; but, perhaps, he achieved his greatest distinction in mathematics. In his *Ars Magna*, published 1546, the whole doctrine of cubic equations was first published to the world. In Hutton's *Mathematical Dictionary* (article, Algebra) is a list of the chief improvements introduced into the art by Cardan, sixteen in number. A collected edition of his works is published in ten volumes, folio.

If there is one quality for which Cardan was pre-eminent,

it is his sincerity ; he scorned to tell a lie.* In his *De Vita Propria* he ingenuously relates facts, which if reputation rather than truth had been his object, he would either have suppressed or endeavoured to place in a more favourable light. His biographer says, "We may accept it as a fact, that Jerome always speaks literal truth." And yet this philosopher, so well acquainted with the human frame—the most eminent physician of his day ; so skilled in the exact sciences, the first mathematician of his time—so acute, so learned, so witty, so wise, and withal so truthful : schooled in sickness, and sorrow, and domestic calamity most tragical ; and who, throughout all, kept his faculties so clear and bright, is not to be credited when he speaks of seeing spirits, and of hearing mysterious noises which imply a supernatural origin. His biographer only laments and pities this "delusion," and pleads, to the best of his ability, in its extenuation. More frequently (as by a writer in the *Penny Cyclopædia*) he is cited to illustrate the sometimes "singular union of genius and folly." Tiraboschi, in his *History of Italian Literature*, asks :—"Whoever would suppose that a man foolishly lost behind judicial astrology, . . . a man more credulous over dreams than any silly girl, observing them scrupulously in himself and others—a man who believed that he had the friendship of a dæmon, who by marvellous signs warned him of perils—a man who himself saw and heard things never seen or heard by any other man—a man, in short, of whom, if we read only certain of his works, we may say that he was the greatest fool who ever lived ; who would suppose, I say, that such a man was at the same time one of the most popular and most fertile geniuses that Italy has produced, and that he made rare and precious discoveries in mathematics and in medicine? Nevertheless, such was Cardan, by the confession of those who speak of him with the most contempt."

It is the old, old story : if a man avers that he has witnessed any spiritual phenomena, no matter what may be his attainments, capacity, or integrity, we must believe him to be "deluded," or "insane," or "the greatest fool that ever lived," rather than think it possible that he has spoken just the plain, simple truth. Mr. Morley says :—"I have not thought it worth while to collect together all the stories of this kind" (the supernatural) "related by Cardan" (the more's the pity) ; "but two may serve here as examples. At Pavia, one morning while in bed, and again while dressing, Jerome heard a distinct rap, as of a hammer, on the wall of his room, by which he knew that he was parted from a chamber in an empty house. At that time died his

* "His refusal to accept an advantageous settlement in Denmark, on condition of his apostatizing, ought to establish his right to some principle."—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

father's friend, Galleazzo Rosso. The disciples of certain impostors, who, in our own day, have revived a belief in spirit-knockings in New York, may be referred to the works of Cardan for a few enunciations of distinct faith in such manifestations. A more curious example will occur hereafter." This "more curious example," we take to be the following:—"In the preceding year his household was increased, his daughter Clara, had been born, and in that year, 1537, of which we now speak, his household was diminished, for it was then that his mother, Clara, died. While she lay awaiting death, Jerome, of course, had all his senses open for the perception of some sign or omen. Once in the night he heard a mysterious tapping, as of the fall of water-drops upon a pavement, and he counted nearly one hundred and twenty distinct raps. He was in doubt, however, as to their significance, or whether they were indeed spiritual manifestations, for they appeared to proceed from a point to the right of him, in contradiction to all doctrine concerning portents of calamity. He believed therefore, that perhaps one of his servants might be practising on his anxiety. But for the purpose of assuring his faith in the genuineness of the supernatural communication that he had received, the raps were repeated—he supposed that they could have been repeated only for that purpose—on the next day when the sun was high, and he being up and awake could assure himself that nobody was near him. There were then fifteen strokes—he counted them. Afterwards, he heard in the night, a heavy sound as of the unloading of a waggonful of planks. It caused the bed to tremble. After these events his mother died; but, Jerome adds: 'of the signification of the noises I am ignorant!'"

Of these signs or omens to which Mr. Morley so contemptuously alludes, some, as he relates them, may seem trivial, fanciful, and far-fetched; but not all. It would, for instance, be hard to explain the following relation, given by Mr. Morley, by any merely natural operation:—"At Pavia, one day, chancing to look into his right hand, Cardan observed a mark at the root of his ring-finger like a bloody sword. He trembled suddenly. That evening a person came to him with letters from his daughter's husband, telling him that his son was in prison, that he must come at once to Milan." He hastened to Milan, and found his son in prison charged with a capital offence. While staying with friends in Milan, "there sounded in his ear some tones as of the voice consoling wretched men who are upon the verge of death. . . . The red mark like the sword, that seemed to be ascending Cardan's finger, on the fifty-third day after his son's capture, seemed to have reached the finger-tip, and to shine with blood and fire. Jerome was beside himself with anguish and

alarm. In the morning, when he looked, the red mark was gone. During the night his son had perished. He was executed by night in his prison on the 7th of April, 1560, being then twenty-six years old."

We shall perhaps better understand this fact by taking it in connection with what Mr. Morley tells us of Cardan on another page; namely, that "towards the end of his life he believed that he had often been secretly prompted by a guardian spirit, by which he had escaped great dangers." Of this Mr. Morley relates the following instances:—"When walking one day in the streets of Milan, without any reason but this secret prompting, he crossed the road, and immediately afterwards there fell from the roof of a house under which he would have passed had he not changed his course, cement enough to kill eight oxen." "Another time, when riding on his mule, he met a coach, and had an instinctive thought that it would be overturned, for which reason he passed on the wrong side of it, and as he was passing it did overturn, in the direction contrary to that which he had chosen." Again, "invited to a supper at Rome, Cardan remarked, as he was sitting down among the guests, 'If I thought you would not take it ill, I would say something'—"You mean to say,' one of the company inquired, 'that one of us will die?' 'Yes,' the old man answered, and 'within the the year.' On the first of December following died one of the party, a young man named Virgil." Is it not probable that the same "guardian-spirit" from whom Cardan received these monitions may have caused the appearance on his finger of a bloody sword, as a symbolic warning that his son would perish by the bloody sword of the executioner, while its ascending from the finger-root to the tip and its increasing redness, kept pace with the approaching nearness of his fate, and culminated at its catastrophe? The phenomenon being probably of the same kind as the stigmata, and the raised letters on the arm, of both of which many well-attested instances are recorded.

Cardan gives the following reason for his love of solitude:—"I love solitude, for I am never so much in the company I like as when I am alone. For I love God and my good angel. These, while I am alone, I contemplate. The Infinite Good, the Eternal Wisdom, the Fountain and Author of science, the True Pleasure, which we need not fear losing, the Foundation of truth, the Source of disinterested love, the Creator of all things; . . . and the angel who, by His command, is my guardian, a kind and compassionate counsellor and assistant, and comforter in adversity."

In evidence of his being "chief of the visionaries of the first class," the writer of the article on Cardan in the *Penny Cyclopædia* avers that he claimed to have, among other gifts,

the power of throwing his soul out of his body;* the faculty of seeing whatever he pleased with his eyes—*oculis non vi mentis*; and frequent prophetic dreams. Mr. Morley says:—"By dreams, the philosopher considered himself to be sometimes lifted out of animal existence, and brought into communication with things

* "The highest species of apparitions, which have their foundation in human nature is, incontestibly, when a person still living can show himself in some distant place. However much this may have been ridiculed as the most absurd superstition, yet so certain and positive are the facts narrated, that the matter is placed beyond a doubt; and many of my readers will probably remember some incident or other of this kind. I do not speak here of such apparitions as have shewn themselves immediately after death to some particular friend, but to those who have made such a visit whilst the individual still animated the living body. Instances are known to me, in which persons who were sick, were seized with an indescribable longing to see a certain friend; they soon after fell into a swoon, and, during the time, they appeared to the distant object of their longing. But the following narrative exceeds all I ever read or heard upon this subject; it comes from a credible source, and possesses all the characteristics of historic veracity.

"About sixty or seventy years ago, a man of piety and integrity arrived in Germany, from Philadelphia, in North America, to visit his poor old parents, and with his well-earned wealth to place them beyond the reach of care. He went out to America whilst he was still young, and had succeeded so far as to become overlooker of various mills on the Delaware river, in which situation he had honourably laid up a considerable sum. This respectable individual related to one of my friends, upon whose veracity I can depend, the following wonderful tale.

"In the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, not far from the mills above-mentioned, there dwelt a solitary man in a lonely house. He was very benevolent, but extremely retired and reserved, and strange things were related of him, amongst which were his being able to tell a person things that were unknown to every one else. Now it happened, that the captain of a vessel belonging to Philadelphia, was about to sail to Africa and Europe. He promised his wife that he would return again in a certain time, and also that he would write to her frequently. She waited long but no letters arrived: the time appointed passed over, but her beloved husband did not return. She was now deeply distressed, and knew not where to look either for counsel or consolation. At length a friend advised her for once to go to the pious solitary, and tell him her griefs. The woman followed his advice, and went to him. After she had told him all her troubles, he desired her to wait awhile there, until he returned and brought her an answer. She sat down to wait, and the man opening a door, went into his closet. But the woman thinking he stayed a long time, rose up, went to the window in the door, lifted up a little curtain, and looking in, saw him lying on the couch or sofa like a corpse; she then immediately went back to her place. At length he came and told her that her husband was in London, in a coffee-house which he named, and that he would return very soon; he then told her also the reason why he had been unable to write. The woman went home pretty much at ease.

"What the solitary had told her was minutely fulfilled, her husband returned, and the reasons of his delay and his not writing were just the same as the man had stated. The woman was now curious to know what would be the result, if she visited the friendly solitary in company with her husband. The visit was arranged, but when the captain saw the man, he was struck with amazement; he afterwards told his wife that he had seen this very man, on such a day; (it was the very day that the woman had been with him), in a coffee-house in London; and that he had told him that his wife was much distressed about him; that he had then stated the reason why his return was delayed, and of his not writing, and that he would shortly come back, on which he lost sight of the man among the company."—*Stilling's Pneumatology*.

spiritual." "Ghosts of the dead came to the bedside of the excitable and nervous man." Of course, these were "produced at one time, by the irritable state of his nervous system, and at another time by the impure condition of his blood." Cardan, however thought otherwise, and, perhaps, on such a question, and in his own case, the deliberate judgment of the first physician of of his age may be considered to be of at least equal value with the empirical opinion of Mr. Morley, the more especially as Cardan has the similar instances, in both the Old and New Testaments, on his side of the argument.

The statement of Cardan referred to by the *Penny Cyclopædia* is so curious, that I transcribe a translation of it *verbatim et literatim*. He says:—

Nature has favoured me with four endowments, which I would never reveal; all of them, in my judgment, very extraordinary. Whereof the first is, that, whenever I please, I can transport myself out of my senses into an extacy. In the doing which I feel near my head a sort of separation, as if my soul departed, and this affair is communicated to my whole body, as it were by the opening of a door. The beginning of it is from my head, principally the cerebellum, and so diffuses itself all along the spine of my back and is not stopped without great resistance: all I perceive is, that I am beside myself, and I can just contain myself a little with a certain considerable force. The second is, that I can at any time see whatever I please with my eyes, not by force of imagination, as those images I have mentioned my seeing when I was a child. I can, therefore, see groves, animals, worlds, and whatever I please. I take the cause to be the strength of my conceptive faculty, and the quickness of my sight. The third is, that I see in my sleep the representation of all that is to happen to me. And I dare almost say—I am sure I might very truly say, that I never remember anything happening to me, either good, bad, or indifferent, of which I had not been forewarned in a dream. The fourth is, that whatever is to happen to me is signified by appearances on my nails. Black and livid specks on those of my middle finger signify misfortune, white the contrary; and on my thumb, honours; on my forefinger, riches; on my ring-finger, study and discoveries of importance; on my little finger, inventions of the lowest class; if the speck is close and even, it betokens lasting good fortune; but if it spread, and something like a star, it is a sign of such as will not be very much to be depended on, but rather of more public nature, and consisting of promises.—*De Rerum Varietate*, Lib. viii., cap. 43.

Boyle, whose translation I have here followed, remarks:—"We must take notice that, during these voluntary extacies, he felt not the most acute fits of the gout (from which he was a great sufferer); and if any one spoke near him, he could hear a little the sound of the words, but understood not their signification."

Mr. Morley has also written the life of another eminent scholar and physician—a contemporary of Cardan—Henry Cornelius Agrippa. Agrippa wrote a work on *Occult Philosophy*, full of rare and varied learning. It treats of the inward nature and properties of things, of their sympathies and antipathies, and the connexion and correspondences of things natural and things spiritual and divine. Thus, he says:—

Stones and metals have a correspondency with herbs, herbs with animals,

animals with the heavens, the heavens with intelligences, and those with divine properties and attributes, and with God himself, after whose image and likeness all things are created. For this is the band and continuity of nature, that all superior virtue doth flow through every inferior with a long and continued series, dispersing its rays even to the very last things: and inferiors, through their superiors, come to the very supreme of all. For so inferiors are successively joined to their superiors: that there proceeds an influence from their head, the first cause, as a certain string stretched out, to the lowermost things of all: of which string, if one end be touched, the whole doth presently shake: and such a touch doth sound to the other end: and at the motion of the inferior the superior also is moved, to which the other doth answer: as strings in a lute well tuned. Not only vital, but also angelical and intellectual gifts may be drawn from above, as Mercurius Trismegistus and St. Augustine, in his eighth book, *De Civitate Dei*, relate that an image rightly made of certain proper things, appropriated to any one certain angel, will presently be animated by that angel. Celestial spirits may, in this way, be invoked by men who are of a pure mind, humble themselves, and pray secretly. And by foul and profane men, who use such arts profanely, no man is ignorant that evil spirits may be raised.

Mr. Morley has devoted four chapters to an account of this work. From this brief abstract I cite a few of the passages that serve to show the spiritual beliefs of this distinguished philosopher. He thought that the passions, when ardent, not only influence the body of the individual, "but can transcend so much as to work also on another body, to produce wonderful impressions on its elements, and remove or communicate disease. So the soul, being strongly elevated, sends forth health or sickness to surrounding objects. . . . Distrust and doubt, he reasons, dissipate and break the power of the worker's mind, and so frustrate his influence." In this excerpt, and in his general view of the reciprocal action of all things and powers by virtue of their occult sympathies, Agrippa, as it seems to me, clearly indicates the root-principle of all mesmeric and spiritual phenomena. He taught that there are various forms of prophetic power. "There is such power by vacation of the body, when the spirit is enabled to transcend its bounds, and as a light escaped from a lantern to spread over space; and there is the descent of a divine power, imparting itself to the mind. These forms of it are seen in prophetic fury, in rapture, and in prophetic dreams. The fury is obtained by a liberation of the mind from the restrictions of the body." He also speaks of "a prophetic madness falling upon men who are awake," and which "sometimes draws celestial spirits down into men's bodies, by whose presence and instinct, antiquity testifies, men have been made drunk, and spoken most wonderful things. And this, it is thought, may happen in three ways, according to a threefold apprehension of the soul, imaginative, rational, and mental. When the mind is forced by melancholy beyond the bonds of the members wholly into one of these, if it be into the first, an ignorant man may become suddenly an artist; and if a prophet,

prophesier of disturbances among the elements ; but if it be with the second he may become suddenly a philosopher, physician, orator ; and if a prophet, prophesies mutations of kingdoms and the work of man in ages yet to come."

There is a prophetic power also in the casting of lots and other such observations, which the ancient fathers used, but never lightly or irreverently, since they could obtain an omen from on high, not from the dead matter used, but by the power of pure souls desiring knowledge through it. Thus it appears that sacred oracles can be received only by those who have rightly disciplined their souls and bodies, and who make use of all sacred rites appointed for the strengthening of virtue. To show in what this discipline consists is the remaining purpose of the book. The spirit of it is that which we have seen animating the whole body of doctrine. Man is the temple of the Deity : he can attain to nothing worthy without striving, step by step, upon the way to purity, subduing all those powers of the flesh that war against the soul, engaged in constant contemplation of divine perfection, constant effort to approach it. To purify himself he must become in all things clean, most clean of all in heart and soul. He must not exceed the necessities of the body, he must be abstinent from all that overclouds the mind, temperate in all things, and dwell much apart from the animal crowd of men in contemplation of celestial things, of angels and intelligences, working out the will of God. But the chief part of inward purification is repentance.

So highly does he conceive of the nature and the place assigned in the Divine Economy to heavenly spirits that, according to Mr. Morley, he teaches that "Man was created not by God immediately, but by the heavenly spirits under his command ; and when these mixed the elements to make a body servant to the soul, they built it up with all its meaner parts in lower places, and the highest still the best."

There is a chapter in his book on "the Orphic names of the celestial spirits ruling man"—names, says Agrippa, not "of evil deceiving spirits, but of natural and divine powers, distributed to the world by the true God, for the service and profit of man, who knows how to use them." He holds that there are angels supercelestial, who work only near the throne ; angels celestial, who rule over the spheres, and a third class of angels, "who are ministers of grace below, attend invisibly upon us, protect us, and help or hinder us as they consider fit." And, in the last chapter of his second book of Occult Science, Agrippa "shows how, by his aspiration towards, and his invocation of, superior things, man may ascend into the intelligible world, and become like to the more sublime spirits and intelligences. He represents man, as it were, ascending Jacob's ladder, on which angels throng, striving to reach to the thoughts and to the purity of those who are above it, at the very gate of heaven ; seeking to strike one end of the chord of harmony which runs through spiritual realms, each one holier and purer than the last, and which shall vibrate at length even with his thought before the throne of God. He teaches that we must aspire upwards, but even upward only to the souls of things ; not to the visible

glory of the sun, the king of stars, but to the soul of it, and become like to it, and comprehend the intelligible light thereof with an intellectual sight, as the sensible light with a corporeal eye. But while seeking this, his closing counsel is, that 'in the first place we must implore assistance from the First Author, and pray not only with the mouth but with religious gesture and a supplicating soul—also abundantly, incessantly, sincerely—that He would enlighten our minds, and remove the darkness gathering upon our souls by reason of our bodies.' ”

In his later work, *The Vanity of Sciences and Arts*, written under the bitterness of distress and disappointments, Agrippa speaks with severity of some of his earlier studies, as astrology and alchemy; yet even in this caustic satire he still speaks of theurgy, or the search for communion with good angels by the purification of the soul as not evil, rightly understood; but a pernicious superstition only to the foolish.

Many singular stories are related of Agrippa, as that to “Thomas Lord Cromwell, he exhibited in a perspective glass (crystal) King Henry VIII. and all his lords hunting in his forest at Windsor;” and to Lord Surrey, in a “magic glass,” the appearance of his mistress, “sick, weeping upon her bed, and inconsolable for the absence of her admirer;” and that at the court of the Elector of Saxony, in presence of Erasmus, Lord Surrey, and many other persons eminent in the republic of letters, he, at their request, caused the spirit of Tully to appear, and deliver his oration for Roscius precisely in the words in which it has been handed down to us. I do not pretend to determine what degree of credit should attach to these reports; but they show the belief of the time concerning him, and concerning the possibility of such things and, in connection with his known pursuits, they, at least, render it probable that his acquaintance with Spiritualism was not altogether confined to theory. Disraeli informs us that “Cornelius Agrippa, before he wrote his *Vanity of the Arts and Sciences*, in the sixteenth century, intended to reduce into a system and method the secret of communicating with spirits and demons. On good authority—that of Porphyry, Psellus, Plotinus, Iamblicus—he was well assured that the upper regions of the air swarmed with what the Greeks called *daimones*, just as our lower atmosphere is full of birds, our waters of fish, and our earth of insects.”

It is easy to pick holes in the coats of the great men of a past age—of Cardan, Agrippa, Luther, or any other. Our knowledge of natural philosophy is certainly more exact than theirs, but they studied more profoundly the mysteries of spiritual philosophy; and perhaps there are some things in which we may yet learn of them.

T. S.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE been earnestly requested by my family and friends, to give some peculiar facts from my experience. I do so, thinking that they may be of some value, though much less remarkable than the phenomena that have occurred to several persons of my acquaintance.

At an early age, I observed in myself the faculty of knowing, at times, what was passing at a distance, what had passed, and also future events. I could not explain how I knew the past, present, or future, without being in any way dependant on the usual means of obtaining knowledge. I knew that I knew, I knew not *how*. At times I remained in ignorance of what it seemed very important that I should know. This knowledge came to me quite independently of any will or wish of my own. I have never been able to see either past, present, or future events, because I, or any other person, desired it; and yet, all that has been revealed to me, has been so revealed for most beneficent purposes. Sometimes this has been done by impression, sometimes by a voice speaking in the interior of my mind, and sometimes by vision. The last has been so various, that I must give instances in order to be understood. The first instance of my being conscious of what was passing at a distance from me, was of so slight a character, that I should not mention it, but for the fact that it was like the faint dawn to the day, compared with the consciousness that was subsequently developed. I was about 14 years of age, and had been some time absent from home. On my return, when within a mile of my father's house, I entered, as it were, into a cloud—that is, my spirit seemed darkened with a great sorrow, and I knew that my mother was in trouble and danger. When I came to the house, my sister met me at the door, and told me that my mother was very dangerously ill; after a severe illness she recovered. My knowing the future, and what was passing at a distance, and in the minds of other people, became in after years a habit with me; it did not in the least disturb or trouble me. I knew—I could not tell *how* or *why*. An event would present itself to my mind as being about to happen—I would be assured that it would happen, and it always came to pass, often at a time specified at the period of the prevision. I do not now remember but one instance in which I was mistaken. I wished much to settle in a certain place, and I felt sure I should, but when a house was procured for my family, I felt obliged to decline it. Much as I wished to remain, I could not consent to do so. Against what seemed positive prescience, I went on refusing to remain, and left, and by leaving I avoided a great

calamity. What I took for prescience in this case, I afterwards thought to be merely desire. On one occasion I was in a very pleasant and desirable home, where we were settled by lease for a term of years. One day I was walking amid the early spring violets, and drinking in the beauty of a charming landscape, in that to me most lovely season of the year, when a voice said to me, as it seemed in the interior of my mind, "Enjoy all this as if you were a visitor, for in three weeks you will leave it all." I believed the voice, for then I had never been mistaken. In three weeks from that day I was packing my trunk to leave. I left, and have never since seen the beautiful home. Again and again events have been announced in my mind in the same way as being about to happen, and they always have happened; with the one exception which I have mentioned, and that was nothing more than a pleasant impression or conviction, and not an annunciation.

On one occasion a friend of mine was ill. He was one hundred and fifty miles distant. He had been for some time an invalid, but we did not suppose him to be in any immediate danger. One day his voice seemed to speak to me. He had for years called me mamma, and on this occasion he said, "It is all over, mamma; I am dead." I recognized the voice, but did not see any person. I answered, "Georgy, you are not dead." "Yes, mamma," he said, "I am dead." The next day I got a letter announcing his death. He had been five hours dead when he spoke to me.

Another friend of mine committed suicide. I heard of the fact, but I did not hear of the mode. I supposed that he had shot himself. I sat down by a table, and resting my elbow on it, I put my hand over my eyes. I immediately saw a small phial, containing prussic acid, and the conviction came with the sight that he had died of this poison. The same day I learned that this was the fact. My consciousness of what was transpiring at a distance, or what had happened, or was about to happen was produced in various ways. Sometimes I saw in vision the actual fact, and sometimes facts were represented hieroglyphically. To illustrate: A friend of mine had chewed tobacco very hurtfully. He was induced to discontinue the practice. For several years he entirely disused tobacco. At one time, when I had not seen him for several weeks, and he was many miles distant, whenever I thought of him, I had instantly a vision of tiny thin flakes of tobacco floating before me. This was repeated a great many times. I had heard nothing to cause it. At last he came to see me, and I told him of the appearance. "I have been tempted, and have fallen into my old habit," he said, "but I have only taken the thin tiny flakes which you saw, and laid them on my tongue."

Again, a gentleman had heard of my strange knowledge of facts, and he asked my sister to let him know the next time I visited the city where she resided. He was a friend of hers, and she promised him he should see me. When he called, he was as much a stranger to me, as it was possible for a man to be; but my sister knew his history intimately. They meant to make my ignorance of him a test of my singular faculty of intuition. The conversation was made to turn on Phrenology, very soon after the gentleman came in, and he asked me to lay my hand on his head, and tell him his character. I laid my hand on his head, and almost instantly I saw blood floating all around me. It seemed floating in the air, and had a most strange and startling appearance. I said involuntarily, "You would kill your best friend in a moment of anger, and spend a lifetime of remorse for the deed." The gentleman left, and my sister told me he had done this, and though acquitted by law on the ground that it was an accidental homicide, he was devoured by remorse for having slain his friend.

In another instance, a stranger called on me, saying he had heard of my gift, and wished to test it. Will you lay your hand on my head?" he said. He was a man of some celebrity, and as I afterward learned, of irreproachable private character. I laid my hand on his head, and told him that in his early manhood he had been guilty of a great wickedness, which had embittered his life. He said, "I have not the least idea what you mean." I repeated what I had said. "I assure you," he said, "I have not the least idea what you mean; but go on, go on." "No," I said, "there is falsehood between you and me. I cannot go on." I sat quite still for a few moments, and he bowed his face upon his hands, and gave way to a passion of tears. After a time, he told me that I had spoken truly. I do not now remember whether I told him, or he told me, what the evil deed was, but one or the other brought it to the light from the darkness and distress of years.

Another instance was of a material fact. A gentleman called to see me saying he wished to converse with me. I said, "I cannot talk with you, for there is poison between you and me." He said, "What do you mean?" I simply repeated my words. He was a good deal affected, and took from his pocket a box containing about two ounces of opium. He was a distinguished clergyman, and, unknown to any one, an *opium eater*. He determined to break off the habit; for a time he did so, but he was not cured, and returned to it some time afterward.

The most serious case of this kind of vision that I remember was in this wise. One night I had retired to rest, and was in my first sound sleep. I was awakened by a feeling of fright.

I do not now remember whether I saw or felt conscious, but I was in some way informed of a crime that was at that time being committed in darkness, and at a distance. A person for whom I had a most sincere friendship was the victim, and had fallen into a snare laid with much cunning, and in what seemed entire secrecy. Within twenty-four hours the spoiler was spoiled, and the intended victim set free for ever, by this timely information which I had *somehow* received.

I once entered the office of a publishing house, the head clerk of which was trusted to disburse money and to sell books. A new stove had just been set up. As I stood by it, a voice said to me, "J. G. has embezzled the money given him to pay for this stove, and has paid for it from the stock in the shop." So strong was the testimony *to me*, that I trembled from head to foot. I spoke to the master of the shop, and told him what had been told me. He went directly to the stove warehouse, and ascertained the truth of my information. It was also ascertained that the clerk had been in a course of embezzlement for some time previous.

I had one peculiar kind of vision which I had never heard of when it first appeared to me, which was in the winter of 1837-8. I had been ill of lung-fever, and was very weak. When convalescent I had been lifted from my bed to a chair, and left alone. As I sat looking into vacancy, I saw the appearance of a scroll unrolled before me. It was written all over with luminous letters, and purported to be a prophetic account of the prominent events of my life for the next seven years. I read it with great interest till the nurse came to put me in bed, when it disappeared. It contained events that had not then occurred in the life of any woman in the world, so far as I know; events contrary to my prejudices and wishes, and against all probability, and yet all was strictly fulfilled; not a mistake was made. Curiously enough, I lost all memory of this vision not long after it occurred, and did not again think of it till it was fulfilled. Some years later this form of vision occurred to me again, somewhat modified; I saw written up before me, sometimes in luminous, and sometimes in black letters, facts, present, past, or prophetic. On one occasion, a person claiming to be a lady, asked the hospitality of my home. I received her, though a stranger, with kindness, and after assigning a room for her, I went into my own apartment alone. I was overcome immediately with a very gloomy foreboding of evil, and looking straight before me, I saw written on vacancy—I have forgotten whether in black or luminous letters—a frightful warning against this woman, accompanied by facts of a very dreadful character. I was entirely convinced that she was an impostor, and took immediate measures

to cause her to leave my house. She left, and I very soon learned that she was an artful and wicked adventuress. She was afterwards tried for murder, and though she escaped conviction, there was no doubt in the public mind that she was an accomplice in the crime.

There was something peculiar about this writing, for though it always appeared on a line with my forehead, I read it quite as well with my eyes shut, as when they were open. It was so curious to me that I addicted myself to looking for it, when one day I read, "If you open your mind to this appearance, you will be flooded with all sorts of trash." Soon after this, I was away from home, and curiously sought to know something of the affairs of the family in my absence, as I had left a young babe about which I felt very anxious; suddenly I saw a coffin in the usual place, but no writing. I was terribly alarmed, and thought my babe was dead. When I reached home all was well, and I never afterwards would look for any writing or picture of the kind. I said, "If I am to know anything that I cannot learn in the ordinary mode of obtaining information, it shall not be in this way." This occurred many years ago, and I have never seen anything of the kind since.

I have had many visions, which were hieroglyphical and prophetic. Once, a great suffering was predicted to me by a vision of myself, with blood gushing from my feet and my heart. A vision has its interpretation, like an allegorical picture; and the future has often been made known to me in this way.

I may continue the record of my experience, if considered of interest and value, leaving my address with the editor, while I sign my initials.

M. N.

THE BIRTH INTO SPIRIT-LIFE,

By a SPIRIT.

PART I.

I SHALL proceed, in the order of events, to describe, in my own experience, the process of purification and elevation of the soul on the confines of eternity, and then follow its progress through the spiritual spheres generally. I was at first an inhabitant of a sphere in which I experienced all that belongs to the first stage of life immediately above the natural; and as that is very closely allied to nature, I did not, at first, perceive wherein the difference consisted. I was to all appearance a material man in a material world, I wore the same dress, and I beheld the same faces around me that I had long been accustomed to see. I did not know that it was possible for

a spirit to have a perception of the presence of those who are still in the world of nature, and that without perceiving any difference of appearance or gesture. I lived alone on the earth at the time of my departure from it, and was attended by two faithful domestic servants. I had left them suddenly, and they had stretched my body on the couch where, in my last illness, I had been carefully tended by their hands. I closed my eyes on nature, and I opened them on spirit-life. I saw my two (spirit) attendants busy with a corpse, and also occupied in ministering to my spirit-form that stood upright before them. They were anxious to perform aright the new and mournful duties that now devolved upon them in the natural sphere, and *that desire* caused them to be in a state to fulfil the use which now pertained to them—that of tending an immortal spirit, on his first entrance upon that life, which is but one step removed above nature.

I have just said that I did not know that I had left the world, and yet I beheld my corpse stretched on the bed I had lain and suffered on. I have not made that statement without a purpose, being desirous to shew that the *one* condition, is not incompatible with the other. It is so to the spirit *in* the flesh, but not so to the one *out* of it; for both the one and the other are in a perfectly normal condition for the time being, and, therefore, that which would be abnormal to the one, is perfectly normal to the other; and a normal or usual state of mind will not surprise, or cause extraordinary emotion to the person experiencing it. Thus it would cause a spirit very great astonishment, should he be suddenly brought back into nature: he would not comprehend many things that he saw, and he would wonder why he did not behold those objects that are purely spiritual, which he had been accustomed to in the world of spirit. He would find himself in a totally abnormal condition. And so if a person in the flesh be elevated into the spiritual regions, he is much astonished at the objects he there beholds; he also is in an abnormal, or extraordinary state of mental perception. But, when a spirit has left the natural frame, then is spirit life, with all its concomitants, a perfectly homogeneous existence, and he is not aware that he has ever dwelt in any other sphere. So when I beheld my natural frame delicately tended, I found that I myself—my spirit, was also provided for as to all my requirements, and by the same persons with whom I had been accustomed to associate during my life in the world; and it being according to divine appointment that both good offices should be simultaneously performed, all appeared to my new-born spirit perceptions to be perfectly harmonious and congenial.

This state of things is better understood, when it is known that the spirit of man is *always* an inhabitant of a spiritual world,

even during its confinement within the bonds of flesh, for spirit may be bounded in its perception of spirit, but it cannot be said to live really and essentially in nature. It causes the body of nature to be an animated substance, and it is so contrived by its Almighty Former, that it may be the means, whereby the soul can receive from natural surrounding objects what are termed natural impressions; but the soul itself, as a spirit, does not penetrate through that outward covering into the realm of nature. Such a state pertains only to the animal creation, and constitutes their peculiar plane of distinction from the human race. The spirit of man covers itself with a natural body, case, or covering, and it goes forth upon the earth; but if that covering be rendered unfit to perform its appointed office in nature, the soul no longer imprisoned in natural substances, comes forth into the realm of spirit. Nature takes back to herself that part which was born of her, and which, by dynamic action, the spirit had accreted upon itself, and spirit claims her new-born child. Spirit-life dawns upon the senses of mankind, not with surprise, nor necessarily with pleasure to the good, nor pain to the unheavenly, but it does so to every grade of human beings, with a perfectly normal perception of all its realities, and in all its varieties of aspect; for it is the life we have all along been recipient of, and it is just as natural for us to become suddenly conscious of it, as it is for the infant to be ushered into the material world without consciously experiencing any degree of unusual excitement from the occurrence. The outward consciousness of both the one and the other is gradually developed, the experience of each individual varying, just as at the birth of the soul into its first garb or covering.

I have said that when I first entered into that life which is above the natural degree, I was not conscious of any change; for then I beheld all things just as I had done in the world, only that I saw two forms, the one spiritual, the other natural. I did not behold my own corpse from the light of nature, or with the natural eye; but I did so by means of the organ that had just entered upon its new stage of development in the ethereal atmosphere of spirit. Thus, I looked at nature from a different standpoint altogether. I was a spirit born into spirit-life, and I now looked on matter through its connexion with spirit—not on spirit through its connexion with matter, as is the case with those who live in the world of matter. I am bringing before you my own personal experience; but, all persons will not undergo, in all respects, a like course of treatment, for states are as various as the aspect of faces, therefore, no one spirit will see and be seen as another spirit, for though one may stand in the like degree of affinity to good and holy principles as

another, yet will the individual aspect of observation be different from that of his companion in righteousness. Consequently, I can only give a very general idea of the nature of these things. I am like unto a traveller in your world: another may visit the same country, and even the same scene, and yet his experience be different to mine; nevertheless, the general appearance of the land will be the same to him as to me, and his general account of it will agree with mine, however it may vary in detail. Now, as it is a matter concerning which no one can feel any uncertainty whether or not he shall die, and leave the world of nature, so it is very important to be well assured that we know how to prepare ourselves, and also those who are placed under our care and guardianship, for the sort of life we would wish to lead, when we have entered upon that existence which is endless.

Many are of opinion that they shall be quite ready to depart, when they hear the call of immortality. Yes! You may be ready, but not ready in the way you might have been, had you given more heed to the Divine injunction:—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, but lay up treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through nor steal."

THEODOSIUS PREDICTED.

The joint reign of Valentinian and Valens, Christian emperors, had lasted several years, when information was conveyed to these princes, and particularly to the latter, who had the rule of Asia, that numerous private consultations were held, as to the duration of their authority, and the person of the individual who should come after them. The succession of the Roman empire was elective; and consequently there was almost an unlimited scope for conjecture in this question. Among the various modes of enquiry that were employed we are told, that the twenty-four letters of the alphabet were artificially disposed in a circle, and that a magic ring, being suspended over the centre, was conceived to point in the initial letters of the name of him who should be the future emperor. Theodorus, a man of most eminent qualifications, and high popularity, was put to death by the jealousy of Valens, on the vague evidence that this kind of trial had indicated the early letters of his name.—*Zosimus*, lib. iv., cap. 13. Gibbon observes, that the name of Theodosius, who actually succeeded, begins with the same letters which were indicated in this magic trial.

SIMON MAGUS.

THE most remarkable passage in the New Testament on the subject of sorcery, is one which describes the proceedings of Simon Magus, as follows:—

“Then Philip went down to the city of Samaria, and preached Christ unto them. But there was a certain man, called Simon, which before time in the same city used sorcery, and bewitched the people of Samaria, giving out that himself was some great one. To whom they all gave heed, from the least to the greatest, saying, This man is the great power of God. And to him they had regard, because that of long time he had bewitched them with sorceries. But, when they believed Philip, preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized both men and women. Then Simon himself believed also. And, when he was baptised, he continued with Philip, and wondered, beholding the miracles and signs which were done.

Now, when the apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God, they sent unto them Peter and John. Who, when they were come down, prayed for them, that they might receive the Holy Ghost. For as yet he was fallen upon none of them: only they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.

“And when Simon saw that, through the laying on of the apostles’ hands, the Holy Ghost was given, he offered them money, saying, Give me also this power, that on whomsoever I lay hands he may receive the Holy Ghost. But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee! because thou hast thought that the gift of God might be purchased with money. Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter: for thy heart is not right in the sight of God. Repent therefore for this thy wickedness, and pray God, if perhaps the thought of thy heart may be forgiven thee: for I perceive that thou art in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. Then answered Simon, and said, Pray ye to the Lord for me, that none of these things which ye have spoken come upon me.”*

This passage of the New Testament leaves us in considerable uncertainty as to the nature of the sorceries, by which “of a long time Simon had bewitched the people of Samaria.” But the fathers of the church, Clemens Romanus and Anastasius Sinaita,

* *Acts*, chap. viii.

have presented us with a detail of the wonders he actually performed. When and to whom he pleased he made himself invisible; he created a man out of air; he passed through rocks and mountains without encountering an obstacle; he threw himself from a precipice uninjured; he flew along in the air; he flung himself in the fire without being burned. Bolts and chains were impotent to detain him. He animated statues, so that they appeared to every beholder to be men and women; he made all the furniture of the house and the table to change places as required, without a visible mover; he metamorphosed his countenance and visage into that of another person; he could make himself into a sheep, or a goat or a serpent; he walked through the streets attended with a multitude of strange figures, which he affirmed to be the souls of the departed; he made trees and branches of trees suddenly to spring up where he pleased; he set up and deposed kings at will; he caused a sickle to go into a field of corn, which unassisted would mow twice as fast as the most industrious reaper*.

Thus endowed, it is difficult to imagine what he thought he would have gained by purchasing from the apostles their gift of working miracles. But Clemens Romanus informs us that he complained that, in his sorceries, he was obliged to employ tedious ceremonies and incantations; whereas the apostles appeared to effect their wonders without difficulty and effort, by barely speaking a word.†

However the wonders here recounted may have been magnified by tradition and the love of the marvellous, in an age when as yet printing was not; it is yet clear, from the testimony of Scripture quoted, that wonders, effected at the instigation of Simon Magus by supernatural power were really wrought. It will be observed, too, that some of the phenomena enumerated—such as his flying in the air—the movements of furniture without a visible mover, etc., correspond to those not unfrequently witnessed in our day. If it be said that these things were done by evil spirits, we ask, what reason have we to believe that the same, and even greater power may not also be exercised by good spirits? The power itself is neither good nor evil, *that* depends on the end and purpose to which it is made subservient. History and tradition are full of these “undesigned coincidences,” corroborating the modern phenomena.

* Clemens Romanus, *Recognitiones*, Lib. II, cap. 9. Anastasius Sinaita, *Questiones*; Quæstio 20.

† Clemens Romanus, *Constitutiones Apostolici*, Lib. VI, cap. 7.

PASSING EVENTS—THE SPREAD OF
SPIRITUALISM.

By BENJAMIN COLEMAN.

SINCE the publication of my paper in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, in which I gave several facts to show that Spiritualism is widely diffused in varied phases throughout society, several persons have called upon and written to me on the subject, and I am now enabled to give some further very curious particulars which have been personally related to me by Mr. F——, who is a gentleman of superior position and intelligence.

Mr. and Mrs. F——, whilst residing in the country, had their attention attracted at various times by rapping sounds and the ringing of bells, in their house, the causes of which they were unable to detect or to account for. On their coming to reside in London, at the early part of last year, Mr. F——, in company with some friends, heard in their after-dinner conversation, from one of the gentlemen, of strange facts which he had witnessed at a recent *séance*. Mr. F—— joined the majority in laughing at their friend's credulity, and thought no more of it until the subject was again brought to his notice by one whom he deemed a serious and trustworthy witness, and who gave him a number of the *Spiritual Magazine* to read. Connecting the statements made therein with some of the former occurrences at his house in the country, he determined to try if he could obtain these manifestations through the mediumship of his wife, and the result has been most complete and extraordinary, the varied and peculiar character of the phenomena being equal of their class to anything upon record. It must be understood that the whole subject was entirely new to Mr. and Mrs. F——. The latter had frequently heard crackings and noises about the room ever since she was a child, but she did not connect them with Spiritualism. They have never, even up to this moment, sat with any known medium, and consequently they have not witnessed any spirit-manifestations beyond those in their own home; and it is only a very few friends in a large circle of acquaintance to whom they have dared to speak of the wonderful things which they witness daily. Mrs. F—— is a lady in the prime of life, of cheerful disposition, and in good health, and it is important to note that she and her husband have become completely satisfied, from their own experience only, that they hold intercourse with the spirits of departed persons. Some of these spirits they fully recognize as those of relations and friends, from whom they obtain interesting messages; others who come about them appear to do so for the pleasure of being with them, to render them little acts of kind-

ness and usefulness; others again do no more than, Puck-like, play harmless and amusing tricks, but all evidencing power and intelligence.

Mr. and Mrs. F—— do not sit to invite the manifestations in the ordinary way in which *séances* are held; the communications are spontaneous, and are given at all times, and in all places, generally by rapping, and sometimes by writing on cards with pencil—specimens of which I have seen. Whether travelling in a railway carriage, or passing through the streets in a cab, or seated at a theatre, the sounds are equally distinct.

Such are the circumstances and conditions of this lady's mediumship, and I proceed, without comment, to record a few only of the most remarkable facts which Mr. F—— read to me from his note-book. The rappings come to them every morning, at breakfast-time, and if asked, the spirits will indicate, with unerring correctness, the names of visitors who may be expected to call in the course of the day. One morning Mr. F—— was told that a friend whom he had not seen for some time, would call upon him at five o'clock on the following day. He accordingly made a point of being at home to meet his expected visitor. The clock struck five and his friend had not arrived. "You have deceived me," he said to the spirits. "No," was the reply; "he is coming." And on looking out of the window Mr. F—— saw his friend in the act of knocking at the door.

On another morning, whilst reading his paper, a message was given:—"Dear F——, you will receive a remittance of £50 by the next steamer." Mr. F—— has some property abroad, but his remittances being irregular, he did not expect one at this time. In a few days a letter came enclosing £30. He told the spirits they were mistaken in the amount. The answer was, "Wait;" and in two or three days after he received a second letter containing £20.

Mrs. F—— went to take a Turkish bath, accompanied by two ladies. Shortly after they had entered the bath very excited rappings were heard on the wall, and the words "Go out! go out!" were given. One of the ladies fainted, and the other two were nearly overpowered before they obtained assistance, when it was discovered that the flue had become choked, and the room was filled with a gaseous vapour, which in a few minutes more might have suffocated the whole party.

Mr. F——, in the act of removing a key from his bunch, accidentally slipped off a small gold key, belonging to his wife's dressing case. This happened in the street, after dark, and half a mile from his house. Search was made for some time in the mud, but it could not be found. On their arrival at home, Mrs. F—— was comforted by the spirits saying, "Never mind,

dearest, we will find it and bring it to you by the morning." Accordingly, upon her awaking, another message was delivered by her faithful servitors, informing her that they had brought the key, which was found lying on the dressing table.

A lady paying a morning visit to Mr. and Mrs. F—— was startled at the loudness of the sounds, which obliged Mr. F—— to explain the nature of these manifestations. She smiled, and said she was not a believer. The spirits by the raps said that they would convince her, by taking from her an elastic armlet which she wore. Before she could protect it it was gone, and they were informed that it was now in Mr. F——'s cigar case, which was in his coat pocket. He opened the case, and did not see it. "You have deceived us?" he said. "No," was the reply, "it is there." On looking again, and removing the cigarettes, with which it was nearly filled, the armlet was found neatly folded up at the bottom of the case. The spirits then said they had taken the other armlet, and that it would be found in a vase which was in the room. Mr. F—— had to stand on a chair to reach this vase, and found the second armlet deposited there.

Mr. F——, dining with a gentleman who is well known in the City, was asked by him to take home a sealed envelope, and try if the spirits could decipher the purport of the paper contained therein. Mr. F—— being himself unacquainted with the contents, laid the envelope on the table, and asked the spirits to read it. He then called over the alphabet, and received by the raps, word for word, a copy of the concealed paper, which proved to be a French bank note,—the amount, number, signature, and every particular being correctly given by the spirits. It was handed to the gentleman some days after, who broke his own seal in the presence of Mr. F——, and declared that the test was satisfactory and complete.

At another time Mrs. F—— lost a ruby from a ring she wore. The spirits found it, and said they had placed it in a tea-rose which was in a glass upon the mantel-piece; she took the rose, and on shaking it the stone fell from the flower on the table.

Several times the spirits have carried away pocket handkerchiefs and other articles to another room, when the doors have been closed, and there were no visible means by which they could have passed from one room to the other. On one occasion Mr. F—— told me that he was seated at a whist-table with his wife and two friends, when the spirits pulled off his slipper and carried it away. After making a vain search for it in all possible places, he was directed to look in a leather bag, which was lying in another room, the door being closed, and none of the party

having moved from their seats, where it was found, *the bag being locked and the key in his pocket.*

Such are the marvellous statements made to me by Mr. F—— of his wife's mediumship; and I believe them. It is certainly very difficult to realize the fact of material substances being conveyed through what is deemed impenetrable matter, but such statements do not stand alone. There are several similar instances recorded as having happened in America, and it may be recollected that my friend Mr. L——, of New York, states that on one occasion the spirits carried away some crayons and a sheet of cardboard, which had been placed by him upon the table, and they were not restored until two evenings afterwards, when the crayons were dropped one by one from over his head on to the table, and the cardboard, with a neatly-executed sketch of the spirit-likeness of his wife, was placed in his hand, an explanation being written by the spirits on a card—"We concealed the picture and crayons in the atmosphere of the medium."

Mr. Squire, a medium, who was in England last year, told me that, among other strange things which occurred at the house of my friend, Mr. Daniel Farrar, a leading merchant of Boston, a figure entered the room in which they were in bed, and was seen by Mr. Farrar and himself busily meddling with their clothes and other articles in the room, which were found out of their places in the morning. Mr. Squire missing his watch (a large sized gold one) and chain, searched in all directions for it, and ultimately discovered it enclosed behind the iron plate at the back of a grate in the room, through which it could not pass by ordinary means, and from which it was rescued only by taking the grate to pieces, when the watch was found uninjured and still going! I have not had the opportunity of having this statement verified by Mr. Farrar, whose additional testimony would be entirely conclusive and satisfactory to me; but the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* (vol. ii., p. 349) will recollect that an equally extraordinary story was told to me by Mr. Farrar himself of an occurrence at his house with the Rev. Mr. Willis, of Coldwater, Michigan, who is also a very powerful medium. Mr. Willis, unnerved by previous occurrences at Mr. Farrar's, would only remain for the night on the condition that Mr. Farrar would sleep in the room with him; during the night the same disturbances took place as described by Mr. Squire, and in the morning a small miniature, with a gold chain attached, was missing, and could nowhere be found. Mr. Willis left for his home without it, and it was only restored to him some weeks afterwards when he was again visiting Boston, when, whilst sitting with Mr. Farrar at his house, the latter assured me that the chain and miniature descended as it were from the ceiling of

a lofty room without any visible agency, and he saw it deposited carefully around Mr. Willis's neck.

Mrs. —, the widow of a British officer, is a medium; and like Mrs. F—, has never seen any manifestations but through her own mediumship, and up to within a few days she was not even acquainted with any acknowledged Spiritualist. I had the pleasure of meeting this lady, when she related to me some particulars of her own experiences, which are very interesting. She receives spiritual messages in the usual way, and occasionally she sees spirits in palpable forms—so much so, that in one instance the figure glided through the room in which she was seated, and in passing the lamp obscured it for the moment from her view. She told me that in the dark she sees brilliant lights; and on one occasion they were so numerous as to cover the curtain of the window, and apparently so real that she shook the curtain, expecting to see them fall. She also has at times a stream of light from her finger ends, the rays of which are sufficiently strong to illuminate surrounding objects. This lady is, no doubt, one of those "sensitives" described by the Baron von Reichenbach, and the luminous appearances are probably what the learned Baron calls the "Odic" light.

I dare say such statements will be met by a certain class of thinkers with a shout of derision; but it would be wiser for them to pause until they have thoroughly examined and sifted the evidence. I am ready to help the enquiry and to prove, at least, that the testimony to the facts which I venture to make public, is not only fully authorized, but proceeds from serious, intelligent, and unimpeachable witnesses. If such phenomena can be satisfactorily substantiated, they are too important in their consequences to be lightly passed by.

Some little time since I paid a visit to a private lunatic asylum in Yorkshire, and was shown through the establishment by the matron. In answer to my enquiries she informed me that there was one lady who said that she saw and held intercourse with spirits. I was introduced to her, and found her a most calm, intelligent, and lady-like person, who felt keenly the restraint placed upon her liberty. In the course of conversation I said, "I believe you are conversant with the subject of Spiritualism. May I ask the nature of your experiences, as I am much interested in the subject?" With great propriety of manner, and with a significant look at the matron and an attendant who were in the room, she said, "I am, but I fear this is not the time or place to talk on such a subject." I at once changed the conversation, and, before leaving, I discovered that she was the sister of an old and respected friend of mine. On

my return to London I sought an interview with this gentleman, who unreservedly explained the circumstances under which he had been forced to place his sister, several years ago, in this asylum. I believe he was perfectly justified at that time. Her friends are of course now guided in their conduct by the medical man in charge of the establishment, and he is unable to pronounce her sane, solely, I believe, on account of "her delusions," in thinking she sees spirits and receives messages from them, and especially as she always adds at the foot-corner of her letters several initials which she refuses to explain. Here is a case that calls forth all our best sympathies, and imposes a heavy responsibility on those in charge of such establishments, who ought to make it the first duty of their lives to become acquainted with the facts which surround them on all sides. On this head I had an opportunity of expressing my opinion a short time since to one of Her Majesty's Commissioners in Lunacy. This gentleman, a Dr. B——, was much surprised to hear of my experiences in Spiritualism, confessing that he was quite unprepared for such extraordinary statements. I put this question to him: "Now supposing, in the course of your professional duties, you had found me in one of the asylums under your charge, and in answer to your test-questions, I should have related the facts I have now given you, would you not have pronounced me to be mad?" "Yes," he replied, "I am bound to say I should." Am I not then justified in telling this worthy gentleman that such an admission so far disqualifies him and his fellows for the discharge of the sacred duties with which they are intrusted?

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WILLINGTON.

THIS is one of the best known of such instances, and the facts connected with it have been narrated in several books. The best account of it is, perhaps, in Mrs. Crowe's work, *The Night-Side of Nature*, p. 33, told in the nervous words of Mr. William Howitt, who made accurate inquiries on the spot, and embodied the narrative as one of his "Visits to Remarkable Places." It has been said by many that Mr. Procter, the occupier of the house, which is situate near the line of railway between Newcastle and North Shields, had since discovered that the occurrences were the result of a trick upon him. The following letters have been placed in our hands as interesting records to the contrary, and we are glad of the opportunity of publishing them, as they contain, in addition, the main particulars of the story. Mr. Howitt's account contains an amusing correspondence which took place in 1840, between Mr. Edward Drury, then at Mr. C. C. Embleton's,

surgeon, Sunderland, who wrote to Mr. Procter, that "having heard, on indisputable authority, namely, that of his excellent friend Mr. Davison, of Low Willington, farmer, that you and your family are disturbed by most unaccountable noises at night," he begged to remain alone in the house all night, "with no companion but my own watch dog, in which I place much more reliance than upon any three young gentlemen that I know of." Mr. Procter kindly gave to the enterprising sceptic the desired permission, "with or without the faithful dog," and he passed a night there with a friend. These preliminary jaunty letters of his are in striking contrast to the next series, which begins with a careful statement as to the state of health of Mr. Edward Drury, who says that he is surprised to find that "it is so little affected after that horrid and most awful affair. The only bad effect that I feel is a heavy dulness in one of my ears—the right one. I am persuaded that no one went to your house, at any time, *more disbelieving in respect to seeing anything peculiar*. Now, no one can be more satisfied than myself." In fact it seems to have been a case of immediate and perfect cure, similar to that of the son of Mr. Dickens and his companions on their visiting Mr. Squire, in 1860. It is stated of these Willington apparitions, which were several times seen and watched by several persons at the same time, that they were luminous and semi-transparent, and on one occasion when the apparition of "a bare-headed man in a flowing robe like a surplice appeared," they observed that as it grew dim, it assumed a blue tinge and gradually faded away from the head downwards. The apparition of a female also was sometimes seen of a bluish-grey colour.

We allude thus particularly to the colour, as we have heard within the last few days of an apparition of a skeleton in bluish light having been recently seen much nearer home—not in the company of Mr. Home, or the Emperor of the French, or of the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine*, but let us hold our breath—in the office of the "*Times*" newspaper! We have little doubt that the official there who saw it, being a medium, has been enabled to have this open view of the presiding genius of the place, and the numerous admirers of that newspaper will at once recognize in the blue burning skeleton the source of the inspiration of that powerful journal. We invite the *Times* to give the world the benefit of what it can say on the subject of "its own special apparition."

In the meantime we proceed to give some letters of Mr. Procter, in reply to inquiries occasioned by the narrative, and which are now first published.

"Camp Villa, North Shields,

"9 mo. 2nd, 1853.

"I hope thou wilt accept my having been very closely

engaged, in consequence of a dangerous illness in my family, as an apology for the want of earlier attention to thy letter of the 27th ultimo. The publicity given to the occurrences at Willington a few years ago, through Crowe's *Night Side of Nature*, has given occasion to many enquiries similar to thy own, and I have never shrunk from the avowal of undoubting assurance of these appearances, noises, &c., being made by the spirit of some person or persons deceased, notwithstanding that the who and the wherefore have not hitherto been ascertained. In reply to thy enquiry about the accuracy of the narrative in the work referred to, I may state that the portion of it from page 125 to 137 taken from Richardson's *Table Book*, a local antiquarian publication, was written by the late Dr. Clanny, of Sunderland, and revised by myself before being printed, and is perfectly true and correct. In that other portion, derived from William Howitt's personal enquiries, there are trifling inaccuracies, yet not such as materially affect the nature of the facts referred to. The disturbances had become much less frequent before I left the house in 1847, and, with a very few exceptions, have not since occurred; nor has anything of that nature ever followed us to our present dwelling, proving that the motive actuating the party or parties concerned was not personal malevolence; indeed, many of the tricks played were rather those of a "playful imp," than of a "malicious fiend."

"I may just add, as a curious fact in corroboration of our own testimony, that a "Clairvoyante" of extraordinary powers, lately on a visit in this town, and who, in the waking state, was entirely ignorant of the transactions in question, and was not even aware of the existence of the place, being by some parties curious on the subject sent mentally in the magnetic sleep to the house, described the visitations of a woman long ago deceased, and also of a man with a surplice, and many other things entirely unknown to any but ourselves. She said the woman was gone down very deep and could not be communicated with without descending to a bad place, of which she showed great horror. She described places in the house more accurately than I could myself, also my present abode, appearance, &c., &c., though she was a perfect stranger and had never seen or heard of either the place or family. I am obliged to conclude, and am respectfully, thy friend,

JOSH. PROCTER.

"To Edward Forster, Alfred Club, London."

"Camp Villa, North Shields,

"11 / 19, 1853.

"I regret to see that nearly a month has elapsed since I received thy second letter of enquiry relative to the occurrences

at Willington some years ago ; but having been from home, and much engaged in the interval, I have acted on thy permission to await my convenience. It would afford me pleasure should opportunity ever present for a personal interview, to give more particulars than can easily be done in writing, and also to shew the house where these posthumous vagaries were chiefly enacted. The circumstances became so notorious as to bring me into communications with many persons, who like myself could relate something of a similar nature in their own family connexion, proving that the phenomena commonly called supernatural, exist now as well as in all former ages and countries—that they are not miraculous, but in accordance with the laws that regulate human existence—that notwithstanding, they are so infrequent, must be ascribed to conditions and hindrances of which we have not now the means of acquiring a distinct knowledge.

“As regards the luminous figure in a surplice, seen by four persons at once; I observe thy suggestion of a magic lantern—this has been conjectured by others—but is irreconcilable with the actual facts. It was seen on a dark night—there is a cart road immediately under the second story window, where the figure appeared, and beyond the road a garden, both which were overlooked by the spectators of the object—whilst one of them, the foreman of the mill, went quite under the window to examine it particularly—there was no light in any direction—but had a magic lantern been directed on the window from the outside, a stream of light from the one to the other would have been conspicuous. Supposing a magic lantern to have been used inside the room, the blind being down, the luminous figure could not possibly have intercepted the view of the framework of the window, as was the case; on the contrary it could only have made it more conspicuous. It was also remarked that the figure at one time paced backwards and forwards, entering the wall on each side—this could scarcely have been represented by a magic lantern from the outside. In this room, the chimney being built up, there is no exit but by the door and window. At an earlier hour the same evening, several of my children (now in their teens and around the table at which I write) pursued a monkey, as it appeared to them, which had seized one of them by the strap of his shoe out of another room into this, in which it disappeared; nor was any such animal known to be in the neighbourhood—animals as well as human figures were seen by many persons at one time or other, which sunk into the ground or vanished before their eyes. I can only testify myself to one circumstance of this kind in which the personated creature entered a solid wall.

“Simulations of ordinary sounds but for which there was no

natural cause, were frequently heard equally by all persons within hearing of them, and often by day as well as in the night, with occasional intervals of absence, for a series of years, such sounds as shutting and opening of doors and windows, bolts and bars, setting down and moving about of chairs, boxes, &c., stirring the fire, ringing a small bell, winding up a clock, the noise of a carriage on the floor and driving up outside, a chirrup like a bird, and the rattle of a storm of rain, stepping, stamping, thumping, and walking in a rustling gown, add to all these coughing, moaning, and articulate sounds, add to all these additional testimony from the sense of touch, and from that of sight by occasional apparitions both in the house and its vicinity, altogether afford a superabundance of proof as to the nature of these visitations such as no ingenuity could counterfeit, and no scepticism in the slightest degree invalidate. I think W. Howitt mentions what is strictly true, that my sister-in-law saw a figure in a shroud, come through the lodging room wall, and the moreen at the back of the bed, and stand on the pillow before her face. Our servants were charged, but no suspicion rested on any of them, nor on any other person, the facts being impossible to human powers or instrumentality.

“Surely there is nothing irrational, or even unlikely, in the supposition that the living soul, which, as we all know, alone gives physical force to the muscular system—which hears sounds in the ears, sees objects in the eye—which is alone cognizant and recipient of impressions and sensations of whatever kind—should be able both to perceive and to make itself heard, seen, and felt when divested of its corporeal tenement of senseless clay. That such is the fact has been attested by mankind in all ages and countries. That by a revulsion from the frauds and follies of a darker age, the educated class should have been impelled to affect an undistinguishing scepticism on these subjects, sustained only by ridicule, and unsupported by any fair examination of evidence, is what might have been expected of the known tendency of human opinion to swing like a pendulum betwixt opposing errors, passing the centre of truth. Notwithstanding, I am convinced there is a marked turning of many reflective minds towards the acknowledgment of agencies from the world of spirits. Indeed, there are now many persons in danger of falling into the snare emphatically forbidden in the sacred writings, of seeking a connexion and correspondence with the dead, in order to pry into future events or hidden mysteries, and in which they may be deceived to their unspeakable peril and loss. Let such beware of the prophecy of the great apostle, ‘In the latter times many shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of demons.’

"I feel gratified by thy testimony to the truthfulness of the members of the Society of Friends generally. That such characters as the late William Allen are found amongst them, is a proof that their principles are not inconsistent with the brightest and purest development of moral and religious worth.

"I am respectfully,

"To Edward Forster, Esq.,
"London."

"JOSH. PROCTER.

"Tynemouth, 1 mo. 7th, 1858.

"I remember very well having corresponded with thee on the subject of the mysterious occurrences in my house at Willington, about three years ago; and it is a satisfaction to me to have the opportunity given me to assure thee that the statement referred to in thy favour of yesterday, as given by a gentleman who has lived at Newcastle, that I had found the disturbances described in Mrs. Crowe's *Night Side of Nature* to have been a trick practised upon me from interested motives, is entirely void of truth. It is now ten years since I took my family to North Shields (since to Tynemouth). There have since been a very few instances of noises, &c., that could not be otherwise accounted for, mostly within a year or two of my removal; but for a considerable time nothing of the sort has taken place.

"I do not remember whether, in writing before, I had received from some parties who had caused a "clairvoyante" of extraordinary power, resident in Durham, to investigate the affair in the magnetic sleep, a relation of the disturbance having been made by two persons, long previously deceased—the one the spirit of a woman who wished to reveal something, and of a clergyman who was determined to prevent its being divulged. I may confess I am disposed to place some reliance on this, because the clairvoyante detailed to the parties several apparitions which had been seen by some of the family, and what had been kept to ourselves. She stated the parties to have gone down very deep; and her being required to follow and endeavour to communicate with them threw her into such violent excitement by alarm, that it was thought needful to arouse her to consciousness.

"I should be glad if thou hadst the opportunity of correcting the misapprehension of the gentleman from Newcastle, who may be assured there is not a particle of foundation for the story he had been told.

I remain, with regards,

"JOSEPH PROCTER.

"To Edward Forster, London."

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE are many further details concerning these photographs in the American papers, and the process, from beginning to end, has now, as appears from reliable reports, been thoroughly investigated, without detecting any flaw or fraud, or anything to diminish the marvel. Messrs. A. J. Davis and Co., the proprietors of the *Herald of Progress*, had the following announcement in their paper of the 22nd November:—

“We are happy to be able to promise for our next a letter from a practical photographer, now in Boston, who visited Mr. Mumler, the artist medium, at our request. This letter is from one in whom we had so implicit confidence, that we gave him a letter of introduction to Mrs. Stuart and Mr. Mumler, who have allowed him every desired facility for examining every part of the process.

“The result we shall publish in full next week. It will suffice now to say that the gentleman alluded to was permitted not only to watch every step of the process, but *himself to prepare the plate and develop the picture*. He secured the likenesses of his departed wife and of his father.

“The letter gives us renewed confidence in the reliability of Mr. Mumler, and in the credibility of this new and wonderful exhibition of spirit-power.”

Mr. William Guay, the gentleman here referred to, wrote a preliminary letter to the *Banner of Light*, giving the result of his observations as follows:—

“Boston, Nov. 18th, 1862.

“Mr. Editor,—Having been informed by Mr. William H. Mumler that you desire to publish the results of my investigation into the possibility and genuineness of Mr. M.’s photographic impressions of spirit forms, it gives me much pleasure to detail to you what I have seen. As I have been commissioned by Messrs. A. J. Davis and Co., you can rest assured that I was resolved, if permitted, to allow nothing to slip my utmost scrutiny. Having had ten years’ continual practice in this particular branch—that is, negative on glass, and positive on paper from negative—I felt competent to detect any form of deception.

“Having been permitted by Mr. Mumler every facility to investigate, I went through the whole of the operation of selecting, cleaning, preparing, coating, silvering, and putting into the shield, the glass upon which Mr. M. proposed that a spirit form and mine should be imparted, never taking off my eyes, and not allowing Mr. M. to touch the glass until it had gone through the whole of the operation. The result was, that there came upon the glass a picture of myself and, to my utter astonish-

ment—having previously examined and scrutinized every crack and corner, plate-holder, camera, box, tube, the inside of the bath, &c.—*another portrait.*

“Having since continued, on several occasions, my investigations, as described above, and received even more perfect results than on the first trial, I have been obliged to endorse its legitimacy.

Respectfully yours,

WM. GUAY.”

In a letter of the 26th November, after having made a full and minute report of his visits, Mr. Guay reports to Messrs. Davis and Co. as follows:—“The weather has been too unfavourable since Saturday to print from the negatives, on one of which I perfectly recognize the likeness of my father. The picture of my wife is very faint, but sufficient for me to recognize the features. It is impossible for Mr. Mumler to have procured any pictures of my wife or father.” He also says that whilst he sat for the two pictures he mentally desired that the likenesses of his father and of his mother should be produced.

Another photographic artist, Mr. H. Weston, of 31, Province-street, Boston, writes that after making a full examination of the process, he found a spirit-figure on the negative. He also says that he cannot conceive of any process by which imitations could be made without his detection.

Dr. Gardner, in his address to the Boston Spiritual Conference, says:—“To me there is no cause for doubt. The pictures themselves furnish evidence in their gauze-like appearance, that has not been imitated. Careful examination will shew the counterfeits that have been made, to be essentially different. I do not doubt that Mr. Mumler is a peculiar medium and has an organization and magnetism adapted to the production of these spirit-photographs.

In the *Banner of Light* of the 29th November, is also contained an elaborate review and description of the process and its results, from which we make the following extracts:—

“They are ordinary *cartes de visite*, but with a faint additional figure, not defined by a distinct, sharp outline, but vapoury and semi-indefinite. The whole of the figure is not displayed, usually, only the head and bust.

“The first is a portrait of the medium, W. H. Mumler, with one hand on a chair, the other holding the black cloth covering just taken from the camera. In the chair sits a half-defined female form, apparently about twelve or fourteen years old. This was at once recognised as a deceased female relative. A cloudy vapour hovers about the head of this spirit, an effect we never before saw in any sun picture. One we have seen has a faint disc of light about the head, as if luminous rays were shoot-

ing outward, but all stop at a determined circular outline. Two others have a similar effect, but the circle would be sufficiently large to enclose the whole figure, if the card were of greater dimensions.

"The second picture taken by this medium has the spirit of a lady sitting on a chair, with a white undefined mass of something behind her, like two or three pillows. The features are quite sunken, with a serious expression. We are told this is a likeness of the spirit sister of Mr. J. J. Ewer, as she looked when wasted by consumption. The father of the deceased fully recognizes the likeness, as do the rest of the family.

The next is an elderly lady leaning on a chair, in which sits a faintly defined form of a young man playing upon a guitar. This figure is shown more fully than the last, one leg being visible to below the knee, the other not being visible at all—looks as if moved, leaving only a blur. This was at once recognized as a deceased brother, who made guitars and was fond of playing upon them.

"Another is a female figure leaning upon a chair, the hands placed together, and eyes elevated as in prayer. The spirit appears of a larger size, the face and bust only visible. The face is elevated, as if in prayer.

"Another is a gentleman sitting, with the edge of a white marble table near him. The spirit is behind him, and a little smaller, a female figure, with the hair dressed quite plain and Quakerish, a small white collar about the neck, tied with a dark ribbon, a close fitting dress, visible only to the waist.

"A gentleman from Illinois sat for his portrait, and raised the right hand as if holding something. He was told that was a very uncouth attitude, but he said, 'No matter; take it so.' When the plate was developed there sat upon the raised arm a child, leaning its head upon the sitter's shoulder. This child is not very clearly defined; it appears a little larger than in nature, as if nearer the camera than the arm it sits upon. The dress is transparent, with the hand and arm of the sitter seen through it.

"Here is another, an elderly lady, in a dark dress, standing by a chair. The spirit of her deceased husband is with her, a man evidently older; the figure about the size of the lady. A standing collar is visible on one side, the other turned down; black neck-stock, white shirt bosom. The other portion of the costume is not distinctly defined. This is Isaac Babbitt, inventor of the celebrated Babbitt metal. The lady referred to above is Mrs. Babbitt, the wife of the deceased, who assures us that the picture represents her husband as he appeared in his last illness, and she pronounces it, unequivocally, a good likeness, and *knows* that she has not been deceived by the artist.

"The next is a portrait of Mr. Luther Parks, an elderly gentleman, well known in this city, sitting with his hat on. The spirit in this picture is entirely unlike any of the others. It is a female figure floating in the air, the hair combed back over the head, a loose-fitting dress with short, loose sleeves gathered in at the elbow; a bracelet on the left fore arm, which is extended, with a wreath of flowers in the hand, toward the gentleman. The right hand is pressed against the side, and over the head (not *on* it) floats a wreath of flowers. This spirit is quite transparent, the folds of a curtain being distinctly seen through the whole of it.

"Dr. Wm. B. White has two photographs taken at the same time, one, a lady, in front, and another behind a chair. These spirits, he says, have been with him many years. He is a clairvoyant, and sees the spirits and talks with them. They told him, eight years ago, that the time would come when a group sitting at a table would have their photographs and those of their spirit-friends taken together. Still further: that they would be taken in colors.

"The last we shall notice at this time, is that of a gentleman of commanding figure, noble bearing, and dignified demeanour, well known, particularly to express agents in the business community, who stands by a chair, in which sits the form of a young man reading a book. Another picture of the same gentleman has the dim form of Daniel Webster near him. The statesman is recognized at a glance, and bears a close resemblance to portraits painted in the latter portion of his lifetime—the sunken cheeks particularly. The top of the head is bald, with the hair combed up from each side. The expression of the features is very grave and solemn. The dress is not distinct, but, so far as it can be perceived, is unlike anything in the painted or engraved portraits, but slightly resembles the costume on the Washington statue in the State House; nearly half the figure is displayed, and is a little larger than the mortal, as if nearer the instrument. It is quite transparent, the chair being quite distinct behind it.

"The spirit of Webster purports to be frequently with this gentleman, manifesting his presence whenever a suitable medium is available. This gentleman has received from Webster a private signal, by which he says he is able to identify his presence, and therefore that he is not liable to be imposed upon by any other spirit. While in position for this picture, he experienced the usual signal, thus adding another proof of identity."

Dr. A. B. Child, of Boston, says:—

"Mr. Mumler invited me to bring my own glass on which to make the picture; to examine the camera, its tubes, and lenses;

his chemicals; to see him apply the collodion to the glass and immerse it in the silver bath; to see him take it out of the bath and put it in the shield, then in the camera, and then to go with him into the dark closet, lighted only by a little lamp, and see him take the glass from the shield, which is a little dark box, then pour on an iron preparation, wash it under a stream of water, and then hold it to the little lamp, and see the picture of a mortal and a spirit on it. In compliance with this invitation, I carefully observed all the above operations in detail.

"Mr. Mumler asks for any fair investigation that shall convince the people that his claims are just and genuine. This is right, and as it should be. And it is not unjust or ungenerous, in a new thing, so great and so beautiful as this, if true, must be for the people, to ask the privilege to *prove* it true beyond the shadow of a doubt.

"I desire not to be too credulous in believing this new phenomenon, which seems almost too good to be true—neither do I desire to appear like an obstinate fool, by shutting out the perception of palpable, tangible facts, and to deny that they exist, when I know that they do. Having spent one hour each day, on four consecutive days, in making a careful and thorough examination and re-examination of the whole process, and conversing freely with Mr. Mumler during the whole time—and also having seen many of the pictures which exhibit a peculiarity which deception, I believe, could not produce or imitate, I freely confess, with at least twenty others, whom I know, and who have witnessed almost the same, that there is no appearance of deception, and that the pictures are real pictures of real spirits.

"The *modus operandi* of producing these spirit-pictures is a mystery. There is no spirit seen standing by the side of the person who sits for a picture, which shows that the picture of the spirit is not made like the picture of the mortal—by reflection on the camera. The spirit-picture must be made without reflection from without, but is made inside the camera. How it is made, neither deception, investigation, nor philosophy can answer."

And in a letter written a week after, and after further investigation, Dr. Child says:—"The best and oldest photograph artists in Boston are unanimous in declaring that they know of no means by which these pictures can be produced, as Mr. Mumler produces them.

"For some years past the fact that spirit photographs would be made, has been foretold through a large number of mediums, all through the country. Five years ago, in the very room where Mr. Mumler now operates, we understand, that while sitting for her picture, Miss Coggswell had the following appear on her arm: 'In five years spirit-pictures will be made in this room.'

Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, says: 'My guardians told me two years since, in a communication to Mr. Robert Dale Owen, that spirit-photographs would be taken just as they are at this day.'

"By a large number of mediums in Boston and its vicinity, in various other places, far and near, the same thing has been foretold.

"The professor of law at Harvard College, has been permitted to investigate the process to the extent of his desires, and he carried off a negative to another artist with the picture of himself and of a spirit on it.

"A photograph operator has been permitted to make a thorough examination, and he assisted all through the process of taking his own picture, accompanying which he had the picture of a spirit. And he said that he detected no deception, and could not account for the picture of the spirit.

"Large numbers daily apply for pictures who cannot be accommodated. Engagements are already made for some weeks ahead.

"Great interest is manifested in regard to this new phase, not only in the ranks of Spiritualism, but also by those who have heretofore taken but little interest in the subject. Ministers doctors, lawyers, judges, mayors, professors, and business men, are more particularly among the interested ones."

Mr. Joseph B. Hall, of Portland, Maine, writes to the *Banner of Light* an account of his experience, which appears to contain a good test. He says:—"I was permitted to go into the 'dark room' with the operator, and I saw another figure, beside my own, developed upon the plate. Being unable to wait for the picture, I came home, and, a few days after, copies were sent to me. At first, although the face of the spirit-figure was familiar, I did not recognize it, as I confess I was looking for some one of my relatives; but soon I recognized the countenance of a young friend of mine, who died in Augusta, Me., some three or four years since. He was not in my mind when I sat for the picture, and I had hardly thought of him for months. Immediately I forwarded one of the pictures to the friends of the young man at Augusta, *without* intimating to them that I had recognized it. Yesterday I received a letter from his sister, from which I make the following extract:—

"'I received the photograph, and *it was my brother F*——. The likeness nearly overcame me, it was so plain. His collar and cravat are precisely as he used to wear them. It is as plain a picture to me as the one hanging in my room. We all see it alike, and I think any one who knew him *must see the likeness at once*. It was a great surprise to me, for I never dreamed of

seeing any of *our* friends on your picture. I hope, however, that the *test* will make up for the disappointment to you. I do not think these pictures *flatter*, but this is a true likeness.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 16, 1862.'

"From this extract it will be seen that the *test* is complete, and I cannot see how any reasonable person can come to any conclusion other than that these wonderful and startling pictures are indeed what they profess to be—the work of the inhabitants of the unseen world."

The question of the recognition of the spirit-likeness is, of course, all important, and if it be once fairly proved it becomes a crucial fact. The following additional evidence on this point is given by the editor of the *Herald of Progress*, from the letter of a friend, who says:—"I do not recognize or identify the spirit-likeness myself, but on shewing it to my brother Elisha, he at once recognized it as the likeness of a daughter who died some fifteen or twenty years ago. He took it home, and most, if not all, of his family, on comparing it with a portrait of the child, recognized it as a likeness. Two artists also examined the photograph with the painting through a magnifying glass, and they pronounced it a true likeness."

The point has been raised by one of the New York papers, and Judge Edmonds has written the following letter, which puts the question on its true basis:—

"To the Editors of the *Evening Post*."

"Your article of yesterday in regard to Spiritual Photography professes to solve the mystery, and announces that Appleton's artist can do the same thing, wherever there is a photograph of the dead person.

"That is not the mystery of this thing. But it is to take a picture containing a likeness of a person who is dead, and of whom there is no photograph or likeness in existence!

"This is what the Boston operator professes to do, and the question is, 'Is that so?'"

"J. W. EDMONDS."

Those who are so carefully making their investigations are not ignorant of the manner in which the well-known stereoscopic ghosts are produced, of which the invention, like that of the stereoscope itself, is claimed, and we hope more honestly than the latter, by Sir David Brewster. These ghost imitations are produced by having a figure dressed to represent the unearthly visitor, and standing in position during just half the time required for the full operation, then moving away, giving the objects behind it the other half, to impress their image faintly on the negative plate. The result is "the ghost in the stereoscope," and they are wonderful and truthful representations of spiritual appear-

ances, more to the very life than any previous art efforts of that character. The ghost is sufficiently distinct to be clearly seen, but transparent, so that the figures of the clock dial are easily read through the head of his ghostship.

It appears moreover, that another photographic artist medium has found himself possessed of a similar power, and that he has been visited by two gentlemen most competent to pronounce an opinion upon his truthfulness. It is announced that Dr. Gardner, accompanied by Mr. Robert Dale Owen, "each sat for a spirit picture on Thursday last, with successful results. The artist is a member of the church and feels conscientious scruples about taking such pictures, for he thinks that Spiritualism is the work of the devil. Dr. Gardner thinks that his medium powers are very strong, and that excellent pictures will be made through him. Mr. Owen had a very distinct spirit-picture. That of Dr. Gardner was not so good."

The foregoing details will give the reader the latest information which has arrived as to the production of these spirit-photographs, and each must form the best opinion he can of the subject. For ourselves, we have no prepossessions of possibility or impossibility, and we are willing to believe in anything that comes before us with sufficient evidence of its truth. We know no reason, *à priori*, why these things should not be; and knowing not only several of those who have investigated them, but how competent they are for the investigation, we are content for the present to believe in the probability that, as no fraud has been detected by them, the pictures are genuine. Should the contrary afterwards appear, we need be in nowise disconcerted in having given temporary credit to what appears to be supported by so respectable an amount of proof; and we would much rather have occasionally to retrace our steps, than be constantly opposing all new facts and ideas because they exceed, or appear contrary to, our small notions of what is possible.

THE HAUNTED STUDENT.

A STUDENT at the University of Upsala, named Landahl, lodged, in the autumn 182— with two comrades, Q. and F., who are both friends of the gentleman who now tells the following occurrences:—

The house was situate at Dragarbrunnsgatan, and the owner of it was a blacksmith. Our poor students were packed together in two rooms. One of these was so dark that it could only be used as a wardrobe, where trunks, &c. were placed. In the other

Landahl and Q. slept in one bed, and F. on a sofa placed at the opposite wall.

On October the 14th when Landahl had finished as a student, and was about to remove from Upsala, he told his comrades that he had never left a place where he had been living some time without his being haunted and troubled with noises from invisible agents, and, therefore, it would probably happen to him also now before he left Upsala. This was said by him without laying much stress on it, and was heard by his comrades with but little attention. On the same night, after Landahl and Q. had been for a while reading in bed and F. was asleep on the sofa, the candle was extinguished. Two minutes later they heard several things being cast down from the fireplace. A round piece of iron began to roll about on the floor and at last jumped up on their bed-cover, where it also continued to roll about.

Landahl shivered and exclaimed, "Now it is here!" and drew the bed-cover above his head. His friend Q. made a movement with his foot that caused the iron to fall down, and then it was quiet for a moment. But soon cracks were heard in the wall, and a rapping, as with a hand, was heard on the door of the dark room adjoining. Afterwards, when the candle was relighted, they found that this noise had been caused by a large heavy book, which had been placed in a window, but had been thrown against the door so hard, that it had rebounded to the middle of the floor. After a while the chair, on which Landahl had placed his clothes, began to move, and to be carried forwards on the floor. They both were afraid, and Q. said, "I will rise and throw the chair down myself, that this may be finished." At the same moment the chair was cast down as of itself, and the iron ball and several other things jumped up against the bed, on which Q. drew the quilt over his head again. By these noises F., who was on the sofa, was awakened, and when he heard the others talking, he asked what was the matter, and was told what had happened.

At that moment the water bottle, standing on the table, turned itself over, and new raps were heard on the door of the next room. This increased the fear of the students. They told Landahl to rise and make the fire again, and two candles were put on a table standing between the two beds. It was now about twelve o'clock—all had been quiet for a while, when several little things began to move again. A flint stone, placed on a chair, was cast against the wall, and also the cork in Landahl's inkbottle. His seal fell down from a niche in the stove; the same chair, on which his clothes had been laid, began to move again and the same heavy book (Moller's Ryskhistoria) that had been taken up by them and put in several new places

would not be still. The students now began to fear that the table, with the candles, would be turned up and thrown down, of which F. had observed some threatening signs. Q. then took one of the lights, and just as he had it in his hand, the table fell over. After they had put it right, and had gathered up all the books and things that had been on it, it was again dreadfully shaken and overturned on the floor with such force that the whole room trembled.

After a while one of Landahl's goloshes began to move about, approaching him. The water bottle also was unquiet and again turned over. The seal jumped from the head of a pipe, in which it had been laid, and the table rose on one side as if it would be tossed over Landahl in the bed; but Q., who was now on the sofa, took firm hold of the table, saying, 'I will protect Landahl.' Then the table turned against Q., as threatening him, but soon it became calm again. Landahl then rose and placed the New Testament on the table—after which, from one o'clock, all noise ceased for that night.

The following morning, Landahl's comrades told the story to a third student, who accompanied them home, when the haunting and noises were continued in clear daylight. The door between the two rooms was opened and many things were thrown from one room to the other, where Landahl's trunk was standing. Other students came and saw how the clothes and things were thrown on the trunk without visible hands. At two o'clock in the afternoon the noise ceased for that day.

The following night two other friends were present. When the noises began about eleven o'clock, one of these, D. was about to solemnly conjure the spirits, when just as he began to speak a slipper was cast from the floor and struck him on the mouth. Braving this, he said, 'In the name of the triune God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I conjure and ask thee to what purpose this is done?' But no other answer was given on this, than that the table suddenly cast itself down, taking a chair with it in the fall. The candle was lighted again and a New Testament was put on the table, but the candle was suddenly extinguished again, and the snuffers cast on the floor. Q. lighted it anew, and it was not again put out. It was then twelve o'clock. On the evening of the day before, Q. and F. had gone out, leaving D. and Landahl at home. The latter, opening the door leading to the little room, said, 'Now, I will conjure the spirit;' but suddenly returning, wild and pale, seized D.'s arm, saying, '*Come with me and you shall see him!*' But when D. resisted, Landahl fell senseless on the bed.

Landahl left Upsala, and became a clergyman in the diocese to which he belonged, and died a short time after. Many idle

stories were circulated to account for these strange hauntings and disturbances; nothing, however, was really known that could throw any light upon the subject; but whatever may have been the cause, what I have told is true. F. E.

[It may interest the reader to compare the foregoing narrative with the account of similar disturbances at the Castle of Slaven-sick, in Silesia, in 1807, by Councillor Hahn, quoted by Dr. Kerner in the *Seeress of Prevorst*, pp. 274-289.—ED.]

A MEDIUM IN CHESHIRE.

Manchester, Nov. 26, 1862.

SIR,—I promised you some account of our visit to the *medium* in Cheshire. On the 20th inst. we found our way to Soss Moss early in the day. As twilight approached, the medium, Mr. Mayer, a respectable well-to-do farmer, came according to agreement, with his wife.

We sat some time in a room half filled with people, talking about things in general, until I said we had come all the way from Manchester to see Mr. Mayer operate as a Spiritualist. Mr. Mayer scarcely understood this remark, which I had to explain. This turned the conversation to the subject, and we soon saw that Mr. Mayer knew nothing about what is termed "Spiritualism." I asked whether he had read anything on the subject, and he replied, "not a word," nor did he appear to know that anything had been written on it. I then enquired what he knew about "table-turning." He replied, "not much, beyond moving and turning it." I feared we had had our journey for nothing and was disappointed. We then told him what we had seen in London, at which he laughed, and declared his opinion that the whole was trickery: though I should say that my friend (the same who accompanied me to Mrs. Marshall) had not given him a correct account of what we saw. Mr. Mayer then told us what he had seen at his own table, "But there's no spirits, I'll promise you; it's all the table, and muscular contraction," he said. "But does the table answer your questions correctly?" I enquired. "O yes, mostly," he replied. "But how do you account for this?" "I don't know," he said, "it's very strange, but there's no spirits, I'm sure; it's all in the table. It's a capital guesser is the table, but there's no such thing as spirits." He then told us what he had seen in the shape of "movements." His own table had repeatedly moved round, had walked about the room, and had answered questions correctly, and questions the answers to which could not possibly have been known by any one present.

He said too, that the table had walked out of the sitting room into the kitchen, out of the kitchen again into the sitting room, and out of the sitting room up the stairs, to the top of the second landing. This kind of thing, varied in different ways, was the substance of what Mr. Mayer had seen, and he believed all else about which *we* spoke to be deception and fraud. In fact nothing beyond what he had seen, appeared to him possible or worthy of credit for a moment. I tried to show him that he was a little unreasonable, but he could not see it at all. My "friend," however, still believed neither the one nor the other, and had therefore no difficulty to overcome, in reconciling inconsistent beliefs. Every day since our visit to Mrs. Marshall, his scepticism had grown harder and savager, though on leaving Mrs. Marshall he had been considerably puzzled for an explanation.

We now proposed a *séance* to test the matter. "Sit down yourselves, and you'll soon see," said Mr. Mayer. We said we must have him at the table; but he refused, on the ground that we should then have no reason to suspect him. "Sit half-an-hour, and I am sure it will move," continued Mr. Mayer. Four of us sat, but there was no move after half-an-hour's sitting. Mr. Mayer appeared much astonished at this, and placed one of his hands on the table, and held it there for a few minutes, when the table began to lift. The tipping was continued for half-an-hour, candles were applied to the legs, and a strict watch kept, yet nothing could be seen but the moving of the table, apparently without any visible cause. Many questions were put and answered very correctly by tips of the table. Mr. Mayer however was quite dissatisfied with the result, and spoke of it, so far, as a complete failure, while my friend's scepticism cracked a little under the force of the table-tipping, and more especially from the tipping out of answers which appeared to indicate some invisible intelligence in close proximity. Mr. Mayer said, "Nothing will be done to-night: it is useless to try. I will give it up. I never saw anything like it before: I don't know the reason, but it is not worth the trouble to try further." To me the moving of the table was nothing, compared with the intelligent answers given to questions, which only one in the room could answer, and this, on some occasions, while that one was not at the table.

We suspended our operations for tea, and an excellent affair this was, for our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Lomas, Soss Moss, Cheshire, for we have no names to conceal, knew how to manage this business much better than "table-turning." Tea over, Mr. Mayer declined to sit longer at the table. His reasons were, that "we should do no good to-night," "there's something queer," "never saw it so before," and "if all the world had told him, he would not have believed we could have had so poor a display."

It may be noted that none of the parties in the room knew anything about table-turning, except Mr. and Mrs. Mayer, and my friend, and myself. Most had not heard of it before. My friend and another drew to the table, and again invited Mr. Mayer but he still declined. Again and again he was tried, but to no purpose: "we could do it ourselves;" "we knew as much of it now as he did." I was then invited, but I declined to sit without Mr. Mayer. After some time however he consented to go to the table, and it soon began to move. Often he proposed to retire, stating that "it," (the table) "was up to noot." But he said, "if you try now, you will find it a good guesser." We now began to put questions. Our questions having relation generally to numbers, the table was to answer by tips. Amongst other questions we put the following:—"How many females are in this room?" Answer, "6." Right. "How many males?" Answer, "10." There were eleven. "How many brothers has Mr. B——r?" Before we put this question we enquired whether any one in the room knew the answer, and we found that none knew it. The table tipped eight times, when we laughed, concluding it certainly a mistake. Then we appealed to Mr. B——r, who had never seen table-turning before, and who looked very serious, and said he had eight brothers. Now we asked "How many sisters has Mr. B——r?" Answer, "3." Mr. B——r looking still more serious, and saying "Yes, it's true; I have only three." Question: "How many daughters has Mr. B——r?" Answer, "1." Right. Question: "How many sons?" Answer, "4." Right. My friend then asked, "How many brothers have I in this world?" Answer, "3." Right. "How many daughters have I?" Answer, "4." Right. "How many sons?" "2." Right. "How many children has Mr. Lomas?" Answer, "8." Right. I then asked, "How many children have I had?" Answer, "1." Right. "How many have died?" Answer, "1." Right.

In one way or other, three or four times as many questions as these I have penned were put, and with about three exceptions all were correctly answered, and the failures were so near the truth as to be nearly as surprising as the successes. I should state that for the last half-hour the manifestations went on while the medium was absent from the table, for he had left, saying "it was up to noot." Soon after nine o'clock, P. M., our host drove us to the railway station, some three miles distant. On the way my friend was quiet; his huge mass of fancies was going fast into smoke. All I could do now was to beg of him not to go too fast, but to take time to consider before he came to the conclusion of spirit-power in these strange phenomena.

I may just observe, that as far as accuracy is concerned, the

answers to questions were much more satisfactory than at either of the two visits we made to Mrs. Marshall. The movements of the table however were much less vigorous, and there was an absence of rapping on the floor, and of lifting of chairs, and other phenomena which were very startling on those occasions. But we saw enough to cause my friend to admit that it would be wise to suspend judgment a while, and to seek further opportunities of examining the question before coming to a conclusion. Since the 20th of November, however, he has stated to me that, "though he cannot say he is a thorough believer in Spiritualism, he is no longer an unbeliever." Yours, &c.

T. B.

Correspondence.

BIRD-MUSIC.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Dec. 9, 1862.

SIR,—The reference to birds in the November number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, has suggested to me to ask whether you or any of your readers can and will help me to the solution of a phenomenon, for which I cannot account by a reference to any natural causes.

About twenty months since, I had a virulent attack of rheumatism in one of my eyes, which produced, for several months, almost unendurable agony, depriving me of sight, and reducing me to a very nervous condition. Resort was continuously had to powerful narcotics, to obtain some mitigation of suffering. After having had recourse to these for about six months, and being, as a consequence, in a sort of dreamy condition of mind, I was one day startled by suddenly hearing, as at no great distance from me, the most exquisite melody that could be produced by the notes of a countless number of birds. As I listened, the harmony increased in power, and not less in sweetness. It was as if a canary of singular power and execution produced the melody, which was sustained by the not less beautiful notes of thousands of other birds, the chorus being always subordinated to the principal voice with wonderful effect. This has continued with me ever since—now fourteen or fifteen months, the only variation being, that the leader has sometimes the notes of a canary, and sometimes those of a lark, while at other times, it is as if it were a young bird which had not yet acquired more than the power of sweetly chirping, in which case there is an utter absence of melody, and only a chorus of an immense number of chirping birds.

This phenomenon is almost always present to me, and is always so, if I for a moment listen for it. When I awake in the night or morning, the voices of my melodious companions are especially powerful, but always most delightful. Sitting, as I have been compelled, for hours together in darkness, I have never wearied of these delightful concerts, which are never twice the same. The melody is always different, continuing the same only so long as I hear it without interruption. If I sleep, or my attention is otherwise withdrawn, when next I hear it the melody is a new one, never heard by me before, but the apparently thousands of choristers sustain their several parts as perfectly as if they had been practising them for ages.

Whence comes this, to me, wonderful phenomenon? I never kept a lark or a canary, or any other bird, except a poor linnet or a goldfinch, I forget which, when a mere child; nor have I ever lived amongst birds of any kind, so that their notes and melodies should be impressed on my memory, or in any way excite my imagination. Indeed, as I have already said, I cannot refer the phenomenon to any known cause, though, as you may readily conceive, my attempts to do so have been many, and are almost constant. Can you aid me?

Brunswick Square.

W. C.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Six months ago I was residing in Surrey, and I there became acquainted with a family who were, from their own experiences, convinced of the fact of spiritual communication. One of the family, Miss L., one afternoon called to see my niece, and asked me if I felt inclined to try the table movement. I assented, and she and I sat at a small round table; a rocking motion began, and I asked the question, "Is that you, Frederick?" He was my elder brother, who died in South America two years previously, and between whom and myself a sincere affection had all our lives existed—an affirmative reply was given, and he intimated his wish to communicate with me. I called over the letters of the alphabet, and wrote them down as they were intimated. After sitting a short time, we thought the trial an unsuccessful one. I could of course recognise the letters, but had no knowledge of the words formed by them. When Miss L. had left the room, I examined what I had written, and deciphered these words, "Beware of it; it is my misery." I called at once to my niece, to ask Miss L. if she would be good enough to sit again at the table. We placed our hands as before, and a few letters were indicated, and no further motion was given. Miss L. returned to complete her toilet, and I found the word to be "Anger." The whole message was "Beware of it, it is my misery—Anger." My poor brother, when alive, was afflicted with a violent excitable temper, and as regarded the warning to myself, I willingly admit that it was not unnecessary, nor has it been, I hope, an useless one.

My brother resided many years in the Province of Buenos Ayres. He and his eldest son, who accompanied Mr. Cann, are frequently mentioned in his work, entitled "Mr. Cann's 2,000 Miles Ride in the Argentine Provinces," published about eight years since, by Messrs. Smith and Elder.

Dorset, Nov. 29, 1862.

T.

10, Oxford Terrace, Clapham Road, S.
Nov. 21, 1862.

SIR,—In the month of July, 1840, I was wrecked in Cook's Bay, Mercury Bay, New Zealand. It is a fact worthy of record, shewing first, the thoughtful anxiety of a parent for her son, who at the time was nearly at the antipodes of England; and secondly, the remarkable mode by which his perilous position was conveyed to her,—that my mother did for three successive nights, dream, clearly and distinctly, that I was shipwrecked, and the period was noted. The news was in the first instance conveyed to her through the medium of a newspaper, *some months afterwards*, and strange as it may appear, the ship was in great danger the *first* night of her dream; on the following morning, she parted *all her anchors*, and became a total wreck before the expiration of the second night.

Yours truly,

J. F. C.

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[No. 2.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:— GEORGE MÜLLER.

IT is common with a certain class of thinkers on religious subjects to regard prayer as a kind of spiritual dumb-bell exercise, very good to open and strengthen the spiritual faculties, as dumb-bells open and strengthen the chest, but having no value in itself, no real dynamic force, and leading to no effect. This view arises mainly from conceiving of prayer according to the Pagan notion of it, as offered to placate the gods and change their purposes, instead of, as Christ taught, to bring our disorderly wills into harmony with the order of the Divine will—prayer being itself a part of the Divine order; and from conceiving of (physical) nature and its laws as if they were the whole system of God, instead of, in its true relation, as only a subordinate member of it, one of the two realms of being—*things* and *powers*—the former existing solely for the purposes of the latter, the mere base or platform of their manifestations, and the school of their moral training; the superior realm not violating the laws of the inferior, but standing above, and acting by and through them, as when man acts upon nature—not in contravention of its laws, but in the line of cause and effect to accomplish his purposes, nature itself being constituted and submitted to his activity to that end. This view enables us to meet the sceptical inquiry—“*How can prayer be answered without a breach in the Divine harmony, or impugning the Divine perfections?*” If, as the Scriptures assert, and facts abundantly demonstrate, there is an independent realm of free intelligences above and potent over natural forces, between which and us there exists a most intimate and vital union, and which is drawn to us by the force of living and loving sympathies, its obedient members being *all* “ministering spirits,” sent forth as the willing ministers and agents of the Sovereign Ruler, influencing the hearts of men, and carrying out the ends of the Divine Government, operating through

the chain of cause and effect in nature ; then, there is no difficulty in conceiving *how* prayer may be answered through their instrumentality. Nor is there anything in this view contrary to our highest reason. It is strictly in harmony with that system of medial agencies by which, and not by the direct supernatural exercise of Divine power, the system of nature is carried on.

It is not pretended that all prayers are answered according to our expectations. Ill would it be for us if it were so : nor yet, that prayer is a lazy substitute for self-exertion ; but prayer is sufficiently and manifestly answered to show that man is not the mere subject of chemical and mechanical forces, that he is not shut up in nature, its product and its slave ; that God has not deserted humanity ; that now, as in all time, there is living evidence of a watchful and loving Providence, that while there is a constancy in nature, it is yet under an administration that is supernatural.

I appeal to fact—to the many well-known instances of answer to earnest trusting prayer, even in temporal things ; and not merely to doubtful or isolated cases, but to men whose lives have been one continuous record of the efficacy of prayer, insomuch that they have learned to lean upon it as a staff under every emergency, and as their life-long habit. Huntingdon, and Stilling, are instances in point,* and I now proceed to cite a living and most striking instance in which the same great truth is manifested.

“ George Müller was born in Prussia, in 1705, and though educated to be a pastor in the Lutheran Church, he led a wild profligate life till his twenty-first year, when he was induced by a fellow-student to attend a Bible and prayer meeting at the house of a Christian friend. Soon after he received an invitation to assist an aged and infirm clergyman by preaching for him. Feeling a strong desire to engage in missionary work, he came to London as a missionary student in 1829. Here over-study brought on him serious illness, accompanied with deep spiritual experience ; every sin of which he had been guilty seemed brought to his remembrance, but he at the same time realized a sense of the Divine forgiveness. His friends, on his partial recovery, advised him to go into the country. In doubt whether it would be right to suspend his missionary studies, he prayed that the Divine will in this matter might be made known to him by the answer of his medical attendant. The answer he received determined him on going for a while to Teignmouth. On returning from thence to London, he set on foot among his fellow-students early-morning prayer meetings. As the Missionary Society delayed sending him forth as a missionary, it occurred to

him that he was wrong and acting unscripturally in waiting for an appointment to missionary work from his fellow-men. Considering himself called by God to labour in that field, he began at once among the Jews in London by distributing tracts, preaching, conversation, reading the Scriptures regularly to about fifty Jewish boys, and by teaching in a Sunday school.

Being strengthened in his conviction that as a servant of Christ he ought to be led by the Spirit, and not by men, as to time and place in his missionary labours; he, in 1830, dissolved his connection with the Missionary Society, and resolved to preach wherever the Lord might open a door for him, and to trust in Him for the supply of his temporal wants.

After preaching three weeks at Exmouth and its neighbourhood, he went to Teignmouth with the intention of staying there ten days to preach among the brethren with whom he had become acquainted during the previous summer. One of these on his arrival said, "I wish you would become our minister, as the present one is going to leave us." Müller's reply was, "I do not intend to be stationary in any place, but to go through the country, preaching the word as the Lord may direct me."

He was induced at the entreaties of many of the brethren, and by the success of his labours to prolong his stay, and at the end of twelve weeks he accepted the unanimous invitation of the little church to become their pastor. He, however, did not confine his labours to Teignmouth, but preached regularly also at the surrounding villages. His "mode of preparation for the public ministry of the word," is so different from the formal and elaborate practice which it is understood generally prevails, that I transcribe the greater part of his own account of it. He says:—

I do not presume to know myself what is best for the hearers, and I therefore ask the Lord in the first place, that he would graciously be pleased to teach me on what subject I shall speak, or what portion of his word I shall expound. Now sometimes it happens, that previous to my asking him, a subject or passage has been in my mind, on which it has appeared well for me to speak. In that case I ask the Lord, whether I should speak on this subject or passage. If, after prayer I feel persuaded that I should, I fix upon it, yet so, that I would desire to leave myself open to the Lord to change it if he please. Frequently, however, it is the case that I have no text or subject in my mind, before I give myself to prayer for the sake of ascertaining the Lord's will concerning it. In this case I wait some time on my knees for an answer, trying to listen to the voice of the Spirit to direct me. If in this case a passage or subject, whilst I am on my knees, or after I have finished praying for a text, is brought to my mind, I again ask the Lord, and that sometimes repeatedly, especially if humanly speaking, the subject or text should be a peculiar one, whether it be His will that I should speak on such a subject or passage. If after prayer my mind is peaceful about it, I take this to be the text, but still desire to leave myself open to the Lord for direction, should He please to alter it, or should I have been mistaken. Frequently also, in the third place it is the case, that I not only have no text or subject on my mind previous to my praying for guidance in this matter, nor do I get one after once, or twice, or more times praying about it. In this case I used formerly sometimes

to be much perplexed, but for more than fifteen years it has pleased the Lord, in general at least, to keep me in peace about it. What I do in this case is, to go on with my regular reading of the Scriptures, where I left off the last time, praying (whilst I read) for a text, now and then also laying aside my Bible for prayer, till I get one. Thus it has happened, that I have read five, ten, yea twenty chapters, before it has pleased the Lord to give me a text; yea, at times I have even had to go to the meeting-house without one, and obtained it perhaps only a few minutes before I was going to speak; but I have never lacked the Lord's assistance at the time of preaching, provided I had earnestly sought it in private. The preacher cannot know the particular state of the various individuals who compose the congregation, nor what they require, but the Lord knows it; and if the preacher renounces his own wisdom, he will be assisted by the Lord; but if he will choose in his own wisdom, then let him not be surprised if he should see little benefit result from his labours.

A little further on in his narrative he expresses the mature conviction, which, he says "the Lord was pleased to give me on this point," namely, that at the weekly meeting of Christians for worship, "those, whether one or several, who are truly gifted by the Holy Spirit for service, be it for exhortation, or teaching, or rule, &c., are responsible to the Lord for the exercise of their gifts."

After a few months pastoral work, he informed the church that he should for the future give up having any regular salary, stating his conscientious objections to it, and especially to the system of pew-rents from which it was chiefly derived. "At the same time," he says:—

It appeared to me right, that henceforth I should ask no man, not even my beloved brethren and sisters, to help me, as I had done a few times according to their own request, as my expenses, on account of travelling much in the Lord's service, were too great to be met by my usual income. For unconsciously I had thus again been led, in some measure, to trust in an arm of flesh, going to man, instead of going to the Lord at once.

About the same time he and his wife carried out literally the Scriptural injunction.—"Sell that ye have and give alms." He says:—

It is now nineteen years, since we set out in this way, and *we do not in the least regret the step we then took.* Our God also has, in his tender mercy, given us grace to abide in the same mind concerning the above points, both as it regards principle and practice; and this has been the means of letting us see the tender love and care of our God over His children, even in the most minute things, in a way in which we never experimentally knew them before; and it has, in particular, made the Lord known to us more fully than we knew Him before, *as a prayer hearing God.* As I have written down how the Lord has been pleased to deal with us since, I shall be able to relate some facts concerning this matter, as far as they may tend to edification.

From the Journal which he now commenced, we take the following extracts:—

Nov. 18th, 1830.—Our money was reduced to about eight shillings. When I was praying with my wife in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask Him for some money. About four hours

after, we were with a sister* at Bishopsteignton, and she said to me, "Do you want any money?" "I told the brethren," said I, "dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would for the future tell the Lord only about my wants." She replied, "But he has told me to give you some money. About a fortnight ago I asked Him, what I should do for Him, and He told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night, that I could not help speaking of it to Brother P." My heart rejoiced, seeing the Lord's faithfulness, but I thought it better not to tell her about our circumstances, lest she should be influenced to give accordingly; and I also was assured that, if it were of the Lord, she could not but give. I turned, therefore, the conversation to other subjects, but when I left she gave me two guineas. We were full of joy on account of the goodness of the Lord. . . . The next Wednesday I went to Exmouth, our money having then again being reduced to about 9s. I asked the Lord on Thursday, when at Exmouth, to be pleased to give me some money. On Friday morning, about eight o'clock, whilst in prayer, I was particularly led to ask again for money; and before I got up from my knees I had the fullest assurance, that we should have the answer that very day. About nine o'clock I left the brother with whom I was staying, and he gave me half a sovereign, saying, "Take this for your expenses connected with your coming to us." My expenses I never expected to have had paid, but I saw the Lord's fatherly hand in sending me this money within one hour after my asking him for some. But even then I was so fully assured that the Lord would send me more that very day, or had done so already, that when I came home about twelve o'clock, I asked my wife whether she had received any letters. She told me she had received one the day before from a brother in Exeter, with three sovereigns. Thus even my prayer on the preceding day had been answered. The next day one of the brethren came and brought me £4., which was due to me of my former salary, but which I could never have expected, as I did not even know that this sum was due to me. Thus I received, within thirty hours, in answer to prayer, £7 10s.

June 12.—Lord's Day. On Thursday last I went with Brother Craik to Torquay, to preach there. I had only about 3s. with me, and left my wife with about 6s. at home. The Lord provided beds for us through the hospitality of a brother. I asked the Lord repeatedly for money; but when I came home my wife had only about 3s. left, having received nothing. We waited still upon the Lord. Yesterday passed away, and no money came. We had 9d. left. This morning we were still waiting upon the Lord, and looking for deliverance. We had only a little butter left for breakfast, sufficient for Brother Edmonds, and a relative living with us, to whom we did not mention our circumstances, that they might not be made uncomfortable. After the morning meeting, Brother Yeo most unexpectedly opened the box, and in giving me quite as unexpectedly the money at such a time, he told me that *he and his wife could not sleep last night, on account of thinking that we might want money.* The most striking point is, that after I had repeatedly asked the Lord, but received nothing, *I then prayed yesterday, that the Lord would be pleased to impress it on Brother Yeo, that we wanted money, so that he might open the box.* There was in it £1 8s. 10½d. Our joy on account of this fresh deliverance was great, and we praised the Lord heartily.

November 17.—To-day we had not a single penny left. We had asked the Lord yesterday and to-day. We desired only enough money to be able to buy bread. We were reduced more than ever we had been before. But our gracious and faithful Lord, who never lays more upon His children than He enables them to bear, delivered us again this time, in sending us £1 10s. 6d., about an hour before we wanted money to buy bread.

November 19th.—We had not enough to pay our weekly rent; but the Lord graciously sent us again to-day 14s. 6d. I would just observe, that we never contract debts, which we believe to be unscriptural (according to Rom. xiii. 8;) and therefore we have no bills with our tailor, shoemaker, grocer, butcher,

* My Journal gives the names of the individuals, whom the Lord has used as instruments, in supplying our wants; but it has appeared well to me, for several reasons, not to mention them in print.

baker, &c. ; but all we buy we pay for in ready money. The Lord helping us, we would rather suffer privation than contract debts. Thus we always know how much we have, and how much we have a right to give away.

November 27th.—Lord's Day. Our money had been reduced to 2½d.; our bread was hardly enough for this day. I had several times brought our need before the Lord. After dinner, when I returned thanks, I asked him to give us our daily bread, meaning literally that he would send us bread for the evening. Whilst I was praying, there was a knock at the door of the room. After I had concluded, a poor sister came in, and brought us some of her dinner, and from another poor sister 5s. In the afternoon she also brought us a large loaf. Thus the Lord not only literally gave us bread, but also money.

After we had, on December 31st, 1831, looked over the Lord's gracious dealings with us during the past year, in providing for all our temporal wants, there were then about 10s. left to us. A little while after, the providence of God called for it, so that not a single farthing remained.

“Whilst we have been often brought low,” says Mr. Müller,—

Yea, so low, that we have not had even as much as one single penny left; or so as to have the last bread on the table, and not as much money as was needed to buy another loaf:—yet *never* have we had to sit down to a meal, without our good Lord having provided nourishing food for us. I am bound to state this, and I do it with pleasure. My Master has been a kind Master to me, and if I had to choose this day again, as to the way of living, the Lord giving me grace, I would not choose differently.

And, be it observed that while living in this way he “never spoke either directly or indirectly about his wants at the time he was in need.” He mentions that he, about this time (1832), repeatedly prayed with sick believers till they were restored. He says:—

Unconditionally I asked the Lord for the blessing of bodily health (a thing which I could not do now), and almost always had the petition granted. In some instances, however, the prayer was not answered. In the same way, whilst in London, Nov. 1829, in answer to my prayers, I was immediately restored from a bodily infirmity under which I had been labouring for a long time, and which never has returned since.

In May, 1832, Müller removed to Bristol to minister among the brethren there, not in any fixed pastoral relationship, but as he might consider it to be according to the mind of God; pew-rents were to be done away with, and in regard to his temporal wants, he was to go on as he had done in Devonshire. In March, 1834, he established “The Scriptural Knowledge Society for Home and Abroad,” to assist schools, missions, and the circulation of the Scriptures and religious works.

In 1835 it was brought home to his mind to establish an Orphan-House. In his Journal under date December 5, he writes: “This evening I was struck in reading the Scriptures with these words:—‘Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.’ Up to this day I had not at all prayed concerning the means or individuals needed for the Orphan-House. I was now led to apply these words to the Orphan-House, and asked the Lord for premises, £1,000, and suitable individuals to take care of the children.” Two days after he received the first shilling for the Orphan-

House. At a meeting of the church soon after, there was no collection, but 10s. was given, and a sister offered herself for the work. Money, furniture, and all sorts of useful things for the Orphan-House began to come in, as well as offers of personal assistance in conducting it.

In May, after a long enumeration of these gifts and offers of assistance, he observes:—

1. It may be well to state, that the above results have followed in answer to prayer, without anyone having been asked by me for one single thing, from which I have refrained, not on account of want of confidence in the brethren, or because I doubted their love to the Lord, but that I might see the hand of God so much the more clearly. For as the work has been begun without any visible support, in dependance only upon the living God, it was of the utmost importance to be sure of his approbation at the very commencement.

2. From this statement, and from that contained in the last printed account, it will be seen how the Lord, in a great measure, has already answered the petition of December 5, 1835; for a house has been given, suitable individuals have offered themselves to take care of the children, and much more furniture, and many more articles of clothing have been sent than I ever had expected. The only part of the prayer which has not been as yet quite fulfilled is, that which respects the 1,000*l.*, which, however, the Lord, I doubt not, will likewise send in his own time. In the meantime, let my brethren help me to praise him, that he has sent already more than one half of that sum, and therefore more than for the present has been needed.

3. So far as I remember, I brought even the most minute circumstances concerning the Orphan-House before the Lord in my petitions, being conscious of my own weakness and ignorance. There was, however, one point I never had prayed about, namely, that the Lord would send children; for I naturally took it for granted that there would be plenty of applications. The nearer, however, the day came, which had been appointed for receiving applications, the more I had a secret consciousness, that the Lord might disappoint my natural expectations, and shew me that I could not prosper in one single thing without him. The appointed time came, and not even one application was made.

He now prayed that applications might be sent, and the next day the first application was made, and others soon followed. This Orphan-House was intended only for destitute female orphans between seven and twelve years of age; but he was soon led to propose, in addition, the establishment of an infant orphan-house “in the same simple dependance upon God alone.” In November of the same year this house was also opened. Under date, June 15 (1837), he writes:—

To-day I gave myself once more earnestly to prayer respecting the remainder of the 1,000*l.* This evening 5*l.* was given, so that now the whole sum is made up. To the glory of the Lord, whose I am, and whom I serve, I would state again, that every shilling of this money, and all the articles of clothing and furniture, which have been mentioned in the foregoing pages, have been given to me, *without one single individual having been asked by me for anything.* The reason why I have refrained altogether from soliciting any one for help is, that the hand of God evidently might be seen in the matter, that thus my fellow-believers might be encouraged more and more to trust in Him, and that also those who know not the Lord may have a fresh proof that, indeed, it is not a vain thing to pray to God.

Another Orphan-House was not long after opened for boys, and conducted in the same trustful spirit. It is, however, impossible

in the compass of an article to follow in detail the progress of this good work. I therefore from the Annual Report of 1861, present Mr. Müller's summary, as follows:—

I began with 30 orphans. Afterwards were added 36 more, and then after a year again 30 more, and finally after the lapse of several years 30 more. Thus, for above 13 years, the number of orphans under my care never exceeded 126; but then it grew to 300, with the opening of the New Orphan-House No. 1, and with the opening of No. 2 to 700; and now, with God's blessing, it will shortly be 1,150. Thus, with the enlargement of the work, the gift, which the Lord had been pleased to give to me, was further and further developed, as the whole work grew up under my sole and immediate direction. . . . The pecuniary help, which the Lord has given me hitherto, is another voice as from Himself to me, to go forward. To pass by the former enlargements of the work, I will only refer to the last great enlargement, first contemplated by me at the end of 1850. The state of the Institution was then so, that the expenditure for all the various objects thereof amounted to about £6,000 a year. To obtain this sum, year by year, simply by prayer and faith, without regular subscribers without agents for collecting; without asking any one, without any visible prospect whatever, seemed a large sum indeed, looking at it naturally. But by this contemplated enlargement, when carried out, the expenses would not be only £6,000 but £15,000 a year. Many were startled by it. And so should I have been, had I simply looked at matters with natural reasoning powers; but I looked to the Lord, and to him alone. I trusted not in circumstances; I trusted not in donors, nor even in donors who gave largely. And now, how have matters been, and how has the Lord dealt with his servant who trusted in Him? Has He said by His dealings with him, Thou hast been presumptuous; or, Thou hast expected too much from me? Nay, the very reverse. Hear, esteemed reader, how I have fared. During the 17 years which had elapsed since the formation of the Institution, before the contemplation of this great enlargement of the Orphan work, the total of the income, for the various objects of the Institution, had been about Fifty Thousand Pounds; but since then, during 10 years only, it has been about One Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds. See how unbelief has been put to shame. My full persuasion was, at the time, as expressed in the Report of 1851, and reprinted in the second volume of my Narrative, that as I had come to the decision regarding this intended enlargement, on the ground that I judged it to be the will of God, for the reasons there given, I was sure God would help me with means; and so it has been. For I never, during the past 27 years, have gone on more easily, regarding means, than since May, 1851. Thus, by what God has done hitherto, I am encouraged to go forward, to this still greater enlargement, though I have no natural prospect whatever of obtaining the means needed. But my hope is in God and in Him alone. The premises contemplated for 850 more Orphans, cannot cost with the ground less than Fifty Thousand Pounds, especially as a large field for cultivation for the boys will be required. Now whence shall I get this £50,000 especially when it is considered, that, in the meantime, the amount needed for the current expenses will be at least £20,000 year by year? And how, natural reason would say, will you be able to keep up the work, provided you are able to accomplish the building, as then the regular current expenses would amount to about £35,000 a year? I feel the force of all this, looking at it naturally. I am not a fanatic or enthusiast, but, as all who know me are well aware, a calm, cool, quiet, calculating business man; and therefore I should be utterly overwhelmed, looking at it naturally; but as the whole of this work was commenced, and ever has been gone on with in faith, trusting in the living God alone for every thing, so it is also regarding this intended enlargement. I look to the Lord alone for helpers, land, means, and every thing else needed. I have pondered the difficulties for months. I have looked steadily at every one of them; but faith in God has put every one of them aside.

Sometimes his trials have been great, but his faith has not

failed under them. Often the pressure for bread and other daily necessities has been intense; yet he has never contracted debts—has not even allowed tradesmen's bills to run weekly; everything was paid for as it was received. The year 1838, was especially one of trials. In the month of September of this year, he writes:—"The Lord mercifully has given enough to supply our daily necessities; but he gives *by the day* now, and almost *by the hour*, as we need it." Many days began without a penny in the house, or any visible means by which the day's wants could be provided for. He has been without bread, fuel, milk, or money for his seven hundred orphans, and yet, just before these things were absolutely needed, they were all unexpectedly supplied. Mr. Müller states:—"The orphans never have lacked anything. Had I had thousands of pounds in hand, they would have fared no better than they have; for they have had always good nourishing food, and the necessary articles of clothing, &c." And again, he writes:—"This way of living brings the Lord remarkably near. He is, as it were, morning by morning inspecting our stores, that accordingly he may send help. Greater and more manifest nearness of the Lord's presence I have never had, than when after breakfast there were no means for dinner, and then the Lord provided the dinner for more than one hundred persons; or when, after dinner there were no means for the tea, and yet the Lord provided the tea; and all this without one single human being having been informed about our need."

A few extracts from Mr. Müller's Journal will shew how, without any solicitation, individuals were impressed to give what was needed, and at the time when needed.

November 30, (1836).—On account, as I suppose, of many pressing engagements, I had not been led for some time past to pray respecting the funds. But now, *being in great need*, I was led, yesterday morning, earnestly to ask the Lord, and in answer to this petition a brother gave me last night 10*l*. He had it in his heart, for several months past, to give this sum, but had been hitherto kept from it, not having the means. Just now, in this our great necessity, the Lord furnished him with the means, and we were helped in this way. In addition to this 10*l*., I received last night a letter with 5*l*., from a sister whom I never saw, and who has been several times used as an instrument by God to supply our wants. She writes thus: "It has been so much on my mind lately to send you some money, that I feel as if there must be some need, which the Lord purposes to honour me by making me the instrument of supplying. I therefore enclose you 5*l*., all I have in the house at this moment; but if you have occasion for it, and will let me know, I will send you as much more," &c.

Aug. 18. (1838).—I have not one penny in hand for the Orphans. In a day or two again many pounds will be needed. My eyes are up to the Lord. *Evening*.—Before this day is over, I have received from a sister £5. She had some time since put away her trinkets, to be sold for the benefit of the Orphans. This morning, whilst in prayer, it came to her mind, I have this £5, and owe no man anything, therefore it would be better to give this money at once, as it may be some time, before I can dispose of the trinkets. She therefore brought it, little knowing that there was not a penny in hand, and that I had been able to advance only £4 15*s*. 5*d*. for housekeeping in the Boys' Orphan-House, instead of the

usual £10; little knowing also, that within a few days many pounds more will be needed.

Nov. 11, (1839). Monday morning. Yesterday when, as just related, there was not a penny in hand, there was given to me ten shillings. This morning came in £1 10s. more. Soon afterwards a note was sent to me from the Orphan-Houses, to say that the need of to-day would be £3. JUST WHILE I WAS READING THE NOTE I received another, including a sovereign, which a sister from Devonshire had given to one of the brethren for the Orphans. Thus I had just the £3 which was needed. A few minutes after come in 1s. more.

Aug. 18. (1840). This morning a brother who passed through Bristol gave me £1, saying it had been especially laid on his heart to do so. Thus the Lord has provided a little towards to-morrow.

These extracts might be largely multiplied. In *A Narrative of the Lord's Dealing with George Müller*, written by himself, and which gives the history of the Scriptural Knowledge Society and the Orphan-Houses up to July, 1844, almost every one of its 600 pages gives one or more instances of answers to prayer, and many similar relations are also given in the Annual Reports subsequently issued. Besides his home operations at the Orphan-Houses, Mr. Müller expends a large sum on foreign missions. He has for several years chiefly or entirely supported a number of men—now amounting to more than a hundred—who are engaged as missionaries in the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Canada, Nova Scotia, India, China, South America, the West Indies, and other places. In some countries, as China, he supports as many labourers as some of the largest missionary societies; in the East Indies, he supports seven missionaries; in British Guiana seven, and one in Syria. The annual mission expenditure abroad is above five thousand pounds. Several Sunday and day schools in various parts of the country are also assisted by him with money and books. On Bibles and tracts for distribution, he also expends from two to three thousand pounds a year. The total expenditure on missionary and tract operations has now reached fifty-seven thousand pounds, and the only charges on "Home Expenditure" given in a balance sheet amounting to upwards of ten thousand pounds for one year, are—"For stationery, £2 14s. 8d.; for postage £32 17s. 5d." Mr. Müller has no private means of his own, and, on principle, never solicits subscriptions either verbally or in writing, but merely prays to the Lord for money to support his Orphan-Houses (in which upwards of a thousand children are fed, clothed, and educated,) and for missionary operations.

T. S.

MR. F.'s EXPERIENCE.

SOME of the most striking contents of the following account were given by Mr. Coleman in the last number of the Magazine, in his paper of "Passing Events," but the whole letter is so interesting, and the reasoning and style so clear and truthful, that we present it entire, notwithstanding the repetition of a small part of it. Mr. F. says:—

"I have pleasure in noting for you some of the experiences in Spiritualism which have come under my personal observation. As you informed me you wished to make use of the contents of this letter for publication, I must own I feel rather diffident on entering on such a topic. Whilst rendering due homage to the moral courage with which you boldly and publicly avow yourself a believer, I freely own that I am not made of such martyr-like material, but choose rather to float along with the current of the world's prejudices than attempt to stem or direct its muddy course. I, therefore, decline putting my name in evidence, and the only voucher for my good faith and truthfulness is your knowledge of me, and the credit which readers have in your judgment. I have to treat of matters which, a year ago, I should myself have considered utterly absurd; and trammelled, as I then was, by the materialist dogmas engendered by a so-called liberal education, I should not have hesitated voting a brother as only fit for Bedlam, had he subscribed to but a fraction of what I am now about to state. As physiological facts, connected with mediums, may throw some light on the causes of their being so, I have no objection to announce that I am no poet, artist, or author; my profession admits as little of imagination as an equation, or any algebraic formula. My wife, though of a sensitive and nervous temperament, is a model of cheerfulness and health.

"The history of our conversion to Spiritualism would fill a volume. But if there were people to read it, I should not have leisure to write it. I purpose giving you a sketchy epitome, including some phenomena which I conceive may be of interest. It is less than a year ago since I heard for the first time, from a credible source, that table rapping, &c., was not a juggle. Ascertaining the *modus operandi* I determined the next day on testing it. I had some friends at dinner, and the subject formed a capital handle for facetiæ and jokes, which were not spared. Dinner over, we sat round a table to see whether any "manifestations" could be obtained. As the evening wore on, faces grew serious, for such strong and clear evidence of the presence of some powerful agency, acting more or less in unison with our

desires was afforded us, that our most cherished scepticism was shaken to its foundation. From this date my wife and I continued our experiments. Chairs, independently of our own help, crossed from one side of the room to the other, sofas and tables were agitated, wardrobes and washhand stands sported round the bedroom, and indeed I began to grow anxious on witnessing the sudden eccentricities of my previously well-behaved furniture. Hearing of the *Spiritual Magazine* I took it in, and soon gleaned from it sufficient knowledge to make use of the alphabet, when I learned that the spirits disturbed the chairs, in order to get us to pay attention to them. Since we commenced conversing with them, our furniture has returned to its pristine sobriety.

"The phenomena we have witnessed I will, for the sake of brevity divide under four heads:—1st. The physical acting under request—the simplest and lowest order of manifestation. 2nd. The physical acting sometimes independently, sometimes in opposition to our will. 3rd. The intelligent acting in response. 4th. The intelligent acting independently. This last appears to be of the rarest and highest order.

"The above is but a rough classification, many manifestations comprising several classes, the physical being more or less allied to all.

"In the first class are the rappings and table liftings, &c. We have had rappings loud and strong enough to shake the whole house. Three strong men have not been able to hold the table down, and on several occasions portly friends have got on to the table and been lifted up with it. Hand-bells have been rung and taken from lap to lap; they have been hung high up on the chandelier and there sounded. Ladies have been held to their seats by their dresses—legs pinched—feet tapped. Guests at table have had themselves and chairs reversed, and have been as disconcerted as Sancho in *Barrataria*. Whilst dining, garters have been abstracted from their wearers and placed in cigar cases, in hats, and in china vases near the ceiling; rings have been changed and placed on different people's fingers, handkerchiefs, slippers, and other small portable articles have been taken away into distant parts of the house in spite of closed doors, locks, and bolts. In all these cases the spirits informed us where we should find the abstracted properties. Independently of the physical action there is another problem to solve which is—how a material, and even a bulky object is got through closed doors, the keyhole being the largest aperture through which it could have passed.

"2nd.—The most striking manifestations in this class were previous to our knowledge of the alphabet, and have been already alluded to; since that time, with few exceptions, they

have been subordinate to our will, or, at least, to our wishes. The fact, however, that the spirits can, in any case, act in opposition to our will, which I affirm that they can, raises another problem, which is, granting this, what limit is there to their power of annoying and opposing us? Are we not possibly invoking our task-masters?

“3rd.—This class includes answers to questions, the identification of spirits, the enunciation by them of facts mostly susceptible of being proved, apparent prophecies, writing, &c., &c.; indeed, this class embraces a very large field, so that I am puzzled what examples to choose, being stocked with an *embarras de richesse*. If asked in the morning, the spirits tell us who is going to call on us in the course of the day; in some cases, those who purpose calling on us the following day. The cases, and the only ones, when their announcements have not been fulfilled, have served me to form some judgment of how they operate. A lady not coming, as announced, I found, on inquiry, that she had left her home to come, but, feeling unwell, had returned. A gentleman not coming, we inquired of the spirits how it was; they told us he had started to come, but, meeting a friend, had changed his mind, and gone to play billiards. It would appear that the spirits simply read the minds of those we ask about, the fulfilment of their prophecies being as subject to miscarriage as they are to change their minds. A guest not arriving at dinner, I was told that he left town before my invitation reached his house, and that he was going to stay a day or two in Sussex. Letters from foreign parts have often been foretold us, sometimes telling of remittances and the exact amounts. In one case the amount being less than the spirits had told me, I upbraided them, and was told to be less hasty, and to read all my letters; doing so, I found in a second the balance of the amount. Playing whist, cut the cards where we will, they can tell us every card in the pack; we have but to ask them third, tenth, twentieth, &c., and they never fail. But an astonishing feat is, in playing *ecarté* against my wife and the spirits—cut where I would, they always turned up king, failing but once out of twelve games. They evidently have a Lord De Ros amongst them versed in *sauté la coupe*.

Putting under the table pencil and paper, we obtain written communications, the writing, where it could be verified, bearing strong resemblance to that of self-called spirit's signature when living. I have so much matter and so little time available that I at once proceed to the next class of manifestation.

4th.—This class will bring my incredible tale to a climax, for the manifestations displayed include all the properties of the other classes in a higher degree, combined with an active and

energetic spiritual interference in our affairs for our welfare or comfort unasked and unthought of by us. A spirit doctor very often favours us with his medical advice; he, as well as other spirits, assure me that his medical knowledge has been greatly improved in spirit-land, especially in diagnosis; his remedies have been generally dietary and *regime*. The following service is one for which I acknowledge in particular a deep debt of gratitude:—My wife and two friends being in a Turkish bath, she was startled with the more than usual violence of the knocking; this induced her to spell the alphabet, when she was most emphatically told to go out of the bath. Getting up to obey, and looking round, her two friends were prostrate; she, herself, felt very faint, and had but strength to reach the door, when she fell. The noise brought the bath women; one of these fainted off whilst getting the two ladies out of the bath. A doctor was sent for, and restoratives effectively used. On inspecting the hot room, the flue was found broken, and the chamber charged with carbonic acid gas.

“Under this class are several matters of so private a nature that I may not mention them. I may, however, state that on three different occasions on which I have lost keys they have been restored to me. In one case, I lost, at eleven at night, in Cockspur-street, a gold key; it fell off into the mud whilst taking another key off my bunch. It was the only gold key I had, and two or three friends with me saw it fall; it was such a wet, muddy night I soon gave up my search for it. Reaching home I was told not to worry about the key as some spirits were with me when I lost it, and they were going to try and find it for me. The first thing on waking the next morning, I was told I should find it on my dressing table, where sure enough it was. On one occasion my wife lost a diamond out of a ring; she was told the exact spot where she would find it. In another case my wife lost a ruby from a piece of jewellery; for this she was told to look in the calice of a certain white tea-rose, where the ruby was found lying. One of the most singular services of this nature occurred this last summer at the sea-side. A lady of our party, whilst bathing, lost a valuable ear-ring in the water. She was much distressed. We were told however that some of the spirits were engaged in recovering it, and before reaching home I was told that they had found it and had placed it in my pocket, where sure enough it was. A friend of mine once gave me a sealed envelope, requesting me to ask the spirits what it contained. This they did, not only saying that it was a foreign bank note, but giving all the particulars of it.

“I may here state that I have never seen anything whatever of Spiritualism but in my own circle, never having had any

acquaintance with other mediums ; that, excepting the *Spiritual Magazine*, I have never read anything on the subject ; that some half dozen only of our friends (who, by the bye, were all at first most sceptical) have witnessed our mediumship ; and that we never have need to sit round a table to obtain communications ; whether in the streets, shops, the theatre, or carriages, the spirits converse with us with equal facility.

“ This letter has grown to such a length, that I will abstain from giving you any more examples of phenomena, and will finish with a few observations bearing on the intellectual and psychological nature of the spirits. I find that the spirits answer to questions put them in many foreign languages, sometimes responding in those languages. They aver that they live in a state of perfect equality, and that though intelligences differ there exist no jealousies amongst them ; that they can traverse space as rapidly as thought ; that there are seven heavens, and that according to our merits or demerits in this world we take our place in one of these ; that we are born mediums, and that being so, we should consider it a privilege, and use it to satisfy the world of the immortality of the soul, &c.

“ I have sometimes demurred to their often-expressed desire to have us amongst them ; but they have desired me not to alarm myself, as their wishes can do nothing towards accelerating our death. They merely wish us out of this wicked world that we may enjoy with them indescribable happiness. Of their sayings I have many ; they all possess a high moral tone. We have been repeatedly told that the spirits attached to us are ever watching over us ; that the only possible suffering, the only alloy that affects their perfect happiness, is when we do wrong, as it makes them fear we may not be allowed to rejoin them. Therefore, they say, be good, for your own sakes and for the love you bear to us.

“ F.”

While self-love is the centrifugal force which throws man out, making him an individual world, Divine love is the centripetal force which strives to round his course into an orbit of beauty and eternal harmony. The first is necessary to make him a man ; but unless subordinated to the latter, he flies off in a tangent, and wanders in sunless, hopeless night.—*A. E. Newton.*

APPARITION OF A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Jones, in a former number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, alluded to the appearance of a departed spirit, as having been related to him; as you have frequently requested that friends communicating facts would allow their names to appear as a guarantee for the fidelity of their communications, I now give the particulars and append my name. There can be no question that any circumstance which helps to prove the great fact that when man departs, he at once passes from the world of matter to the world of spirit, especially requires the names of those who vouch for its truth. That all who die are to live again is a doctrine of the Christian Church, but when? where? how? is rather a matter of individual opinion than a truth generally established; hence some believe that they will not enjoy conscious existence until the resurrection of the natural body, and in the meanwhile sleep in the “bosom of Jesus”—this being a metaphorical expression for some intermediate state between natural death and spiritual life. But many do not possess even this small faith in their future, and are exceedingly anxious to have some definite knowledge of its positive reality, its nature, and their probable circumstances. Information as to our spirit state which is in no wise contradicted by or opposed to the teachings of the Holy Scripture, but rather tends to again make known the truth which was comprehended by the primitive Christian Church can hardly be considered idle, impious, or uncalled for.

The instance which I subjoin of the appearance of a newly departed spirit is only one amongst hundreds which could be narrated in the experience of families, but being of recent date and the persons who were witnesses still living to testify its truth if called upon to do so.

On the 14th of May, 1861, our son George, a most excellent and religious youth of 19 years, was removed from this to the spirit-world. Perceiving that the time of his departure was near, his mother and I alone watched by his bedside. When the last breath had been taken in and expired, I quietly remarked, “He is now gone.” His mother inquired the time, and then observing the rising sun just shining over the blind of the room, which had an aspect to the east, she said, “See! the natural sun is just rising as our dear boy is rising to his heavenly home.” I have an object in noting the rising of the sun at the moment of his departure.

Mr. Williams, of Romford and Bishopsgate Without, a highly intelligent and worthy man, is united to our eldest daughter.

At this time he was staying at his house in the city, his wife having been only a few days previously confined. He was sleeping in a room the window of which faced the east. He states that he was soundly asleep, his hands outside the bed clothes, when he was suddenly aroused by feeling each of his hands firmly grasped and pressed. He instantly sat up, and by the bedside stood George, holding his hands and smiling in his face with a look of peculiar sweetness and kindness. George was attired (seemingly) in his night dress. Mr. Williams was not at all alarmed; he knew it was George in the spirit, and his presence filled his brother-in-law with a calm feeling of peace and happiness which remained for many hours.

They thus held hands and looked on one another for a minute or longer; then the grasp relaxed and George's spirit faded away. Mr. Williams noticed that the rising sun was shining into his room over the blind. His impression was, and still is, that he saw George by this light and not by any other. At 8 o'clock Mr. Williams went to his wife's room and told her in the presence of his mother and the nurse that George was dead. "Have you heard from father?" was the natural query. "No; but I have seen George—he came for a minute this morning at sun-rise." "Oh, nonsense! You have been dreaming, James." "Dreaming! I never was more awake in my life. I not only saw him, but I felt his hands pressing mine." "Nonsense, James; I know, poor boy, how ill he is, but father does not expect him to go yet. I still hope to be up and able to see him." Mr. Williams quietly rejoined, "You will see, dear. Mind we shall presently have a letter or messenger from papa, telling us." In an hour later Mr. Williams received the letter which he expected.

Mr. Williams and George were mutually much attached; in all his boyhood anxieties his brother James was George's confidant and friend. Hence a parting visit and a parting smile, and last friendly grasp of the hands, was that which a departing spirit might be glad to give to his friend and brother; but he could not go in the body, nor give it while his body kept him.

There is little, very little, in this narration to those who read with a sneer at "the credulity of some people," who mistake the coincidence of a dream with a death for a fact; but there is much, very much in it; much matter for thought and speculation to those who can believe the apparition a veritable reality. Was George seen? Were his hands felt? Why did he come in his night dress? Why could he not stay or speak? These are all serious queries, and many other serious questions would depend on the replies, if we could ask and give them. If the evidence be accepted, it proves that the spirit lives on when the

body is dead—the spirit was able to be visible and tangible, it had form and features spiritually resembling those of the body left on the bed—how did it pass through the intervening space of three or four miles? Why did it go away and where did it go to? Answer these queries and next comes—where is this spirit now?

George appeared twice afterwards to a lady at Highgate, walking into the dining room at mid-day, and bringing with him two of her spirit-children, one in each hand. He was grateful to her while in the world for many kind attentions. The lady never concerns herself about spirit manifestations but says she saw him quite distinctly, floating a little above the floor, with her two dear departed children and smiling on her; she knew at the time they were all three spirits but they gave her no alarm. She does not like to tell it, because “people will laugh and think her foolish.” George also appeared to our friend and former servant, Anne, who lived with us as cook for 20 years, and now resides at Hounslow. He appeared to her, at her bedside, in his night dress, before she heard of his decease.

A few nights after the funeral, a Mrs. H., who was an inmate of our house, and who, sleeping in the next room to George, often visited him at night if she heard him coughing, and did many kind attentive acts, was awakened by hearing most extraordinary and beautiful music (George was a fine pianist and a musical enthusiast, in fact his devotion to music hastened his removal from this state). She got out of bed and opened her bed room door to listen, wondering why my two girls should be at music at that hour, but all was quiet. She went back to bed and presently the music recommenced—wonderful music she says. She got up and opened her window and saw by the gas-lights people walking about, but the music was not in the street; so she went back to bed again, and as soon as she was quiet, the music again commenced. Again she listened in the house and out of the house, and the music ceased. When she was quiet in bed it recommenced, and she “fell asleep listening to it.” Whence came this unearthly music?

My wife and I believe in the verity of spirit manifestations. My wife requested of George that if he went away before her he would come and tell her about the spirit-life; he promised that he would if permitted, but neither his mother nor I have ever seen or heard his spirit, nor even been able to dream of him, If spirit appearances be only the hallucinations of ignorant credulity and expectation why have we, one or both, been denied the hoped for hallucination?

GEORGE BARTH.

6, Highfield Villas, Camden Road, N.

THE BIRTH INTO SPIRIT-LIFE.

By a SPIRIT.

PART II.

I HAVE made a statement relative to my entrance into spirit-life which has much perplexed the mind of my medium, for she is not aware of the condition that pertains unto spirits immediately after their departure from the earth-life, and consequently she retains many false impressions, and is bounded in her knowledge thereof by the works she has read, by the statements she has heard, and by the impression which all on earth derive from the general scope of knowledge that has place therein; so that when I inform her concerning my experience, she has a difficulty in receiving it as truth, and is wont to wish I had not told her anything so strange, and altogether foreign to her preconceived opinions. But now that I have promised to carry the subject on to a more detailed account of the perceptions of the new-born spirit, she rejoiceth, and will lay aside her speculations on a subject which cannot be made clear in the ordinary mode of acquiring knowledge.

I am a man now, as I was when in the world, save that I do not breathe the same terrestrial atmosphere, but am subject unto a spiritual air, which inflates my lungs in the same manner that yours are inflated by the natural air you breathe; I walk on a solid earth just as you do, I do not fly, but I can be with you at this moment, and I can be in a remote corner of your globe at the same instant, provided you are *en rapport* with me, and a being in the uttermost parts of the earth is so too, for I should then behold you both closely united together in the fellowship of the spirit. What happiness to the loving mother to know that she cannot dwell with tender emotion upon the son of her womb, without causing his immediate presence! But when that loved one is a mourner upon earth, how is it then? His soul may not be open to receive her spirit-influence. Then she will dwell upon his spirit-form, and that will bear upon its head and front the image of his inmost soul, and be a faithful portraiture of his deeds, and of the loves and feelings that flit across his mental hemisphere. Now in the courts of nature, it is well known that the external appearance is much determined by the internal experience and mental development, and although the form of the features may not accord with the precise demarcation of beauty, still the manner, the voice and the gesture will invariably be regulated by the characteristics of the indwelling soul; but in the courts of nature the air is thick and humid, and the fine delineations of spirit are clotted over by the dust of earth, and the portraiture is also subject to the wear and tear of a life that is

not always homogeneous to its spiritual requirements. Hence the one of earthly similitude is often more refined in external beauty of appearance, but the child of heaven is bespattered with the world's mud, which he must wash away in celestial waters, ere his body can be a faithful image of his soul. The mother in heaven looks upon the spirit-form of her child that the dust of earth cannot disfigure, and there, on that unerring tablet, rise the letters that shall spell out the story of his life, and mould the features that will cause him to wear a form of beauty or deformity in the life to come.

I wear the form I had on earth; I bear the general characteristics of the body of clay I dwelt in on the earth; it was not marred, it was not beautiful, but it was a form that suited the spirit within, and it pleased those who loved that spirit-presence; it was subject unto ailment, but it did not suffer as some do. It bore my spirit to its final home, and it did its part in the world's temple, for it ministered to the things that belong unto the sanctuary that is established above. It bore the man, but it was not the man, it ministered to his necessities, and when it could no longer do so, it slipped off as a garment well worn with the service it had rendered me. I arose a spirit, in a spiritual form; I put my hands up into the air of spirit-breath at the same instant that I found their mortal forms were crumbling off. I thought I had been ill, and was now getting well. I had never thought that I was going to die—as it is called, but that I was ill, and should recover. I did not send for those who loved me, but how soon did I behold them with increased affection near me! though on my mortal corse they never gazed. Soon they came, for sorrow drew them to my side, but to me it seemed but as an increase of affection; they mourned, but I rejoiced in their presence; they looked on me with the eye of faith, and with the eye of past memories as well. They wept long and sore, but I saw no tears, save those that told me of their love. I found then that I had never known how much and truly I was loved by these my mourning relatives; there were friends too who came to me in misty garments to greet me in the land of spirit-presence, but I thought it was the earth; I saw, however, that sometimes my beloved ones faded away from my sight, and that they had a dim appearance when compared with some I had not known before, but I did not reflect on the difference; and at last my state seemed to change, for, instead of the apartments of my earthly house, I seemed to dwell in a sort of open court, in which many passengers passed and re-passed. Some of them came and spoke to me, and others staid and entered into conversation, just as though they had long known me. I had a library that I could resort to, for I was of a studious habit, and I read as I had been used to do, but now

all things opened upon my perceptions with a clearer light than they had ever done before, and new thoughts came quick and fast, dawning upon the new-born region of mind I had entered into. Pastime also came to me, and music seemed to flow from voice and finger with an ease and grace that much delighted me. I spoke to those around me, but their speech seemed to flow forth from the expression of their faces, and made the sound of my voice appear harsh and unnecessary, yet there was sound. The bee hummed over the flower, and the bird sung in the almond tree, which budded and blossomed as when Aaron handled his rod of old. The beings that passed on their missions of love and duty called to one another, or sung out some orison of peace and joy, and the morning and the evening hymn went up to the Throne of God. The babe was there, playing at its play, and the master with his class of boys that learnt how to become angel-men, were there, in that emporium of angelic education and preparation for the heavens which we all had yet to reach unto. The angel-man who told me I was now a spirit, was in his heaven at the same instant he was so telling me his charge, who was still in the first court of that spiritual structure. He needed not to divest himself of his angelic robe to come to me, who had not yet put on a wedding garment; it was enough that he loved me, and desired to approach me in the only way in which I could then receive him. God gave him that desire, and God gave him the means of its fulfilment. The angels have no desire ungratified. They are so upheld by the Almighty hand that they can have no wish for that which cannot be granted to them. When any one does so it is a certain indication that the soul is not in a true state of order before God. I longed for that which I could not have. I desired to be in a perfect state of happiness the moment I found I was a spirit, and no longer clothed in the garments of mortality. But happiness can only attend perfection of state. Ask me not why I could not be content with the first heaven above nature, it was not suited to my spiritual requirements, and therefore I longed to enter into a condition that did accord with my internal demands. I thought, God has given me a soul, with certain fixed laws of action for that soul to subsist in, and be directed by, but if I am to dwell in a land where those laws do not come into operation, how shall I become a happy recipient of life? But I was impatient, and so I made my bed to become more unsuited to me than it would have been had I lain still, and waited for the time of rising out of it. That time delayed its approach till I became patient, and until I gave up the self-seeking for peace, peace came not to me. Peace is as a gentle dove, it will not be rudely handled, and pulled into the bosom by force, but when we are

very quiet it will descend upon us as the morning light of which we have not observed the dawning. So, at last, when I was worn with the fluttering of my wings against the bars of my cage, I lay me down, and resigned my tired spirit into the hands of its Maker. But who can submit himself entirely to the will of God without receiving peace? Peace came to me. I thought the plains of heaven had assumed a new aspect, and become peopled with a new race of beings, and they were more congenial to my nature than the former inhabitants had been. They bade me to be calm and all would be right within me; they fed my intellectual requirements with the milk and honey with which the land was flowing, and they said that if that did not satisfy my craving spirit, more could be obtained by going up higher, but I must wait till I was summoned by the Lord to enter into that chamber which was the marriage chamber of the Lamb and of His Bride, the Church. Having learnt by experience that impatience only delayed the dawning of the morning, I sat me down on the stone of truth I had learnt to make a pillow of, when it was the time to rest, and so at last I slept and awoke beholding the angels of God ascending and descending. They descended like dew upon the grass of my soul, and with a smile of joy I raised upon that pillow of stone a memorial that now marks the spot where I, that wandering Jacob, had lain my restless head. Now I had reached the land of my spirit birth, and that alone could be my home.

I have said that the various changes of state which took place within me did so by gradual degrees of perception, so come all the orderly states of life, even during our sojourn in the world of nature. The mind of man will not bear any sudden transition from one state to another; if it be so in appearance it is not so in reality. The sudden and painful separation from those we love is not in reality a sudden stroke, but has been provided for long ere it descended into operation. The mind of man is at all times and at all seasons in the companionship of, and under the delighted control of spiritual beings who watch for the shadow of turning in this direction or in that. Their office is to prepare the mind for that particular condition which is to follow the existing one, and therefore it is impossible for any event of life to occur unprepared for, any more than it is possible for the mortal babe to be born into the world without the knowledge of its earthly parent, and, in a state of order, without due preparation having been made for its reception. Thus it is in regard to the spiritual birth of man into the several spiritual spheres or heavens. Preparation has in all cases been made for his reception among the inhabitants with whom he is to associate, either for a season or for eternity. And preparation has also been made within his own soul, although he may be ignorant of it.

MR. KIRKUP'S EXPERIENCE.

THE following is my first perfect and convincing proof of the existence of spirits:—

My medium had been about two months in training as a *somnambule*, when she was alarmed by a vision, although one very beautiful—the figure of a young child floating in the air. Her alarm was owing to its coming too close to her. Dr. Barzellini and Professor Verati, who were with me and gave me instructions in magnetizing, drove it away by transverse passes and blowing. They said that such fantastic dreams would be injurious to her lucidity. This happened two or three times, but one day when they were not present, I asked her if it really could do harm, for I suspected that my professor's judgment might be less certain than her own, which had already begun to be very clairvoyant. She answered no, and on the contrary, it would be a great assistance, and as her fears had left her, I determined to encourage and assist her visits of this spirit, who declared himself to be her *angelo custode*—and so he proved. This was on the 27th of July, 1854. On the 5th of January the following year, Professor Puliti was present whilst she slept, making some experiments on her with galvanism; I asked him if he had heard of the rappings in America, and told him I was in doubt respecting some noises in my own house, and I related what had happened, as follows:—One day while I was writing, Regina and her little sister came running in from the next room, where they were sitting at work: they were in the greatest alarm from a noise of blows against a door of an ante-room, which was closed, and they feared thieves were in the house. We opened the door, and examined every corner in the room, and the rest of the house, under all the furniture, inside closets, and even drawers, behind doors, &c.; nothing was discovered, and I tried to persuade them they were deceived, and that the noise was in the street, or some other part of the house. I did not succeed, and they remained positive, but heard no more of it here. However, Regina was twice alarmed at her mother's house shortly afterwards. I told the professor all this; he said, "Why do you not ask her and her spirit, now that she is in the magnetic sleep?" I told her to ask her guardian-spirit: she did so. "*Eccolo*, behold him!" he said. She declared that she saw a man—certainly a Florentine—she thought she knew his face, but could not recal him to her memory. "Ask him his name." No answer. "Ask your angel." He answered, "Giuseppe." The truth struck my mind, but not hers. I told her to ask his surname, as Giuseppe is so common. She did, and kept looking up intently, presently she burst into a flood of tears,

throwing up her arms, as if about the neck of the person she saw in the air. "Oh, it is my father, my poor father!" She did not remember him at first. He had been murdered in the street six years before, when she was a child, and she thought him much changed and thinner. The crying brought on convulsions, and we wanted to send him away; she begged us not, but as he promised to return and the convulsions increased, I dismissed him. When she recovered I awoke her; she remembered nothing, and we did not tell her. The next day her spirit was accompanied by her father, whom she now knew, and saw without her former excessive grief. She asked him if it was he who had rapped at that door—"Yes"—And why? He wanted to speak to her. Why did he not? Because she was so frightened. "Will you knock again if I am not alarmed?" "Yes." "And in the presence of Seymour?" "Yes." "When?" "On Thursday." "And at what hour?" "At the *Ave Maria*." When she awoke I did not tell her of this, for fear she should mention it to the Italians, and in order not to alarm her at the idea of a ghost. Up to this time I had no belief in the existence of spirits. Her visions might be mere dreams or imposture for what I could tell; my own experience had reached nothing beyond witnessing the phenomena common to magnetism, very wonderful certainly, but not owing to the agency of spirits. I was curious to see whether her father would keep his promise to me, but I did not much expect it. I went into the room appointed, having *thoroughly* searched the room adjoining, and bolted every door, and so secured them all that no person could possibly enter. I was fully aware that any imperfect precaution made the experiment entirely useless. I asked her to come and sit down at a distance from the door at the other end of the room, which is very large, above 30 feet square; I had a paper to make notes, and a candle, as it was getting dusk. I was placing it on a table near the door, expecting nothing at that moment, as I believed I was some minutes too soon, when I was startled by a tremendous blow on the door close to me; it was as loud as a gun. It in one moment changed all my opinions, Regina ran out of the room screaming. I followed her, and had the greatest difficulty in persuading her to return, which at last she did with me, but she cried with terror. I brought her to the dreaded door with safety, and we listened—she said, "*Sento gente*" (I hear people.) I told her to ask who was there—if her angel?—no answer—if her father? "Yes." "Why did you knock?" "I wished you to hear me and to tell you something." "Can you tell me now?" "No." I had told her what to ask, and she told me the answers. I heard the sound of his voice but could not distinguish all the words, being partially deaf. I heard at first a rustling noise when she said, "*Sento gente*," and I

asked her what it was—she said it was like steps treading on the skins of roasted chesnuts. I asked if it was like the *schianti*, the crackles that take place when a table is going to turn. She said, “*Una specie*” (that sort of thing); and I have heard it on other occasions, and suppose it must be electrical, and like the crack of the electric machine when it gives the spark. We then heard a distant blow at a door in the studio leading into another room; we went there, and were told to go back, which we did, to the former door. She asked, “*Hai bisogno di qualche cosa?*” “No.” “*Vusivadere la, mamma?*” “No.” “Or mysister?” “No.” “*Babbo vusi che ti dia la buona notte?*” “*Si, buona notte e andate via.*” The above answers were written by herself immediately afterwards. She said the voice was like a hoarse whispering, and so it seemed to me. I feared I was in the way by his sending her back from the other door, but she would not return alone. As soon as it was over I took the candle and examined again minutely the room which I had bolted, and found everything secure. It was perfectly impossible for any one to have got in; it was beyond all human agency, beyond all trick or illusion. It was not heard by me alone, and was not therefore the effect of my imagination. I was not listening for it at that moment, but choosing a place for the candle. Regina told me afterwards that the town clock had at that moment struck the *Ave Maria*, but I did not hear it. The spirit gave her some days afterwards his message; it was to tell her brother to treat their poor old mother with more respect and kindness, and to leave off swearing. He was a *mauvais sujet*, as bad as Regina was good, dutiful, and affectionate. I afterwards had manifestations by hundreds, equally complete, but none more so; for I was able in this to make my preparations, having the advantage of an appointment beforehand, with a knowledge of time and place. My Journal has been continued to the present day, and what I now send you was registered at the time it happened; it now fills six volumes. Without it I could not have remembered all the details of facts so long ago. Many prodigies more unusual have taken place in my house; the spirits of four *living* persons have appeared. Some spirits have been seen by my mediums *awake* as well as *asleep*, and some even by myself. But the most remarkable of these manifestations are the numerous *Apports*, as the French call them, which have taken place here—presents of all sorts, which we value highly, brought to us and preserved by us with care, and others which we gave in return—rings, lockets, &c., which have been carried away out of inaccessible, locked-up, and sealed rooms (only a window open), and brought back by appointment by the spirits, who are summoned by rubbing them, like Aladdin’s lamp.

1,309, Ponte Vecchio, Florence.

SEYMOUR KIRKUP.

STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS IN A FAMILY OF
EPISCOPALIANS.

DR. A. B. CHILD, of Boston, gives, in a recent number of the *Banner of Light*, an account of the seizure of a whole family with some magnetico-spiritual influence, which presents some striking peculiarities. They appear to be in some respects similar to the phenomena shewn by the Convulsionaires, by the Revivalists, and by the Shakers and Jumpers, whilst in other respects the development of music and the speaking with spirits are of another kind. The whole case seems to be one of possession. We have abridged his narrative of the case, preserving all the most interesting particulars.

In the quiet little town of Glastenburg, about five miles from the city of Hartford, Connecticut, the members of a family of eight persons were simultaneously seized with what the people and the doctors thought to be raving insanity, for which they could divine no cause. The family consisted of Mr. Geo. L. Ford, his wife, and two children; Mr. Talcott and his wife; the father and mother of Mrs. Ford; and a man and woman servant—eight in all. Mr. and Mrs. Ford are in good standing in society, and in communion with the Episcopal Church in that place, and neither of them had any knowledge of, or sympathy with, Spiritualism. Mr. Talcott was a Free-thinker. Mrs. Talcott alone had any knowledge of modern Spiritualism.

On Wednesday, the first day of last October, Mrs. Ford was suddenly seized with strange motions and actions, gestures and contortions, and she was violently exercised, alternately manifesting great joy and great agony. Mr. Ford was greatly alarmed at such new and unaccountable manifestations in his wife. Soon, however, it was announced through the lips of Mrs. Ford, "This is the control of spirits; and this control shall be a stepping-stone to a new belief in the Old Church. Fear nothing. All is well. Be not alarmed at what shall happen." Mrs. Ford continued to be severely exercised by and to give communications from, what purported to be spirits, both happy and unhappy, until Sunday. The family was kept up with her day and night, excited, alarmed, and anxious for her safety. On the Sunday, just as the people were coming out of the church, which is immediately by the yard-door of Mr. Ford's house, Mrs. Ford rushed into the yard, as if driven by some determined power, and at the top of her voice, screamed: "*Water! water!*" Mr. Ford was seized by the same power, and with his wife ran into the same yard, and screamed "*Water.*" Mrs. Ford's father and mother were moved by the same power, and did the same; then the two children, and the two servants—making eight persons in all, were

in Mr. Ford's yard, right in the view and hearing of the congregation coming out of the church—all of them screaming as loud as they could, "Water! water! water! water!" This screaming continued for about fifteen minutes, accompanied with the most ridiculous gestures, contortions, grimaces, and expressions of joy and of suffering. It seemed as if all the noises ever heard, and motions ever made, were imitated by them. Nearly the whole of the congregation drew near and looked upon the strange phenomenon with wonder and amazement. It appeared evident that there was no volition exercised on the part of any of this frenzied family. Each was moved to make these curious demonstrations before the public in such a time and place, by some power over which they held no control.

After about fifteen minutes, by the aid of some friends who came from the crowd of witnesses, Mrs. Ford was conveyed into the house, and was followed by the other members of her family. She then fell into a trance, and lay to all appearance dead for about an hour; after which she was controlled by a spirit that made her utter the most terrible oaths and curses. Mrs. Ford had ever had a great horror of profane language, so much so that she desired never to have a man in her husband's employ who used a profane word. Mr. Ford, like his wife, was made to utter oaths and curses, which in his ordinary condition he had never done. All the family affirm that in these strange manifestations they had no control over their actions. A doctor was called, and he pronounced the manifestations to be insanity. Still Mrs. Ford continued to be under spirit-influence. She performed the most beautiful and difficult airs in music, of which airs she had no previous knowledge. Then she would use the most horrible oaths. She uttered in a clear and intelligible manner the most heavenly strains of thought; then her utterances became jumbled, confused, and unintelligible. Spirits seemed to hold perfect control of her, and all grades seemed to have equal access to the use of her organism. In the course of a few hours all the family except Mrs. Ford, her father and mother, entirely recovered from this fit of "possession." A consultation of doctors was held on the cases of Mrs. Ford, her father and mother, the decision of which was, that each was positively insane. Accordingly, the select men of the town caused them, on the ninth day of October, to be carried to the Insane Hospital.

Eight days after her father's removal to the hospital, he died, and his death was calm, happy, beautiful. Mrs. Ford's mother was discharged from the hospital on the 10th of November. Mrs. Ford is still in the hospital, and is still under spirit control. The whole family of Mr. Ford, excepting his wife, are now, entirely free from the influence that occurred on the first Sunday of

October. It is a question that should be agitated by thinking men at the present time, *viz.*, What is the best treatment for a case like this? Should she be at the hospital? Or, should she be at home? What *is* insanity? Does not Spiritualism open a new view of it, and give it a different definition from that of the old school?

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

THE following letters, which were written at various times and places, and a few of which were published in the *Empire* newspaper, Sydney, New South Wales, are now republished in a connected form for the benefit of those who will take the trouble to read them. It is hoped by the author that their publication may serve the cause of truth.

STRANGE FACTS IN CONNECTION WITH SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor of the "Empire."

SIR,—A writer in a late number of the *National Review* says that:—

"There exists in the human mind a sort of nebulous district, inhabited by the things we are not sure of, and which we are content enough to see no present hope of determining." We believe that every thinker will admit the correctness of the reviewer's opinion. His language aptly expresses the condition of most minds, or, at least, of most thinking minds, with respect to a very wide range of philosophical and social questions. There are many doctrines in theology, many phenomena in nature, many facts in science, many speculations in mental philosophy, which must ever remain obscure and incapable of solution. This statement is peculiarly applicable to the phenomena which occupy that nebulous strip of border land which lies between the worlds of matter and spirit. That dusky region forms the native home of ghosts, apparitions, spectral illusions, and other obscure and impalpable realities. There flourish in boundless profusion all the marvels of witchcraft and divination along with all the wonders of mesmerism, psychometry, clairvoyance, second sight, electro-biology, and modern spiritualism. Many of the phenomena which these generic terms are employed to indicate are incapable of being reduced under the dominion of any known general laws, and consequently are regarded as mysterious and inexplicable. Science has scarcely attempted to account for them. Scientific men have been too busily engaged in examining and classifying the tangible phenomena of the material world to devote themselves to the investigation of things which in all cases are recondite, and in many illusory. Our *savans* have found that they can obtain definite results by examining the material side of nature, and that they cannot always obtain such results by examining the immaterial side; and hence they make the examination of the former the business of their lives, and abandon the examination of the latter as out of their province. Perhaps they act rightly. The action of the mind whilst engaged in the elaboration of thought, and the influence which the mind exerts over the bodily system, are much more obscure, and more difficult to analyse than phenomena of a purely physical character. The latter can be examined chemically, mathematically, microscopically, and in various other ways; but the former will not admit of the application of any material tests whatever. Thought cannot be measured by a Gunther's rule, nor can the intensity of motion be gauged by a dynameter.

Of all the wonders of modern wonderdom none are considered more wonderful

than those produced by and through the instrumentality of spirit media, that is, persons who are supposed to be under the special influence of spiritual beings. At the present time there are thousands of such media in both Europe and America, all of whom profess themselves able to hold intercourse with the world beyond the grave through the instrumentality of spiritual beings. Through the hands, or tongues, or intellects of these media, the spirits of departed men and women are supposed to speak to the living, and convey to them messages of affection, as well as of instruction in various matters pertaining to human welfare.

Can we then hold intercourse with the spiritual world? Has the great gulf which separates this life from the next been completely bridged over? Are we surrounded by viewless beings who watch over us with an affection as deathless as their own life, and who are constantly endeavouring to benefit us by silent and admonitory prompting? Is it a fact that unearthly agents have revisited the glimpses of the moon, and made night beautiful with their glorious presence? These are questions to which no full and satisfactory answer can be given, but which, nevertheless, are supposed to be answered in the affirmative by the alleged phenomena of spiritualism.

Feeling extremely anxious to test the truth of these phenomena, we some months back began a course of experiments upon ourselves, under the impression that if spirits had operated upon one organism, they were just as likely to operate upon another, and consequently were as likely to manifest their presence to ourselves as to people in America or elsewhere. The phenomena we elicited were certainly very curious, and perhaps inexplicable, but, nevertheless, not sufficiently definite to throw much light upon the strange hypothesis of spiritualists. At the first sitting I (for I must drop the magniloquent *we*,) was impressed or rather seemed to be impressed, by some strange external influence. After sitting for some time, my arm became affected with mesmeric spasm, and rising slowly from the table began to perform strange spiral flourishes in the air, after which it descended to the table, and then the hand began to write out a series of communications similar to the following:—

“I am thy father,” (here the name of my father was written); “I am in the second sphere.”

A number of mental questions were then asked, to which distinct answers were written out, and the sitting was at an end.

I confess that this supposed interview with a spirit startled me considerably, and stimulated me to prosecute my experiments with renewed vigour. I continued, therefore, whenever a suitable opportunity presented itself, to wait for the afflatus. I soon discovered that the supposed influence was capable of affecting different muscles of the body, and that it did so nearly always in the same manner. The spasms were rather agreeable than otherwise, and, even when at their greatest intensity, were never painful. The sensation was very similar to that of yawning, but was much more intense. Sometimes it was so very peculiar as to render it almost impossible for me to believe that it arose out of myself. Several other facts presented themselves to my notice in connection with this convulsive writing. I found that my mind had perfect control over the spasms. I could originate them whenever I pleased; I could stop them whenever I liked. I found also that all the supposed communications written out by my hand were merely the expression of my own thoughts. The thought would first enter the mind, and then the hand would reduce the thought to writing. These facts, and many cognate ones which I observed, and which occurred uniformly at every sitting, convinced me in the end that I was impressing myself, and that the spasms, instead of being produced by an external agent, were produced by the abnormal action of my own mind on my own muscles. It is needless to detail all the experiments which I instituted with a view of deciding this point. One or two classes of them may, however, be mentioned. I often purposely allowed my fancy to wander without control or hindrance, and invariably found that the ideas which rose in the mind—however gross, fantastic, irregular, vulgar, pious, or wicked, they might be, were always written out by the hand, and that no ideas were ever written excepting those which had previously entered the mind. These facts go far towards explaining one class of supposed spiritual manifestations—*viz.*, those given through writing

media.* The phenomena produced in my case were precisely analogous to those produced in others, and hence the hypothesis which explains the one will serve to explain the other. If it be assumed that I was under the influence of a spirit at the time my hand and arm were in a state of spasm, it must also be assumed that the spirits obtrude all sorts of mental rubbish on the mind, and then cause the hand to record it, and that they either are ever on the watch to act imperceptibly in conjunction with human volition, or else that they prompt volition, and then act in conjunction with it. Both these suppositions are very far fetched, and seem as if purposely invented to support a theory. My own consciousness points to a very different explanation. The phenomena which were produced in my own person lead me to suppose that the mind can act on the muscles in several ways, or at least that it has two modes of acting on them. The first of these is the ordinary one, which scarcely admits of description, and still less of explanation, but which, nevertheless, is familiar to every one; and the second is an abnormal mode, quite different from the ordinary one, and which often tends to counteract the influence of normal volition. It is the abnormal action of the mind that produces spasm, and it is the normal action that controls that spasm. To the abnormal action of the volitional influence, complicated perhaps with other causes, I attribute most of the phenomena of chorea, catalepsy, and electro-biology. The cause and cure of that class of diseases which physiologists term "feigned," ought to be looked for in the same direction. It is just possible that this hint may be of use to the physician, and may lead him to apply mental remedies to exceptional cases in lieu of the common and useless prescriptions of the pharmacopœia.

I have now to describe some very curious phenomena that were produced at one of my sittings, and which I confess myself unable to explain, either to my own satisfaction, or to that of others. But, in order that the philosophical reader may be in a position to form a judgment on these phenomena, it is necessary that I should make him acquainted with the following facts.

I am the editor of a country newspaper. I have an immense amount of literary work to do in the course of each week. I have leading articles to write, meetings to report, news to prepare for the press, paragraphs of all sorts to invent, and a vast quantity of miscellaneous business to transact. It is needless to say that this constant action of the mind is excessively fatiguing to the body, and predisposes the brain to abnormal action. On Friday nights I have to sit up writing, reading proofs, and transacting other business connected with the publication of the paper on the subsequent Saturday morning; and hence, in the latter end of each week, I have to labour for about twenty-four hours continuously. As I am a large powerful man, endowed with a strong constitution, (which I have never abused), and withal in a state of excellent bodily health, the labour I have mentioned takes but little effect upon me. I think it necessary, however, to mention all these facts, in order that the philosophical reader may make due allowance for the influence of such prolonged mental and bodily exertion on the brain and nervous system. The spiritual *séance* which I am about to describe occurred on a Saturday, after the conclusion of my weekly labours, and at a time when I was very much fatigued.

No sooner had I sat down to the table than my hand became more powerfully affected than it had ever been before, and after performing many flourishes in the air, settled down on the table, and began to write out a series of communications. My consciousness seemingly indicated the presence of an external agent who seemed to be in close communication with my own mind, and who appeared to force on my thoughts answers to my queries, and thus to cause my hand to write these answers out. The questions were proposed by me, sometimes vocally and sometimes mentally, and were answered in the usual way by the hand. The spasms were unusually violent, but not disagreeably so.

* This is a mistake. Communications through the hand are not always, nor even generally, first passed through the mind of the medium. Often the writing is purely automatic; the medium having no knowledge of what is written. Nor is the writing usually accompanied by the spasms described by the writer.—ED. S. M.

Indeed the sensation produced by them was rather pleasant than painful. Occasionally a cold shiver would run down my back, and a sort of half faintness steal over me as the consciousness that I was in close proximity to a ghostly visitor forced itself upon my mind. I was determined, however, to persevere, and therefore asked question after question, to all of which I received distinct and intelligible answers. Having received many communications, and not feeling satisfied with any of them, I thought I would put the supposed spirit on his or her mettle, by testing his or her knowledge of language. Give me, I said aloud, a proof of your existence, by writing through my hand a word which I have never seen nor heard, and the meaning of which I do not know, but which shall nevertheless be a word in some language and have a specific meaning. No sooner had I uttered this challenge, than something seemed to say to me, "I will," and straightway the hand became affected with spasm, and slowly wrote out the word "*ABSOCHIN*." At the moment, and for some time afterwards, I regarded this word as gibberish which had occurred to my mind at the time, and had been written out in obedience to abnormal volition, but I subsequently ascertained that it is a word, and has a great variety of meanings. *Absochin* in Hebrew means a sorcerer's cell, divinely called, inspired by a spirit, and has also other meanings; whilst *Absochin* in Chaldee denotes a man with a long beard, and also a father's dwelling place. I am not acquainted with these languages myself, and therefore make this statement upon the authority of others. I have no recollection of ever having seen or heard the word previously to the time I wrote it on the paper.

Immediately after this experiment I inquired—Where shall I go in order that I may be prosperous in life? The answer which was obtruded on the mind was *GEELONG*. The hand had just begun to write the word *Geelong* on the paper when the following mental colloquy took place:—Myself: "Give me a proof of your existence, by forcing me to write this word against my will?" Ans: "I will." Myself: "I will resist you with all my might." Ans: "I will make you write it." Myself: "You shall not." Ans: "I will. I will force you."

My whole body then became violently affected; all my muscles were thrown into a state of spasmodic action. My right arm was forced upwards into the air, and then forced down upon the paper. My fingers and thumb were drawn inwards, and my whole hand in this bent state moved over the paper and slowly finished the writing of the word *Geelong*. So violent were my efforts to resist that my feet went see-saw fashion under the table, but all in vain, as I was forced to write the word. I confess, I was startled. I did not think much of the word *Absochin*, because I did not know that it was a word at the time I wrote it, but being forced to do a thing which I had determined not to do, and that too at my own request, was quite enough to occasion surprise and even terror in the breast of any man of ordinary nerve and firmness. It was broad daylight, however, and there was no chance of the candles burning blue—so whatever agitation I felt soon subsided.

Shortly after the effect of this spiritual violence had passed away, I said aloud, give me a vision, meaning at the time that the vision should be a further proof of the existence of the being that was dealing with me. I had no sooner uttered the words than I felt as if something touched the hair of my head—the sensation being closely akin to that of the *aura* which is felt in some diseases. I said to my wife, who was in the room with me, "Make a few mesmeric passes over my head," but I do not know what prompted me to ask her to do this. She made the passes, however, and they produced a very marked effect. My whole body seemed to be inflated, but not as if with wind, while even my fingers stood away from each other like the hairs on an electrical "fright." I had not the slightest particle of fear, nor was I asleep, nor even dozing at the time; but, on the contrary. I was talking now and then to my wife, mentally watching all that was transpiring in myself, and filled with intense curiosity. No sooner had my wife finished making the passes, than something apparently said to me, "You now see through the magnetic medium," and at that moment the figure of a woman entered the room through a door which was opposite the table at which I was sitting, and after standing a moment in the doorway looking stedfastly at me, she moved, quite in a natural way, across the room round a

table, and coming close up to me, sat down on my knee, and kissed me several times. It was the apparent sight of this woman which first suggested the thought of her. Had I been thinking of her previously, I would have said that it was the thought of her which had occasioned the vision. I knew her the moment I saw her. I had known her in the early part of my life, and then she had been pleased to regard me with that sweet passion which is common to youthful hearts, and which only youthful hearts can feel. Circumstances separated us, and we never met again. I thought she looked older and more womanly than when I had seen her last. I felt conscious that she was dead the moment I saw her, but still I was not in the slightest degree alarmed. I noticed particularly the skin of her face, throat and neck. It did not seem luminous, but was nevertheless different from the skin of a living person. I thought her whole person was composed of some sort of highly etherialized matter. The drapery surrounding her person was flowing and cloudlike. I thought too, she spoke to my mind, and that the following colloquy took place between us. "How long have you been in the spheres?" "Seventeen years." "Where did you die?" "At G——, (that was the place where she had lived)." "What did you die of?" "Bronchitis." "Where are your father and mother?" "In the spheres." "Are they together?" "No; my father is in one sphere, and my mother in another." Some further conversation occurred, and then the vision gradually faded away from my sight.

I then went up stairs and lay down in bed, but had no sooner done so than the visual appearance came again. This time she looked much dimmer and more cloud-like than on the previous occasion. She took hold of my hand and pressed it warmly in her own, and then said to me, "You will die in about fifteen years from this date; I will be with you at the moment of death—farewell."

Gradually the figure of this woman faded from my view. A wide street seemed open before me, along which she seemed to glide. The street was lined with irregularly built houses on either side, and seemed clothed with an unearthly beauty. A brilliant yet soft mellow light, such as is seen in dreams only, illuminated the buildings. I saw the figure of my ghostly visitor glide into a house, and sit down on a superb chair, which stood in the middle of an apartment. A moment or two after she had sat down, I saw a gorgeously ornamented harp spring up before her, and I thought she began to play on it, but I heard no musical sounds whatever. The vision then gradually faded from my sight as sleep overpowered my senses. When I awoke, my wife paid me the compliment of saying, that after I had laid down in the bed, I lay for some time with my hands clasped, and seemed like a person "*daft*"—a conclusion at which the reader has doubtless arrived long before this.

I confess, I scarcely know what to make of these phenomena. They are analogous to many of the phenomena produced in the domain of modern Spiritualism, and the same hypothesis which would serve to explain the one would likewise serve to explain the other. I will not decide rashly either way, but will rather wait for light. My story is no idle tale, written for the purpose of amusing a leisure hour, but on the contrary is a sober narrative of facts which have occurred in my own experience, and which I am sure every philosophic mind will agree with me in thinking to be exceedingly curious. The explanation of them I leave to abler hands. I believe that they are explicable upon ordinary principles, and without the supposition of any spiritual agency. They are probably traceable to the workings of the fancy, combined with retrospective mental action occurring at a time when the brain was enfeebled by loss of rest and prolonged literary labour. I have the honour to be Sir,

Your obedient servant,

F. S.

Braidwood, New South Wales,

June 15th, 1859.

NOTE.—Since the preceding was written I have become better acquainted with the facts of Spiritualism, and feel inclined to regard the vision already described as a waking dream and nothing more. Fealty to truth compels me to apprise the reader of the opinion I have been led to form on this point, from a careful review of all the circumstances of the case. The rest of the phenomena described were obviously spiritual.

MR. D. D. HOME.

WE understand that Mr. Home has nearly completed his forthcoming Memoir, *Incidents of my Life*, and that it will be published in a few days by Messrs. Longman and Co. It will, no doubt, have a considerable sale, and if he have stated only a small part even of his remarkable experiences, it will certainly be received by the outside public and the press with a storm of incredulity and abuse. This, however, will be nothing new for Mr. Home, or for any one who has allowed his name to be connected with the marvellous phenomena of modern Spiritualism, and we have no doubt that he has well calculated the cost of this unreasoning mode of reception.

Perhaps there is no living man who has been more vilified and calumniated, and who had more false statements invented to his prejudice than Mr. Home. The press, which assumes the place and the duty of telling the public what it ought to believe and what it ought to disbelieve, has, in his instance, given a notable example of how little it is to be depended upon for an honest statement of facts, and how little it is fitted for its self-imposed duty.

One of its most persistent falsehoods has been, that it was all very well for Mr. Home to be in England, and to shew here the surprising phenomena which occur in his presence, but that in France he had been publicly detected and that his character there was so bad and so notorious, that he dare not shew his face again in that country for fear of imprisonment, and that he would be no longer received in any good society. All this and more we have heard a hundred times repeated, and that the Emperor and Empress of the French would have no more to do with him, nor allow him to approach them.

Those who best know Mr. Home have had no need to be warned against such silly calumnies, and they have known their falsity throughout. In the hope, however, of its proving a caution to those who, in their intense hatred of inconvenient facts, are reduced to invent such statements, we beg to announce that Mr. Home arrived in Paris from London on the 20th of January last, and that he was received at the Tuilleries on the following day, and has since attended there on several occasions. We see his name also as having been present at the grand ball given by the Empress, on the 26th January, and he has been, of course, equally well received amongst the highest nobility of France.

Mr. Home's book is being published in France and America simultaneously with the English publication.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

WE have received further intelligence as to these alleged phenomena of spiritual power, upon which we place a high value. It consists of a letter from Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, who is so well known to many in this country as a man of science, and a clear philosophical thinker. We have the highest confidence in his power of honest, steady, scientific observation. He made a journey from Philadelphia to Boston on purpose to investigate the whole process, and the following is his report which we extract from the *Banner of Light* of the 3rd January. The subject has now been investigated by many photographic artists, and men of science and observation, and hitherto no one of them has been able to discover any flaw in the evidence for their truth, which, considering the lapse of several months since they were first tested, is in itself no small addition to the existing evidence. What may be discovered in the future as to them we do not know, but up to this time it is noteworthy that although the fullest investigation has been allowed to so many competent persons, no one of them has been able to point either to fraud, or to any reasonable method in which they could have been produced on the known principles of the art without discovery.

It will be seen that Dr. H. T. Child was well aware of the two modes which experienced photographers had suggested as possible, namely, the ghost method of Sir D. Brewster, and the use of a lamp and picture in the dark room, from which latter a dim image might be fraudulently thrown on the plate. These modes and the use of mirrors, and the common suggestion that an old plate or glass was used, on which a faint image had been first impressed, form really the list of possibilities, which the most experienced persons have as yet been able to put forward, as against the spiritual theory. It will be acknowledged at once that they all fail to account in any degree for correct likenesses of the spirits being produced, unless the sitters were also in collusion with the photographer, and brought pictures of their deceased friends for the purpose of deception which, in the case of many of the sitters at least, is a theory that to us would be by far more wonderful than even their alleged spiritual origin.

As we have said before, we know of no reason why such spirit pictures may not be possible. For the rest, it is merely a matter of evidence, and hitherto that evidence is all one way. Nothing to the contrary has yet been advanced which is worth a moment's thought, as compared with the affirmative observations of the very competent persons who have given us the results of

their observations. As soon as evidence of a contrary nature appears we will honestly place it before our readers, and if it should be sufficient to overbalance the testimony in favour of the spiritual theory, both we and our readers will give it all the weight to which it is entitled, and frankly and without shame, acknowledge its consequences.

We hear that two of these spirit photographs, produced by Mr. Mumler, are in the possession of a gentleman in London, and that the alleged spirit-forms are by no means such as to impress him with a belief of their spiritual origin; in fact that they are more like images thrown from a *carte de visite* portrait. As we have not seen them we can form no opinion of our own of them but from hearsay. Probabilities of such a kind, would not have much weight in determining the question of their origin, for we consider the whole as a matter of evidence, and not of theory. If the philosophical idea thrown out by Dr. Child at the end of his letter be of value, as we think it to be, any imperfection might well be caused by the imperfect mediumship of Mr. Mumler, whose organism might not be sufficient to produce the images in any other or better way. With other mediums the case might be different, and if there be truth in the process we must wait for repeated instances through him and other mediums, before we form positive conclusions on any part of the theory. We will now introduce Dr. Child's report:—

“In accordance with my promise, I send you an account of my visit to your city for the purpose of investigating this matter, and, if possible, obtaining some of the pictures. Having previously made arrangements for sittings with Mr. Wm. H. Mumler, on the 18th of December, 1862, I came to Boston. I had heard that Mr. Mumler was becoming very tired of the repeated investigations, and in a letter to me, in which he declined furnishing an opportunity to Mr. Rehn—a well-known photographer of our city—he said, ‘Ever since I have commenced taking these pictures, I have been constantly dogged forward and back from my camera to my closet by *investigators*, till I have become sick of the name. I have been harassed enough by self-appointed investigators, and find there is no end to it.’

“I was not discouraged by this, nor by another significant fact, to wit:—The learned philosophers, who constitute the American Photographic Society, as I was informed, at their regular meeting in the city of New York, had solemnly resolved that the ‘spiritual likenesses are a fraud and a gross deception.’ The shade of old Galileo, the spirit of Columbus, and a host of pioneers in art, bear testimony in reference to the delusions of such *learned* bodies, that led me rather to infer that these pictures were real, because of this decision. I knew there were several

processes by which shadowy pictures might be taken—the one suggested by Sir David Brewster, of diminishing the time of sitting for a part of the picture, has become quite familiar; another, in which a faint picture is made by using a second negative plate and a small lamp, placing them in such relation to each other that the rays of light from the lamp will pass for a few seconds through this negative, on to the prepared plate. I have seen a picture taken in this manner, which had some resemblance to the pictures taken by Mr. Mumler; there was, however, a very marked yellow tint in this, the result of the artificial light of the lamp. It differed also in this, that the picture, as in the case of Sir David Brewster's 'ghost-pictures,' was entire, the head and feet being equally well printed. Under these circumstances, I was introduced to Mr. Mumler by my friend, Mr. E. Haynes, of Boston, at Mrs. Stuart's Photographic Gallery, No. 258, Washington-street. He received me very kindly. I remarked that I had come to have sittings with him, and that I had brought a glass with me from Philadelphia, with a private mark upon it, (the mark was my own name and residence, written with a diamond on the glass, in phonographic characters,) and if he had no objection, I would like to have the picture taken on this. He replied, 'Certainly, and I wish you to witness the whole process.' He then took me into his operating-room, and I saw him clean my glass, pour the collodion upon it and dry it. After which, both of us entered the dark room, and he put it into the bath of iodide of silver; the door was then closed, and it was entirely dark, there being *no* lamp or light of any kind in the room. While waiting for the plate to become coated in the bath, he conversed very freely with me about his method of preparing the chemicals, &c. When a sufficient time had elapsed for the plate to become coated, he took it out; and I know it was the same plate, although I could see nothing in the dark, because it had my private mark upon it, and I saw this when it was put into the bath, and I noticed it again when it was taken out of the shield. Having placed it in the shield, he gave it to me while we were still in the dark room. He then opened the door, and I carried the shield to the camera, and sat in the window near it, where I could see it all the time.

"I then took my seat, and Mr. Mumler adjusted the focus, placed the shield in the camera, took off the cover, and counted thirty-five seconds, then covered it again, and requested me to take out the shield and carry it into the dark room. On entering this room he opened the shield, and I examined it carefully to see that there was nothing in it. He then lit a small fluid lamp and put it upon the edge of the sink, about eighteen inches to the left of the plate, and in a position very nearly level with the glass

which was held in a horizontal position all the time, with the edge of the plate toward the lamp. In this position he poured the developing fluid on it, and in a few seconds we perceived two forms on the plate. After washing it, Mr. Mumler handed it to me, and I took it out to the window, when I saw my own figure and the head of a male person, whom I could not recognise, on this plate.

"My daughter, who was with me, also had a picture taken, and on this plate there is the head of a female. The weather having been cloudy, I have not been able to have any of the pictures printed yet. I will send them to you as soon as I get them.

"So much for my observations. Now for the theory that the spirits have given me. There are three forms of matter. First, tangible matter; second, the imponderables, well known to science as heat, light, electricity, magnetism, the Od force and the life principle. These become more refined in the order in which I have named them, and thus approximate toward the third realm of matter, which constitutes spirits, and the home they dwell in, in the spiritual world. Photography, or the art of printing by light, is the most spiritual of all the arts, and by it any substance that is sufficiently dense to set in motion the rays of light, may have its form and character printed on the plate, being received there by the delicate and perceptive chemicals which are used. But spirit forms are so much more refined than light, that they cannot set in motion or reflect its rays. To do this, they require the aid of the life principle—the Od force—magnetism and electricity. These may be obtained from certain mediums, and the atmosphere around them; and when thus obtained and properly placed, either around a spirit form, or combined and formed into such a model as to represent the form itself, either of which will be enabled to set in motion the next form of matter, which is light, and print an image upon the glass. It does not require as much light to print this as it does to make an image on the retina of the human eye, and hence these forms are not visible. This model process is the one which will be first introduced, and hence the forms of spirits and objects will not be very perfect.

"I am frequently asked, 'Do you really believe there is no deception about this matter?' I answer, that, so far as I could see, there was the utmost fairness and candour, and I have, therefore, no reason to believe that there is deception. If there cannot be any other explanation given of the present phenomenon than the spiritual one, I shall wait hopefully for the introduction of this beautiful manifestation of the continued existence and identity of our loved ones who have gone to dwell in the inner temple. My impression now is, that the pictures and objects

that have been taken are models made by the spirits.—HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634, Race-street, Philadelphia, Dec. 25, 1862.” —*Banner of Light*, 3rd Jan., 1863.

We have since received the following letter on this subject from Mr. Coleman :—

“ Sir,—My friend Mr. Daniel Farrar, of Boston, a gentleman who occupies a prominent position in the commercial world, and who has long been identified with Spiritualism in America, has sent me several specimens of the spirit photographs, which corroborate the statements previously made of the reality of this novel and interesting phase of spirit power.

“ The spirit-likeness in each, though shadowy, is quite distinct, and in one which accompanies the portrait of Mr. Alvin Adams, the well-known express agent of America, the form is as perfect as if one in the flesh had sat before the camera : of this it is said that the figure—a boy seated, and intently reading a book—is a good likeness of a nephew of Mr. Adams, who died a few years ago.

“ Mr. Adams, like Mr. Farrar, holding a highly respectable position in the trading community, has been an acknowledged believer in Spiritualism for some years, and in his intercourse with the spiritual world has been accustomed to receive messages purporting to be from Daniel Webster, the great American Statesman, and Mr. Farrar informs me that at another sitting Mr. Adams’ own likeness was accompanied on the same plate by an excellent likeness of the deceased statesman.

“ Another of the photographs I have, is the likeness of Mr. Luther Parks, a wealthy resident in Boston. The spirit figure by his side, is also that of a nephew who has frequently communicated with him, the likeness being recognized as ‘ strong ’ by all the members of his family.

“ Two others which I have, accompany the likeness of Mrs. Farrar. This lady, I am informed, went to the artist’s rooms, in the hope of obtaining a likeness of one of her departed children, but though each plate has a distinct portrait, the one that of a boy, and the other of a girl, they are not recognised as the likenesses of any one known to Mr. or Mrs. Farrar. This is important, as it destroys one of the theories already raised—that the emanations of the brain of the sitter take the shape you most desire, and are embodied in a palpable form. Mr. Farrar adds that he has heard of many others which have been fully identified as the likenesses of departed husbands, wives, and children, and he says, ‘ I am not prepared to give a decided opinion in regard to this matter, but like many things that have transpired in my

investigation of Spiritualism, the evidence in favour of the spirits is stronger than for any other theory.'

"I had nearly forgotten to add the most important part of Mr. Farrar's letter. We are naturally suspicious of all new forms of spiritual development, lest we become the victims of some clever charlatan. One cause of doubt would remain whilst this new phase was confined to a single operator, but that is lessened, if not removed, by the fact communicated to me by Mr. Farrar, that Dr. Gardner, the pioneer of Spiritualism in Boston, first heard that some pictures had been taken at Roxbury which had a second figure that could not be accounted for by the operator. Soon after this event the Roxbury photographer heard that similar pictures were being produced by Mr. Mumler, in Boston, *which were called spirit pictures*, and being a very decided orthodox Christian he refused to have any more pictures made that bore the second figure, saying that if it had anything to do with Spiritualism it was the work of the devil, and he would no further lend himself to it. Dr. Gardner, however, found by closer enquiry that a young man in the employment of the Roxbury artist was a medium, and the Doctor induced this young man, despite of his employer's scruples, to give him a private sitting, at which the one, No. 3, bearing the doctor's likeness and a remarkable spirit figure, was obtained. It was at this Roxbury photographer's also that Mr. Robert Dale Owen obtained a spirit-portrait along with his own.

"I may add that I have shown the pictures to one of our leading photographers, who looked at them with much surprise and interest, and he has, at my request, consented to try some experiments with a view of testing their reality, and if possible, of producing, with the aid of a medium, similar effects, of the result of which you shall be duly informed.

"Yours, &c.,

"BENJ. COLEMAN."

Since the foregoing was in type we have received from Dr. H. T. Child some of the spirit photographs, and we have also had an opportunity of closely inspecting those mentioned in Mr. Coleman's letter. In order that our readers may possess the same advantages as ourselves in forming a judgment upon them, we have arranged with an eminent photographer of London for their reproduction, and a series of three may be purchased in a packet, of Mr. Pitman, 20, Paternoster Row, for 3s. 6d.

Those who think of spirits as "airy nothings, without a local habitation or a name," will have their predilections roughly broken in upon, by finding a well dressed spirit sitting on a chair, or

in some other easy position, shewing how easily they can still adapt themselves to our mundane circumstances. We do not however feel ourselves called upon to apologize for the spirits, in whatever decent form they may choose to be photographed, as that is not at all our affair. Our duty ends in presenting to our readers the evidence on which it is asserted that such-and-such forms became impinged upon the camera, and we are not answerable for more than the good faith with which we produce this evidence. If spirits ought to be gas, or naked, or dressed in flowing robes, or if they should have wings, then they must be called to account for appearing, if they do appear, out of their proper fashion.

It is however quite possible to suppose that spirits should have the power of assuming for the moment, such forms and dresses even as would lead to their identification by their relatives or others, and indeed our readers will remember numberless cases in which this has been stated to be the case with the apparitions of those who have gone before. So there are many cases in which spirits have been first seen in mirrors and looking glasses. If then they can appear and throw their image upon a glass, so as to be visible to us, the whole question of impossibility falls, for the photographer's art is merely the preserving such an image when once thrown upon his camera or plate.

We beg also to draw attention to the concluding extract from the pamphlet of Mr. Harro-Harring, reviewed in our "Notices of Books" in this number, in which we allude to certain magnetic suns or rays of light found to have been impinged on the photograph of a child taken shortly after death. This was at Rio de Janeiro in 1855, and if such an emanation as magnetic rays can be photographed, we think that it helps us some part of the way towards spirit-photography.

Of course the *Photographic Journal* of London is true to its instincts, and denounces the whole as a shameful imposture. We should have been quite surprised had the editors come to any other conclusion. We invite these gentlemen, however, to produce likenesses of the deceased relatives of their sitters, whom they have not previously known, and without the collusion of the sitters, in the presence of honest and experienced investigators, who shall not be able to detect the imposture. That is the problem which they profess to have solved, and we shall look in the next number of their journal for a full exposition of how they have performed the operation.

We shall also be glad if there are any willing-hearted photographers, who will try in the other direction; they should have sittings with persons of mediumistic power, and see if the American experiment can be repeated in this country with equal success.

MR. W. P. ANDERSON, THE SPIRIT ARTIST.

THE *Banner of Light*, of Boston, contains an account of this new phase exhibited through Mr. Anderson, of Boston. Of the pictures and the mode of their production, it is said that the portraits are drawn upon artists' paper with *lead pencils*; and that they have a much more life-like expression and effect than might be expected through this simple means. Even the effect of *several colors* can be produced from a black pencil, by the singular combinations of light and shade!—though this is not *ordinarily* attempted. As his labours are of a very fatiguing character, from the exhaustion of his magnetic strength, but a brief time is spent in *continuous* occupation with the pencil, not longer, usually, than half an hour, without rest, under favourable circumstances—oftener less.

Mr. Anderson is clairvoyant, and spirits appear to him, at any time, as substantially as those in the flesh, and converse as free is held with them. While using his pencil he is in a nearly trance or unconscious state, and subject to the *real* artists who are using his organism. The pictures are not in *miniature*, but of *life-size*, and represent the persons, who are the subjects, in all the peculiarities of dress, &c., which belonged to them in life, at whatever time distant they may have lived. A very pleasing feature of these portraits is the lavish display of floral embellishment with which the more elaborate and highly finished ones are adorned. A work which Mr. A. will produce in two or three hours, would occupy artists of the readiest skill many days, and often weeks—by their own admissions—and at the same time it exhibits all the marks of consummate ability, in design, in calculation of space, and in perfectness of execution. Portraits are commenced from the lower extremities and wrought *upwards* to completion as often as the reverse; especially is this the case when the figure is made to rest upon some elaborate pedestal.

MANIFESTATIONS AT WINCHESTER

WE hear of a curious *séance* at Winchester, which was got up impromptu by nine of the clergy who were assembled together, and the conversation taking a spiritual turn, they sat at the table, which speedily became extremely lively under the clerical manipulations. They were so much surprised at the result, and so unable to account for it, and perhaps so much scandalized at finding that the devil could so readily enter into them, that they determined to keep the sitting from being known. We hope therefore, that to oblige them, our readers will say nothing about it.

SILVIO PELLICO.

IN THE SUMMER, 1821, FROM THE PIOMBI OF VENICE.

ONE night I went to bed just before the dawn, and it appeared to me that I certainly put my pocket handkerchief under the bolster. After some moments of dozing, I awoke as usual, and I felt myself being strangled. I felt my neck tightly bound round—strange! My neck was bound round with my handkerchief tied tightly in several knots. I could have sworn not to have tied those knots, nor to have touched the handkerchief since I put it under the pillow. I must have done it dreaming, or in a delirium, but I do not believe it; and from that time I felt a sort of suspicion that each night I was going to be strangled. I can understand how ridiculous such hallucinations must appear to others, but to me who felt them they caused me so much agony that even now I shudder. They disappeared each morning, and as long as the light lasted I felt my soul strong against these terrors, and as if it were impossible ever to feel them again; but as soon as the sun went down I began to tremble, and each night brought back again those fearful strangulations of the preceding night. The greater my terror in darkness, the greater appeared my strength during the day, showing myself gay to my companions, with the two boys of the patriarchate, and with my jailors. No one hearing me, so jocose as I appeared, would have imagined the miserable infirmity under which I suffered. I hoped by these efforts to reinvigorate myself, and yet nothing succeeded: these nocturnal appearances, which in the day-time I called absurdities, in the night returned to me to be a fearful reality. If I had dared, I would have supplicated the commissary to have changed my room, but I never could bring myself to make this demand, fearing to be laughed at—all reasonings, all resolutions, all contrivances, all prayers, being in vain. The horrible idea of being totally and for ever abandoned by God seized me: all these malignant sophisms against Providence which, in my state of mind a few weeks before, appeared to me so absurd, now came and germinated in my head. I wrestled against these temptations several days, and then I succumbed. I ignored all goodness in religion. I said as I heard from those mad Atheists; and as Julian, religion only enfeebles the mind; I arrogated to myself to believe that, renouncing God, my mind would become stronger—insanity! I denied God, and I did not know how to deny those malignant invisible beings who surrounded me, and fed on my agony. By what name can I call this martyrdom? Enough to say that it was an illness. Or was it a Divine chastisement to humble my pride, and to make me know that particular light? I could

become incredulous like Julian, and darker (more obscure) than he. Be this as it may, God delivered me from this distress when I least expected it. One morning, having taken my coffee, I began vomiting, and I thought I had been poisoned. After the fatigue of this vomiting, copious perspirations followed; and I remained in bed till about mid-day. I fell asleep, and slept till evening. I awoke, surprised at so much quiet, and appeared to be no longer sleepy. I got up then and said, "I shall be stronger against these terrors;" but these terrors did not return. I rejoiced in full gratitude, feeling God in me. I threw myself on my knees to adore him the more for having for several days denied him, and in the effusion of my joy I exhausted all my strength; and remaining on my knees some time leaning against a chair, I fell asleep in that position. From that moment, I do not know if I slept an hour, or more; but I half awoke, and scarcely had time to throw my clothes on the bed, and then I went to sleep again till the morning. I was in a somnolent state all that day: in the evening, I went to bed early, and I slept the whole of the night. What crisis had taken place I am ignorant of, but I was cured.

Notices of Books.

DREAMS AND MAGNETISM.*

IN a pamphlet recently published by Mr. Harro-Harring, describing some oil paintings which he is exhibiting at 19, Leicester-square, and which appear to partake of some of the qualities of spirit-drawings, we find the following on Dreams and on Magnetism, and on a subject similar to, if not forming a part of, Spirit Photography.

DREAMS.

Harro-Harring, in his various writings on "*Magnetism*," has distinguished two different categories of *dreams*. 1st. *Common dreams*, caused by any material impression on our nervous system—for instance: Dreams during digestion, or if any nerves in close connection with the centre point of our nervous system (*plexus solaris*) are touched, or pressed upon, by our hands or arms, or by any other object, which in general causes "*night-mare*." 2ndly. *Dreams* connected with the spheres or elements of *clairvoyance*, which he calls "*magnetic dreams*," in which our spiritual life moves totally free and far from all material impression or pressure. Those dreams occur generally towards morning; also during the night, if no late supper, demanding digestion, disturbs the motion of our "*inward life*"—the organ of which is the *magnetic fluid* in our nerves. Although, all dreams of the second category are not magnetic dreams; on the contrary, they occur very seldom, and only to persons whose "*magnetic element*" in the *nervous* system is prevailing and not overpowered, or partly paralysed by the *blood*-system, as explained in his treatise on *Magnetism*.

* *Dreams, Clairvoyance and Magnetism*—Exhibition of Urano's Paintings, 19, Leicester-square. By HARRO-HARRING. Price Sixpence.

ELEMENTS OF MAGNETISM.

1. Man is a *spiritual* being (soul). Our body is but the instrument, the envelope of our being, which unites us with the earthly—sensual world. 2. The organ of our spiritual being (soul) the *magnetic fluid* in our nerves—the nervous system—is the *instrument* of our *will*, the means of *motion*—to move the material body. Every voluntary motion of any part of our body is effected by the organism of our nervous system;—every fibre of our nerves is an organ of our *will*. 3. The expression “*animal magnetism*” is derived from a misunderstanding. To be clearly understood in my scientific communications on *magnetism*, I have adopted the word “*animatic magnetism*” from *anima* (soul)—represented by our nervous fluid—in opposition to animal, from *animal*, Latin. 4. There is but *one* power, the *animatic* (spiritual) power. “Physical power” is an erroneous expression. Material substance has *no* power but in motion. Power without motion is *no* power; all motion is *animatic*. What is called “material power” is animatic power in motion. 5. *All life is animatic*, and testifies itself in various degrees in all the regions and functions of nature. 6. Opposite to our *nervous organism* stands the *blood-system*. The nervous (electro-magnetic) fluid includes *life*. The blood is the material *antithesis* of the animatic power; the condition of *motion*. 7. For what aim and purpose is the *iron* in our blood? Physiology has replied until now on this question very vaguely, by no means satisfactorily. For what purpose do we attach an iron on a magnet? *To keep the electro-magnetic power in motion*. 8. The iron in the human blood is the positive antithesis necessary to effect the *motion* of the *animatic* (life) power: the condition of *life*. Without iron in our blood the *animatic* (life) power in our nerves would disappear, as a magnet “dies away” without iron attached to it. All motion of the *animatic* (spiritual) and mental power occurs by *rays*; streams of light, of magnetic and electro-magnetic fluid—invisible to human eye—but visible in the spheres of *clairvoyance*. All motion in and of material substances occurs by *rotation—circulation*; for instance, *rotation* of the spherical bodies (Asters)—*circulation* of the human blood, &c. All motion in the animatic (spiritual) world defies—with regard to quickness, rapidity—the conceptions of *time* and *space*. In the spheres or regions of the animatic (spiritual) world the conceptions of *time* and *space* do not exist, or are not admissible. Those communications in the spheres of magnetic “*clairvoyance*” (animatic magnetic dreams) are but *extension in distance of the same mysterious operation* by which we are able to write our thoughts clearly intelligible by means of the *same electro-magnetic element* on a surface, in almost *no* time at all—a distance of some thousand miles. We repeat: the conceptions—*distance, space, time*—are unknown in the regions of animatic magnetism, *clairvoyance*, or animatic dreams.

MIRACLE OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

A very remarkable testimony of Harro-Harring’s “*mysteriously magnetic power*,” signed by reliable witnesses, occurred at Rio de Janeiro, August, 1855. Harro-Harring was in *rapport magnétique* with a dying child, little Anna Carolina Josephine Girand, born January the 24th, 1847—died August the 1st, 1855. Three hours after the death a daguerreotype of the corpse was taken, upon which the effect of the magnetic fluid of Harro’s *plexus solaris* (the centre point of the “nervous system”) appeared in form of a regular “sun,” with *rays* outstreaming from the centre; also with rays outstreaming from the head of the corpse;—likewise a third “magnetic sun” of equal rays below on the floor—the three “suns” forming an irregular triangle.

A lithograph copy of this remarkable photograph has been presented to us, and if the conditions of its production are scientifically verified it certainly tends very much to lessen the wonder of the spirit-photographs, the verity of which is now under examination in America. Possibly an experiment in this direction by Mr. Harring might prove him to be a medium for obtaining a spirit-photograph.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

MR. EDITOR,—In your last number I observe that Mr. Coleman makes the following admission, which is full of faith but not of light. Speaking of Mr. and Mrs. F——, and their experience, he says, p. 26:—"Such are the marvellous statements made to me by Mr. F—— of his wife's mediumship; and I believe them. It is certainly very difficult to realize *the fact of material substances being conveyed through what is deemed impenetrable matter*, but such statements do not stand alone, &c., &c." Now, Mr. Editor, I beg to submit that it is not *necessary* to believe that material substances are conveyed, or even can be conveyed, through what is deemed impenetrable matter in order to conceive the possibility of the facts related in the paper. Take, for instance, the case of "the slipper being carried away, the door being closed, and none of the party having moved from their seats, he being directed to look in a leather bag which was lying in another room, where it was found, the bag being locked and the key in his pocket, &c., &c." Is it not possible to conceive that the door might easily be opened and closed so *rapidly and noiselessly* that no *natural* eyes could possibly see it? Is it not possible to conceive that the lock of the carpet bag might be opened and closed again by spirits in a non-miraculous manner? Is it not possible to conceive that the laws of motion in matter, and the laws of *natural vision*, have very different degrees of limitation in proportional relations?

These reflections were excited in my mind some years ago, when I was at a *séance* of the Davenport boys in Buffalo, where I witnessed the operation of tying the two boys to their chairs with a very long and strong rope, by Professor Mapes, who observed that he had been a sailor and would tie the cords in sailor's knots; which he did in a most complicated manner, occupying what seemed to me some twenty minutes' time, being tediously long in doing it, and unnecessarily multiplying the difficulties of untying the innumerable knots. When the boys had been thus tied to their chairs we all retired to a distant part of the very large room, holding each other by the hand (the father of the boys, myself, Professor Mapes, his daughter, and Mr. A. Brisbane), that none might stir without the others knowing it. The light was turned down so as to make the room almost entirely dark, and the spirits began to untie the ropes, which was accomplished with a noise something like that of running a cord rapidly from a windlass, and in about two

seconds, as nearly as I can guess, the cords were thrown heavily in a mass on the ground, and the light immediately turned on again. This feat seemed to me almost miraculous, but on reflection I asked myself what proportion the rapidity of material motion of one degree bears to that of another? What relation does the motion of our planet through space bear to that of a bird flying? Where do the limits of human vision begin and end with regard to the motion of material bodies? Can we not conceive from our knowledge of the rapid motions of the heavenly bodies in space, and the undulations of light, that certain degrees of rapidity are utterly invisible to natural sight?

I need hardly mention the school-boy's peg-top, spinning "asleep," as a familiar example of invisible motion, and a door might possibly be opened and closed as rapidly as the top spins invisibly before our eyes. I do not say the rope scene was or was not a trick of the Davenport boys, but only that invisible motion is neither miraculous nor incredible.

I need not say more. I do not know what is possible or impossible, but I can easily conceive that the limitations of power in human vision, motion, sensation, &c., may exclude us from the possibility of being conscious of many kinds of physical phenomena which are supposed to be miraculous, while they may be perfectly natural within limits which transcend our normal powers of sensation.

H. DOHERTY, M.D.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Manchester, November, 1862.

SIR,—Through your kindness, when I was in town last month, I was enabled to obtain that satisfaction concerning Spiritual manifestations which I had so long and anxiously looked forward to. I give you particulars of two *séances*, which, if you think them worthy of a place in your Magazine, may perhaps lead others to investigate for themselves.

Yours faithfully,
J. BROWN.

On Wednesday, October 22nd, I went to the house of Mrs. Marshall, whom I found a plain unassuming person, and one very unlikely to practise deception; she told me that from an early age she had been conscious of spirit influence, although it was only on her arriving at mature years that she became a medium.

Previous to leaving my hotel, I wrote on separate slips of paper the names of my deceased friends, and rolled each into a separate pellet, I also wrote the different questions to be answered, numbering them 1, 2, 3, and so on; these I put into a sealed envelope. I wrote another set of questions, and left them in my portmanteau, taking with me the corresponding numbers on a slip of paper, where afterwards I wrote the answers opposite each number.

The *séance* commenced by a table being brought in, at which Mrs. Marshall, her daughter-in-law, and I sat down, placing our hands thereon; in about five minutes, very faint raps were heard, gradually increasing in sound, until they became perfectly distinct. I was here informed by Mrs. Marshall that one rap meant no; two, doubtful; three, yes; five, a call for the alphabet; nine, an order to write. I now placed on the table the paper pellets and the sealed envelope containing part of my questions, when Mrs. Marshall asked if there

were any of my spirit-friends present, and was answered "Yes." I took up one of the pellets, and asked if that gave the name of the spirit present? Answer "No." The next, and succeeding ones, as taken up separately, were answered "Yes."

I asked if they could answer the questions in the sealed envelope on the table, and was answered "Yes." I had requested in the envelope that the questions would be answered simply "Yes," or "No," which was given accordingly. I then asked if they could answer the questions left in my portmanteau, and was answered "Yes;" and having written the answers opposite each number, I was called to take the alphabet, when I wrote down the following sentences:—

Sit often at your own table!

— will be your guardian spirit!

My dear Son, the Lord will give you all wisdom to understand Spiritualism! By this time a gentleman came in, and joined us at the table, in whose favour I resigned for the evening. When he commenced asking questions, the table rose from the ground, tilted, and oscillated, until it became absolutely turbulent. I still remained at the table during this gentleman's visits, but previous to my leaving, the table came towards me, and pressed gently against my breast, when I took the alphabet, and put down the letters signalled by the table. At first they were incomprehensible to me, thus: *thgindoog*, which will be seen is good night, written backwards. I then asked if my spirit-friends would meet me the following night, at the same time and place; and was answered "Yes."

I returned to my hotel anxious to compare questions and answers, which I found as follows:—

Questions left in Portmanteau.

1. Q. "Do the members of my family who are in spirit-life meet and know each other?" A. "Yes."

2. Q. "Are you happy in the spirit-world, and does it accord with our scripture teaching in this life?" A. "Yes."

3. Q. "Are you cognizant of our different acts and motions on earth?" A. "Yes."

4. Q. Did my mother and sister ever appear to me in spirit-form on earth?" A. "Yes."

The questions I had placed in a sealed envelope and numbered 5 to 9, were also appropriately answered, but I now regret that, from my want of experience, I should have requested that the answers would be given simply "Yes" or "No," because I was thereby unconsciously limiting the answers that otherwise might have been given.

Thursday Evening, 23rd October.

I was half an hour later in arriving at Mrs. Marshall's than on the previous evening; we had scarcely seated ourselves at the table when distinct raps were at once given which Mrs. Marshall accounted for by saying that the spirits had evidently been waiting my arrival. I then asked for the names of all my friends present, when those of the previous evening were again spelled out, with the addition of the spirit who was absent, being my brother. I then asked the following questions:—

Q. "My dear sister Elizabeth, why did you not speak to me last night?" A. "I gave place to others."

Q. "Have you anything to say to me?" A. "Yes. Do all things in faith."

Q. "Have you any message to any of my sisters?" A. "No."

Q. "Has my mother no message to any of them?" A. "Yes. Tell them to live in Christ."

Q. "Shall I soon meet my dear mother?" A. "Yes."

Q. "Shall I see you in figure or how?" A. "In a vision."

Q. "Wherein is the efficacy of prayer?" A. "You must pray in faith."

Having run over the alphabet and receiving no raps, I asked if she had nothing more to say to me. A. "No."

I then asked if my father would answer me some questions. A. "Yes."

Q. "Can you direct me to a cure for the ailment for which I have consulted to-day?" A. "Yes."

Q. "Give it to me." A. "I will impress you."

Q. "Is any member of our family on earth a medium, and if so, give the name?" A. "Yes;" and the following was spelled out *yltorod* which is Dorothy (my sister's name) spelled backward.

Several other questions were similarly answered.

It remains for me to make a few remarks regarding the manifestations which I have narrated.

I was a perfect stranger to Mrs. Marshall; she did not know my name, nor from whence I came. There was abundance of light in the room, from an argand lamp on the chimney-brace about six feet from where we sat, and I inspected the under part of the table.

From considerable experience in investigating the phenomena of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, I have been brought to know that it is possible for the person mesmerised to read the minds of those brought in to rapport with them; and it was this knowledge that induced me to seal a part of the questions and to leave another part in my portmanteau, so that the possibility of all human agency in answering them might be laid aside.

The mode of giving the name of a member of my family as a medium is also remarkable, as when the question was asked, the individual name of any of my family never occurred to me; the spelling the name backward, seems as if it were done to prevent the slightest mental perception of what I was writing until the name flashed upon me at once.

When the gentleman who joined us was asking questions the table was oscillating very much like the motion of a light vessel on troubled waters. When I availed myself of the opportunity of testing the amount of power that was moving the table, I grasped the table firmly with both hands, and with all my strength endeavoured to prevent its moving, but it was as unavailing as the power of a child six years of age would have been against the power of a highly trained athlete.

The certainty of death is not more sure to my conviction, than that the power which moved that table was supernatural, and if I thus express myself so strongly, it is because I have full confidence in the organs of perception and sense which God has given me. The admonitions given by my parents were in strict accordance with my parental teachings in youth. While fully convinced that these manifestations proceed from no mortal agency, I trust that they are but the dawning of further revealings from the spirit-world.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

S—, October 5, 1862.

SIR,—J. D., the person referred to in the *Spiritual Magazine* for August, last page, in an article entitled "Ghost in Gloucestershire," has since then been employed by another part of the family then mentioned, to dig gravel in a pit in the same neighbourhood. He having to follow the vein, was obliged to work on his knees, and under a considerable mass of incumbent material; but while so doing his attention was arrested by sounds as of some one breathing. It being a lonely spot, he did not much regard the seeming interruption, but went on as before, regardless of any danger which might arise from the position he was occupying, when his attention was again arrested by an audible voice addressing him:—"Joe, take care!" He immediately left the place, desirous of recognizing the person speaking; whereupon, as he moved away, dragging his pickaxe after him, an immense mass of gravel fell, covering to a considerable depth the spot he had abandoned, and burying the head of the tool in the *debris*, the handle of which he still held. In a few days after this, and while the truth of the communication which had proved the means of his personal safety was still fresh in his consciousness, he was made the medium of other communications, and seemingly, if we may interpret them analogically, such as were intended to be made by the repeated attempts to reveal something on the part of his mistress' mother, to her daughters, on her several appearances, noted in the article before referred to.

J. P.

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[No. 3.]

GLEANINGS IN THE CORN-FIELDS OF SPIRITUALISM.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

No. IV.

MODERN MIRACLES IN THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.—THE CURÉ D'ARS.

THE Curé D'Ars, Jean Baptiste Marie Vianney, was born at the village of Dardilly, in the vicinity of Lyons, lying as you issue from that city by the Faubourg de Vaise, betwixt the roads to Paris and to the Bourbonnais. The situation is charming, in the midst of hills, woods, pleasant valleys, clear streams, vineyards, meadows, and orchards. The population was about three hundred souls. The parents of Jean Baptiste were small proprietors, cultivating their own land, and the family had been noted for generations for its hospitality to the poor. Jean Baptiste was born on the 8th of May, 1786, coming into the world a little before the outburst of the most terrible revolution of all times. His mother was a woman of remarkable piety, and quickly perceived that this son, beyond all her other children, displayed the same religious tendency. In his early boyhood he was sent with other children of the village to tend the few sheep of the family in the neighbouring fields. He always carried a little image of the Virgin with him, set it up at the foot of a tree, prayed much to it, and sometimes preached to the other children. As he got older he worked in the fields, obtaining some instruction at intervals from the Curé of Ecully. Finding himself very slow at learning, and already aspiring to become a priest, when only about fifteen years of age he set out on a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Francis Regis of the Vivierais. He made the journey on foot, and partly by begging his support: but he imagined that he received real benefit from this act of devotion, though he never was capable of acquiring much classical learning.

In 1809, when of the age of twenty-three, he was drawn for the conscription. Buonaparte was then fast draining France by his incessant battles in Italy and Germany of its youth, and Jean Baptiste Vianney seemed destined to make one of the millions slaughtered for the gratification of his infernal ambition. He had applied to have his name entered on the list of candidates for the ministry at Lyons, which gave exemption from conscription, but to his consternation and that of his family, when the list was examined it was found that those to whom the duty had been assigned, had neglected it. He was marched off on the way to head-quarters at Bayonne, but falling ill on the way, he remained some time in a hospital. Being somewhat recovered he received a ticket of his route, and set out alone towards that city. On the way, much dejected at this blight of all his hopes of entering the church, a stranger suddenly accosted him, asking whither he was going, and why he was so sad. On being informed, he took his knapsack on his back, bade him follow him without fear, and led him through woods and mountains for whole days. At length, at ten o'clock at night, he introduced him to a poor family at Noës, at the entrance of the great forest of the Madeleine, in the confines of the departments of the Loire and the Allier, far away from the frequented tracks of the country. The host the next day took him to the house of a pious shoemaker named Fayot, where he continued fourteen months, partly teaching the children of the village, and partly working in the fields. He passed under the name of M. Jerome, and the whole village which knew that he was a deserter, but under what circumstances, joined in carefully guarding him from the gendarmes.

During his absence his family were continually harassed by the menaces of the officials, and in 1810 another brother engaged to serve for three years to free the family from the continual visits of the police. He soon lost his life in Germany, at Weissenfels or Lützen. Jean Baptiste having now been duly entered as a candidate for the ministry, and being thus exempt from further claims from the army, returned home, and entered the school of Verrières to pursue his studies. He had won the warmest attachment of the people at Noës, his departure was attended by the general regrets, and he always retained the most affectionate remembrance of his sojourn there, and of the amiable Fayots, in whose family he had been so cordially received. From the seminary of Verrières he went to M. Bally, at Ecully, to study theology, and thence to the grand seminary of Lyons, and finally was made deacon in 1815, and priest six months afterwards.

But it was not without great difficulty that he passed through

the necessary examination. His inability to learn still continued, and it was only by the exertions of M. Bally and other friends, who knew his extraordinary piety and humility, that he was carried through. He had just Latin enough to say mass, and that was all. But his amiable and Christian spirit was such that he was greatly beloved wherever he was. On being ordained his old hostess, Madame Fayot, of Noës, made a journey to see him in his new honours, and rushed up to him amidst a crowd of priests, and embraced him. The new abbé returned the motherly woman's embrace cordially, and was delighted to see her. M. Bally immediately engaged him as his assistant at Ecully. He became extremely loved in that parish, and on the death of M. Bally in 1817, the inhabitants were unanimous in desiring him to accept the cure. M. Vianney, however, thought himself unequal to so great a charge, and two months afterwards he was named the curé of Ars, the scene of his life-long labours and renown.

Ars is a little agricultural village of the ancient principality of Dombes, now the arrondissement of Trévoux. At the time that M. Vianney took possession of his cure, there were no roads leading from populous places; such as they were, were the deep hollow tracks so common to agricultural parts of France, winding about and shrouded in trees and bushes. The houses were themselves buried in masses of fruit trees; they were scattered here and there, being rather more numerous around the church. There was a silence and melancholy over the place which can only be imagined by those who have seen such French villages. Woody valleys, hills of but little elevation, tilled lands, copses, and fat meadows lay around, through which stagnated rather than floated some turbid streams carrying their burden to the Soane. There was an old chateau inhabited by Mademoiselle Garnier, called Mademoiselle d'Ars, the daughter of the late Comte Garnier-d'Ars, a lady of sixty. The new curé proceeded there on foot, and had much ado to find the place, even when he was close upon it, but at length he caught sight of a peasant who led him into the village and to the parsonage. It was in February, 1818, that he arrived there, at the age of thirty-two.

The people of d'Ars, as stagnant as their place, would not have found anything particular in their new curé, for he was of a most uncommanding presence, and anxious rather to conceal than to display his virtues, but the fact of the people of Ecully flocking after him on Sunday, showed them that he was greatly esteemed by those he had last lived amongst. But the ardent devotion of the new pastor, who spent nearly all his time at the church or in visiting his people; his discourses full of fire and feeling soon awoke in them wonder and regard. They found

him utterly indifferent to his own personal comforts, but full of love for all around him, and day and night devoted to his duties and their benefit. They soon began to catch some of his spirit, and Mademoiselle d'Ars strengthened his hands with all her influence. He established almost perpetual services and prayers in the church, allowing himself no rest, and gave away everything that he had to those of his parishioners who were in need. His furniture as well as his money, the bread off his table, even the bed from under him, went to one or another in want of them, and he himself lay on a straw pallet in his garret. But the curé had a horror of the dissipations of the holidays, and dances as they were practiced there, and the evil consequences which he saw arising from them, and he set himself to break the people of them. It was a hard and long fight, but he at length succeeded. The curé d'Ars was a saint of the old type, he was all for preparation for the future world, and looked with little favour on the gaieties of this. His views were extreme, but by that extremity he carried himself and his people to that pitch of religious zeal which opened up the scene of wonders which soon unfolded there. With the dances, as a necessity, went the public-houses, and the drunkenness which had sprung from them.

Besides consulting the morals of his parishioners, the Curé d'Ars enlarged his church by building three chapels; the first to his patron saint, John the Baptist, the second to St. Philomena, and the third to the Ecce Homo. That to Saint Philomena was in consequence of the remains of that saint having been discovered in the cemetery of St. Priscilla, in Rome, in 1802. These were conveyed to Mugnano, in the diocese of Noles, where they were said to have performed many miracles. Thence the new saint spread her influence into France with equal fame of miracle, and the Curé d'Ars became an enthusiast in his faith in her. He attributed the greater part of the miracles performed at his church to her intercession, whilst the people attributed them to his own sanctity. That is a question which we may leave; the great question is, were they done at all? As this appears to be affirmed by the strongest and most universal evidence, we may as well at once assign them to the Great First Cause.

Having consulted the moral growth and ecclesiastical convenience of the parish, the curé proceeded to minister to the physical wants of the people. He had built his chapels without any funds for the purpose, in full faith that they would be sent. As they were so, he began what he called a Providence, that is, a home for homeless children, and for young women exposed to the dangers attending destitution. He had no funds, yet he bought a large new house in the village for twenty thousand francs, and sold his share of the paternal property at Dardilly to

pay for it. Yet he was run so close that he had not money to pay for the writings. It came, however. Still he had nothing to commence the housekeeping with, but he appointed two respectable and educated women of the place, Benoîte Lardet and Catherine Lassagne, to superintend it. When they entered on their duty they had nothing in the house but a pot of butter and some cheese which a young woman had sent. They carried with them some clothes and other things of indispensable necessity. They had no bread to eat the first day, but their dinners were sent in by their friends. But they were soon joined by other women necessary to assist in the work, and funds flowed in. The curé opened a gratuitous school for the little girls of the parish; then he took into the house some poor children; in a short time there were sixty young girls lodged, boarded and maintained at the expense of Providence. The idea spread—another Providence was established at Bourg, then others in other places, and so they branched right and left through France. The Providence at Ars was established fifteen years before that of Mr. Müller at Bristol.

It was soon necessary to enlarge the original building at Ars. The curé was himself architect, builder and carpenter. He made the mortar, shaped and carried the stones, and only intermitted his labours to go to the confessional. Yet the scheme was not carried through without those sharp trials of faith that God generally sends on such occasions. Sometimes the contributions stopped, the funds and provisions became exhausted, and the case grew so apparently hopeless that even the curé began to think that they must give it up. "When God," says Bossuet, "wishes to show that a work is entirely in His hands, He reduces everything to extremity and despair,"—then it goes on. On two such occasions the intervention of God was so direct and sudden, and accompanied by circumstances so marvellous that it was impossible not to see that a miracle had taken place. The witnesses of these things, says M. Monnin, are still living.

One day the managers had no bread, no flour left, and there was no baker in the village; yet there were eighty mouths to fill. What was to be done? One of the mistresses ran to the curé and informed him that there was not flour enough for two loaves. "Nevertheless," said the curé, "make it up into bread just as if you had flour enough." She did so, and soon informed him that she did not know how it was, but she had to pour in more and more water, the dough had continued to swell under her hands till her kneading trough was full, and with a handful of flour she had made twenty great loaves of from twenty to twenty-two pounds weight each! The Abbé Monnin says the whole details of this miracle he had from the mouths of Jeanne

Maria Chancy, who made the bread, of Catherine Lassagne, one of the managers, and of Jeanne and Marie Filiat, school-mistresses, none of whom had even for a moment doubted of the miracle.

On the next occasion there was a complete consumption of all the flour and corn, and destitution of funds. The curé thought for a moment that God had abandoned him for his sins. He called the superior of the establishment, Benoîte Lardet, and said, "We shall be obliged to send away the poor orphans since we do not know where to get further support for them." No sooner had he said this, however, than he felt impressed to visit his attics, where his wheat was generally deposited. He mounted the stairs slowly, oppressed with a weight of fear and despair, which augmented as he ascended. He opened the attic door, trembling, and beheld it heaped with corn as if poured out of full sacks! At the sight he ran down stairs to the children, exclaiming, "I doubted of Providence, my poor little ones; I thought I must send you away; the good God has punished me!" That was his favourite expression when the Divine Goodness had given him particular marks of protection, and he regarded it as a loving punishment of his distrust.

The news of the prodigy flew through the village, where it was received with cries and tears of joy. The mayor of Ars, Anthony Mandy, who often afterwards related the miracle to his son, hastened to the place with a great number of the chief people to see the corn. The miller also was called, and as he filled his sacks he said he had never handled such splendid wheat.

The curé was fond of talking of this great miracle. Some years after Mgr. Devie, the bishop of Belley, visiting Ars, went up with the cure to see the granary. Pointing to the wall he said, "And so did the corn reach up to there?" Pointing to a certain height, "No, Monseigneur, to there," replied the curé, shewing a higher level. Miracle once commenced never ceased during the future life of the curé, a period of more than thirty years. Soon after this Jeanne and Marie Filiat going into the cellar found that the contents of a hogshead had run out on the floor. One of them went to announce the loss to the curé, but he only quietly observed, "It is nothing to trouble yourselves about; He who has permitted it to leak out can just as easily bring it back." She returned and with her sister scooped up as much of the wine as was quite clear and poured it into the barrel again. As the barrel was large they thought it best to empty a smaller barrel into it which stood next. They began to tun, and one of the sisters put her fingers into the bung-hole to feel if she could reach the wine. The other laughed saying, "What is the use of feeling when the barrel is not half full?" But her sister replied, "It is full already; try, you can reach it with

your finger." She did so and found to her astonishment the barrel full. The wine was pronounced much better than they were accustomed to.

These must sound strange things to Protestant ears, but these are but the beginning. There are above thirty more years of such events. People began to receive sudden cures while praying before the altar, on making their confessions privately to the curé. The fame of these things began to spread, and people flocked from the country round. It spread to the cities all over France, into the neighbouring nations, and that tide of pilgrims set in which from all France, from Italy, Belgium, Germany, and even from England, rose to 20,000 persons annually, and sometimes, says M. Monnin, to 80,000. All manner of complaints which had been pronounced incurable were suddenly cured under the prayers of the curé. Paralysis, epilepsy, fevers, insanity, possession, rheumatism, gout, in short, every kind of ailment. It is impossible to dwell here on what makes the substance of two volumes. The indefatigable curé gave himself up heart and soul and body to these labours. His church stood open day and night. The immense crowds who sought to confess were compelled to move on in order and take their turns whatever their rank or condition. Extreme poverty and extreme suffering were the only things which induced the pious curé to allow any one to take precedence of the rest. Sometimes there came grand people in their carriages, and drove rapidly up to the church door, or as near as the crowd would permit them. They called for the curé and desired that he might be told that they were waiting. They received with incredulity the information that they could not be admitted to the curé's confessional except in their turn. They endeavoured to force their way to the door, and when they succeeded, on his opening it to admit a fresh person, attempted to pass in. He courteously stopped them, and told them the rule of the place—the Christian rule. One lady said neither the King of Bavaria nor the Pope ever made her wait. "But madame," replied the curé, "you will have to wait here." Many waited for several days before their turn came. The curé gave himself only four hours sleep, from eleven o'clock to three, and people rushed to the church at midnight to secure their places. Omnibuses were constantly running betwixt Ars and Lyons to convey pilgrims, and boats on the Soane were plying, so that the stream of people was constantly flowing to and fro. Thousands of others made their way thither on foot. Inns and lodging-houses were built to accommodate them.

Amongst the thousands of cases of extraordinary cures, which are given with names, and dates, and addresses of the patients, there is one which struck me as very touching. A poor woman

came from a great distance, carrying on her back a boy of eight years old who had no use of his legs whatever. For four-and-twenty hours the poor mother perseveringly endeavoured to get near the curé. At length he put his hands on the child and blessed him, saying some words of comfort to the mother. On entering their lodgings for the night the boy said, "Mother, buy my sabots, for M. the Curé has promised that I shall walk to-morrow." The words of the curé had not been quite so positive, but the child had such faith in him that he felt confident of his cure. The mother went and bought the sabots, and sure enough, on the morrow the child was cured and ran through the church crying joyfully, "I am cured! I am cured!" The mother was overwhelmed with tears and emotion.

Numerous letters are found in these volumes from people detailing the circumstances of their ailments and their cures, and many others from well-known persons soliciting the prayers of the curé for themselves and friends. One is from Mr. Lisle Philipps, of Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, at the instance of Lord Edward Howard, seeking the curé's prayers for the return of his father, the Duke of Norfolk, to the Catholic Church. There is also an account by the distinguished writer, M. Louis Lacroix, of his visit to Ars, and of his wonder at the scene. All this time the curé was not only expending superhuman exertions in church services, from year to year, giving himself but a short pause for a very meagre breakfast and dinner, but he was receiving large sums from all sides and bestowing them as promptly in relieving distress, assisting poor pilgrims, and sending relief to distant places. When somebody asked him the secret of obtaining such great supplies of money, he replied that it was by simply giving it away again as fast as he could to those who needed it. Nobody at the same time could be more unassuming, unostentatious, or unselfish. He expended everything he had, money, prayers, strength, as long as he had any: and this life he continued till within four days of his death, in August, 1859, at the age of 73.

One of the most remarkable features of the Curé d'Ars was the condition of spiritual clairvoyance to which he had attained. By his extreme abstemiousness, his intense exertions, and his ardent piety, he seemed to have purged away almost all fleshly impediments betwixt the invisible world and himself. Notwithstanding the constant throng of people that surrounded him so that he had difficulty to pass amongst them in his church, or to and from his house; though they were coming and going continually, he seemed to know them, their names, their connections, and circumstances as soon as he cast his eyes on them. He would pick out particular individuals in the crowd, tell them

their cases, he knew, were pressing, take them into his confessional, and speak to them of their cases, their wants, and their friends in a manner that filled them with astonishment. We may mention one or two of these cases. Seeing a young Savoyard lady in the congregation, he said to her in passing that he would speak to her on the morrow. As she had just arrived and was a perfect stranger, she thought he had mistaken her for some other person. The next day, however, he called her into his confessional, and said that she was desirous of entering a religious establishment. She replied in astonishment that he could not know that, as she had never spoken to him before: but he not only shewed her that he knew her secret thoughts, but told her what sisters she had and their particular characters. She said it was all perfectly true. Another lady from a distance consulted him on the disposal of her large property to different persons and purposes. He replied she had determined very properly, and advised her to make her will for she had no time to lose. She was of only middle age, and in good health; but she took his advice and was only just in time. She died suddenly.

The Pere Nigre, who was planning an institution for the benefit of soldiers, on preaching at Fourvieres, began thus:—"I have been at Ars. Do you know what the curé said to me? 'Good day, Father, how go your soldiers on?' Now, the good curé did not know me, had never seen me. I had not made known my plans for this institution, yet he knew all about it."

The Abbé Toccanier was at Ars. The curé suddenly urged him to go to Seyssel. It was Sunday, a day on which he discouraged travelling generally. At vespers the curé said, "Let us pray for one between life and death." The abbé went, and found his sister-in-law dead. After his return, the abbé said, "I found at Seyssel that my sister-in-law died four hours ere I arrived." "I expected it," he replied. Some years afterwards, the abbé asked him if he should see his mother again. "Yes," said he, without an instant's hesitation, "that dear mother has escaped after five hours of cramp."

A pilgrim came to ask his prayers for a sick servant. The curé said, "Yes, yes, my friend, it is Marie; I saw her in the choir." Astonished that the curé should know the name of his servant, he yet thought he was wrong in one respect, for he had that moment left her at the other end of the church. He hastened to look for her, and found her in the choir.

During the excitement and confusion of the Revolution of 1848, many persons consulted him about the safety of their families. He bade them rest quite at peace, for there would be no blood spilled except in and just round Paris. During the Crimean war, he was asked to pray for the safety of a soldier

there, and a sister ill at home. He replied, "The soldier will return quite safe; the sister is ripe for heaven." He was quite right in both cases. A young lady, during the Italian war, was in great terror for her husband. "Tell her," said the curé, "that she has nothing to fear. Peace will be made directly." This was on the 25th June. The news of the interview of Villafranca came directly afterwards. A lady consulted him regarding entering a convent; he desired her not to think of it, but to be especially careful in attention to her son. This son soon after found himself ruined by speculations, and was only saved from suicide by his mother's exertions in rousing him to renewed courage and hope. A man who had a little land offered it in sale to the curé; he advised him, whatever he did, not to part with it. Very soon after a mine was discovered in it, which secured the proprietor two thousand francs annually. On the other hand, a director of mines consulted him on investing in a new mine lately opened, and which promised to pay richly. He counselled him by no means to do it. Twelve days after the mine was flooded with water and became unworkable, besides causing the death of various persons.

The curé, like many of the old saints, believed himself terribly assailed by the devil, and no doubt he was, but perhaps not to the extent that he supposed. But let us see what phenomena surrounded him, for actual spirits were busy about him; and let us take their proceedings from his own point of view. From the moment that the curé opened the orphan house at Ars, six years after his going there, and thence to the end of his life, he was beset by the continual evidences of what he deemed satanic influence. At nine o'clock one evening, as he retired to rest, he was startled by three loud knocks at his outer gate, as if they would drive it in with a huge club. He arose, threw open the window, and asked who was there. No answer was given. He returned to bed, but was scarcely asleep when he was roused again by other blows, this time not on the outer gate, but on that of the staircase leading to his chamber. He arose and called out, but again there was no answer. Imagining that they were thieves who came to steal some valuables belonging to the Viscomte d'Ars, he had two stout men to come and sleep at the parsonage; these men heard the same noises, but were unable to discover any one, and soon came to the conclusion that they were produced by no human power. They continued their watch for several nights, still hearing the noises, but discovering no one. A snow fell in the night, and the blows coming on the front door, the curé descended quickly, thinking this time he should be able to trace them by their footmarks in the snow. To his astonishment, there were no marks at all. He was now quite

satisfied that the men were right, that they were no mortal disturbers. Some young men, however, formed themselves into a guard over the house during the night, and some of his neighbours came and slept in the rooms adjoining his own. When it came to the turn of the cartwright of the village to occupy this room he carried his loaded gun with him. At midnight there came a terrific noise; the furniture of the room resounded as if with a storm of blows. The poor man cried out for help, and the curé ran in; they searched in every corner, but to no purpose. Being now assured that they were spiritual agents which caused the disturbance, the curé dismissed his watchers and commended himself to the keeping of God.

The noises continued, and for some time his mind was oppressed by a haunting fear of the perdition of his soul: hell seemed continually to open under his feet, and a voice told him that his place there was already marked out. When by the force of prayer he had driven out these devilish suggestions, the noises and other manifestations still continued, and under one form or another, never quitted him for five-and-thirty years. Commonly, at midnight three great blows announced the approach of his tormentors. If he slept sounder than usual these blows were succeeded by others, and then came a dreadful hubbub on the staircase, and the demon entered. He seized the bed curtains, dragged at them, and shook them so violently, that it seemed as if he must tear them down. The curé frequently imagined that there could not be a shred of them left, yet in the morning they were quite whole. Sometimes the spirit knocked as if he wished to enter: the next moment he was in the room moving about the furniture, ferreting everywhere, and calling out in a mocking tone, "Vianney! Vianney!" and adding menaces and insults. "Eater of truffles! O! we shall have thee! we shall have thee soon! We will take thee! we will take thee!" Sometimes he would halloo from the centre of the court below, and having done so for some time, would imitate a charge of cavalry, or the tramp of an army in march. Sometimes he seemed to be driving nails into the boards, and gave blows that seemed to split the wood; planing the boards, sawing the wainscot, and working actively like a carpenter in the house, or he was apparently boring with a gimblet or an augur all night, and he imagined that in the morning he should find his floor perforated with hundreds of holes. At other times he beat a tattoo on the chimney-piece, on a table, or more commonly on a water pot, seeking always the most sonorous objects.

Sometimes the curé heard, as it were, a wild horse rearing in the hall below him, throwing his hoofs to the ceiling, and then plunging with all four feet on the tiled floor. At other times a

gendarme seemed to be ascending the stairs in his boots, and stamping loudly as he ascended. Again it seemed like a great flock of sheep passing above his head, and making sleep impossible by that monotonous patter of hoofs. Catherine Lassagne in her notes of her life at the Providence at Ars, relates many such things, and says that every one who knew the curé knew that he would sooner suffer death than state an untruth. He said to her one day that when the flock of sheep seemed running over his head, he has taken a stick and struck smart blows on the ceiling to cause them to be silent, but to no purpose. Just as he would be dropping asleep, *Grappin*, as he called the devil, or the grappling iron, would begin, as it were, new hooping a cask with iron hoops, and with a tremendous din. When some one attributed the noises to rats, he said, "I don't know whether rats sing, but there is something continually singing in my chamber. It clambers up my bed singing. Last night it sung in the chimney like a nightingale."

Sometimes these devils, as the curé supposed them, were very droll. One night there was an appearance of a small animal frolicking about his bed. He put out his hand actively to seize it, but in vain. Sometimes *Grappin* threw the mattress over him; sometimes he pitched him out of bed. Another time, the 18th of October, 1825, he said *Grappin* had tried to kill him. "Sometimes," said the curé, "he puffs and blows so strongly, that he seems as if he could snuff me up. He seems to vomit gravel in the chamber, or I do not know what. I told him I would go down into the Providence and relate his tricks and make him contemptible, but it was all one."

Bossuet says it is impossible to fathom the depths of Satan, and by what artifices the serpent creeps. On the 4th of December, 1825, the curé said to Catherine, "See here!" The whip with which the curé disciplined himself lay on the table. "You know what that is? It has been crawling on the table like a serpent. I was startled at the sight. I seized the cord attached to its handle—it was as stiff as a wire. I put it down on the table again, it began to creep as before." "You must have shook the table," said Catherine. "On the contrary," replied the curé, "I did not even touch it."

All these things, remarks the Abbe Monnin, are precisely what happened to the ancient saints, and which are to be found in abundance in the *Diabolische Mystik*, of Görres, B.V., chapters xxi. and xxii. On the occasion of the curé going to Saint Trivier-sur-Moignans to preach at a great jubilee held by the missionaries, he was much teased by his brother clergymen about these hauntings. They were very witty about them, telling him they all came of not living well enough; that they were rats,

and a dozen other things. The curé took it all in good part, bade them good night, and went to bed. At midnight these gentlemen came rushing to his room in terrible affright. The house seemed turned topsy-turvy; the doors banged, the windows rattled, the walls shook, and ominous cracks appeared to announce their fall. "Rise! rise!" they cried to the curé, who was lying quietly, "the house falls." "Oh!" said he, "I know very well what it is; go to your beds: you have nothing to fear." An hour after a bell rung: there was a man at the gate who had come several leagues to confess to the curé. He always expected when these disturbances took place that some one was on his way to seek consolation from him; and it never failed to prove so. He believed the demons made the uproar out of envy of the good he was about to do. The clergy, however, were cured of laughing at him, and one of them made a vow never again to jest on apparitions and nocturnal noises. Another night the devil, the curé said, had amused himself by pushing him about his chamber all night on a bed on castors: and the next day when he entered his confessional, he felt himself lifted up and tossed about as though he had been in a boat on a rough sea.

But was the devil really engaged in all these transactions? The truth probably is, that M. Vianney had so reduced his body by fasting, penance and enormous exertion, that he had opened himself to all kinds of spiritual impressions, in which the devil was sure to have his share. But most likely many of these ghostly visitors were merely spirits of a low order who liked to amuse themselves, as they found the curé accessible to them. Many, no doubt, like those who visited the Seeress of Prevorst, would have been glad of his prayers, had he not been so completely shut up on that head by his catholic demonophobia. He asserts that the demons broke a holy water vessel before his face, grossly defiled a picture of the Virgin repeatedly, and at last burnt his bed. Of the last affair there was no evidence. The bed was burnt in the curé's absence at the church, but as he rose at two or three o'clock he may have let a spark fall from a match or candle himself before leaving.

Nothing, however, is more certain than that the worthy Cure d'Ars was actively beset by spirits of one kind or another for upwards of thirty years. He exorcised several persons who were possessed, and records dialogues with these demons in which they assured him that they often said mass.

Altogether the biography of the Curé d'Ars is one of the most remarkable of modern times. Miracles of the highest and lowest kinds were in active operation round him for a long course of years. They were exhibited before thousands and tens of thousands of people of all classes and ranks and of many countries.

What had been reported from all past ages by men of the highest character for veracity, learning and talent, was repeated at Ars for above thirty years in all its power. All the averments of saints and Spiritualists were shown to be facts. Yet we are told that all this time the press of Paris and of France preserved a profound silence on the matter as though no such things were taking place. After his death the same preternatural things were said to continue at his tomb. We should be glad to know from some candid and capable authority whether they continue yet. In the mean time I shall close this article with the words of Abbé Monnin in reviewing these events: "We reason from preconceived ideas; we have thus reasoned the whole of the eighteenth century, and so we reason still. The sense of things supernatural is become so feeble amongst us that we cannot bring ourselves to believe in phenomena which rise above that natural sphere in which we are accustomed to breathe. We had rather deny the facts, or attribute them to illusion and imposition, than give ourselves the trouble to examine them seriously and thus to expose ourselves to a rencounter with some invisible and superior agent of which we doubt the presence. The terror which it inspires makes us anxious to know it but afraid to approach it."

DR. PUSEY.

THE following anecdote is taken from one of Dr. Pusey's private discourses to one of the Sisterhoods. The writer states he was teaching that they must feel assured that even if their eternal salvation were not forfeited by a sin it must inevitably bring upon them expiatory fires. "I was," says the Rev. Doctor, "passing down a somewhat crowded street in Oxford when I was surprised to perceive at my elbow a man whom I believed too ill at the time to leave his bed. He said, 'Dr. Pusey, I have been burning in hell the last hour for that lie I told you.'" (Dr. Pusey's listeners understood of the lie that it had been told at the confessional, which of course would add to the enormity of the sin.) "I turned round," the Doctor went on to say, "to ask an explanation, but the people pressed upon me and I lost sight of the figure of the man who accosted me. In great surprise I hastened to his residence and learnt at the door that he had been dead about an hour." This anecdote was told to the the sisters in Osnaburg-street, Regents' Park.—*Vide* page 25, *Sisterhoods in the Church of England*: by MARGARET GOODMAN. London, SMITH, ELDER & Co., 65, Cornhill, 1863.

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—

HERMANN AUGUSTUS FRANKÉ.

THE experience of Professor Augustus Herman Franké in founding and carrying on the Orphan House, or "Hospital," as it is called in his narrative, at Hallé, in Prussia, upwards of a century and a half ago, is a parallel case to that of George Müller of Bristol in our own day, of which an account is given in our last number.

The *Account of the most remarkable Footsteps of Divine Providence in the erecting and managing the hospital at Glaucha without Hall*, by AUGUSTUS HERMANNUS FRANCK, Professor of Divinity in the Frederician University of Hall, Pastor of Glaucha, and Director of the Pious Foundations there, is a short abstract of the work written and published by order of the Lords of the Council who visited the hospital and schools under a Royal Commission in 1700, with a continuation of the history to about 1702. In the words of the writer of the "Preface to the *English Reader*"—"The living experimental demonstration of a Deity and of a Divine Providence, such as may here be found reported nakedly and simply, transcends every evidence which is merely speculative and affects but the understanding, and that perhaps as much as the most vivid sensation of the light and heat of the sun, does surpass any dry speculation of the same, however otherwise fine."

From this work it appears that in accordance with an old custom at Hallé of assembling the poor periodically at the doors of charitable persons to receive alms, they attended before the door of the worthy Pastor of Glaucha every Thursday for this purpose; it readily occurred to him that he might improve these opportunities for their spiritual instruction. Accordingly, about the beginning of the year 1694, he commenced catechising the younger persons and instructing them in the ground work of the Christian Religion, while the elder ones only attended to his discourse with the younger, and concluding with prayer. He found them to be so ignorant and gross that he "scarce knew where to begin the cultivation of so barren a soil." At first he put the children to school, defraying the charges out of an alms-box which he fixed in the parsonage-house. One day he took up the Bible, "and as it were by accident," he says, "did light on these words:—2 Cor. ix. 8. *God is able to make all grace abound towards you, that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.* This sentence made a deep impression on my mind, causing me to think:—*How is God able to make this?* I should be glad to help the poor, had I wherewithal; whereas now I am

forced to send many away empty and unrelieved. As if in answer to his reflections, and to excite in him a more lively faith in God's providence, within a few hours a case was brought before him, which through his own instrumentality "proved a sufficient demonstration *how* God is able to make us abound to every good work," and which instance he relates as he says, "because it helps to discover as well the outward cause which our undertaking took its rise from, as the frame of my mind which the Lord upheld for carrying on the work."

After the box had been set up in his house about a quarter of a year, there was put into it at one time a sum equal to about 18*s.* 6*d.* in English money. "In full assurance of faith," he resolved to take this sum for the foundation of a charity-school. He bought a few books, engaged a master for the school, got a place put up before his study as a schoolroom, and fixed a box to the wall to receive subscriptions to carry it on. Not only was instruction given, but to the necessitous alms were distributed twice or thrice a week. "The blessing of God attending these small beginnings was so plentiful," says the good pastor, "that we were able, not only to push on the principal design, but to relieve also in some measure the poor housekeepers; there was never any settled provision, but as God gave it, so it was spent."

In the summer of 1695, a person of rank unexpectedly and without solicitation offered him £100 to be distributed amongst the poor as he thought fit, provided that he remembered poor students, and let them have a share in it. Soon more than twenty poor students were admitted to the benefit of the hospital, other sums of smaller amount were received, and the number of scholars so increased, that in the autumn he had to hire a room in the next house, and at the beginning of the winter a second room was taken, and a second master engaged for the school.

Finding that the good impressions made on the children at school were almost obliterated by their habits and associations out of school, Mr. Franké resolved to single out some children and venture upon their maintenance as well as education. "And this," he says, "was the first occasion that prepared my mind to concert measures for setting up an hospital, even before I knew of any fund whereon to raise my design." One well-disposed person aided this object by sending five hundred dollars, the interest of which was to be paid every Christmas for this purpose. "When I saw this blessing of God," says Franké, "I looked out for some one fatherless child to be trained up by this yearly revenue; but so it happened that four fatherless and motherless sisters were presented to me, from amongst whom I was to choose one. I ventured in the name of God to take them all four; but one of them being provided for

by others, I took the remaining three, and the place of the fourth was presently supplied by another. . . . Having thus made a beginning, in the name of God, to take effectual care of some poor without any settled provisions, and without any regard to human supports, I relied entirely upon Him, and so did not scruple to make daily addition to the number of our children." Nor was this trust in vain, for, he adds, "I found myself effectually supported by His hand who is the true Father of the fatherless. . . . and this even beyond the expectation and dictates of my own foolish and scrupulous reason. . . . Being thus supplied and sustained by the mercy of God, we were not only enabled to lend a helping hand to many poor students to defray the charge of maintaining the orphans, to provide them with linen and cloth, and to keep up our charity-school in a flourishing state; but now a house was purchased, and about the spring also a back house added. For as the undertaking once was begun in faith, so it was now to be advanced in the same singleness of mind and entire dependence on God, without entering into the disputes with the puzzling and nice suggestions of human reason, which foreseeing a future want, is too apt to fly back and break even the best ordered and concerted measures. Wherefore laying aside all such suspicious apprehensions, we begun to lay a firm foundation of a hospital. However, we took care not to misspend so much as a farthing, but to provide only such things as were absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the poor." By Whitsuntide, 1696, twelve poor orphans were thus provided for, and a proper person appointed to take charge of them. And now, instead of continuing to assist poor students with money, Mr. Franké resolved to provide them also with maintenance; "so," he tells us, "I cast myself upon the providence of the Lord, hoping that his bounty from time to time would supply us with such relief as was sufficient for them." The number of classes in the school still increasing, and tables for the students being set up, another house next to the hospital was first hired, and subsequently purchased for their use.

In a *Letter to a Friend* Franké thus writes concerning the progress of the undertaking from about this period:—

When at first we wanted but a little house, by reason of the small number of our children, then I resolved in the name of God to buy one, and the Lord readily supplied me with so much money, as I wanted for that purpose. This house served our turn till necessity required a bigger; and when this was thought necessary, there was one purchased, and the Lord furnished us with a suitable sum of money. But when this likewise was found insufficient, and the hiring of houses scattered up and down through the town was apt to create no small disorder, we resolved, in the name of God, to lay the foundation for a competent building. The Lord knoweth we had not so much as would answer the cost of a small cottage, much less such a building as might hold about two hundred people. Neither were there wanting such as discovered the rough and difficult

ways we were like to pass through, if I would pursue the design. Others advised to set up an house of wood, to save the expensive cost of a stone building. So again some would say: What is this waste for? And by such, and the like arguments, I was almost prevailed on to comply. But the Lord strengthened my faith with so powerful a conviction, as if He had said expressly unto me: Build thou it of stone, and I will pay the charge. Indeed He hath been as good as His word. And from week to week, from month to month, the crumbs as it were of his comfort have dropped down, and fed our poor, as one feedeth a brood of tender chickens. So that neither have the orphans suffered want, nor the workmen been exposed to any hardship through defect of their wages.

When the foundation for this building was laid, M. Franké tells us:—"The Lord had provided so much money in readiness as enabled us to procure a good quantity of timber; but as for the building itself, I was now to wait upon God, and from week to week to receive at His hand what he would be graciously pleased to furnish me with for carrying on the same." Mr. Jackson, in his *Life of Franké*, tells us:—"It frequently happened, indeed, that there was not a farthing left, when it was necessary to purchase food for some hundreds of individuals; frequently he was obliged to have recourse to the small coin he had laid aside for beggars and the house-poor, or turn everything into money which was not entirely necessary, in order even to be able to buy bread. Once, the manager of the house was obliged to take all possible pains to obtain even a couple of groschen to buy candles, that the children might not sit in the dark; and the light had already disappeared before he succeeded. But still assistance always came, his orphans and students never wanted a meal—and the masons and day-labourers always received their full wages." By Easter, 1701, the building was completed and occupied, and a charter for it obtained. But even before this, Franké was able to say that "the whole crowd of beggarly children dispersed all about the town, and as many as are in no condition to pay for their schooling, may enjoy here the benefit of being taught gratis."

It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that the "schooling" here given was any thing like that which in England is conveyed by the phrase "charity-school education." It was rather such as is bestowed in our public colleges, for Franké speaks of the "poor children" as being "taught languages and sciences," and of the several classes as being each "governed by distinct masters, who are to teach them both Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, with history, geography, geometry, music, and botany." "It may be justly affirmed," says Dr. Knapp, "that Franké's schools have far exceeded the generality of those existing in Germany at the commencement of the eighteenth century, even with respect to the learned and scientific instruction of their pupils." And before erecting the orphan houses a qualified

assistant was sent to Holland to obtain the fullest information concerning the celebrated orphan schools there.

The provision made for the aged poor was further extended, as shewn by the following arrangements:—"Two hours are set apart every day, wherein all manner of poor, blind, lame, and impotent persons, both such as live amongst us, and such as come from abroad, as likewise exiles, and such as have lost their goods by fire; and in a word, all sorts of distressed people, are carefully instructed in the principles of religion, admonished, comforted, and at length supplied with some bodily relief." A small settlement was also made for the comfortable maintenance of a few poor widows.

With this brief sketch of this most admirable undertaking, I leave Mr. Franké to present, in his own language, some, (as it is entitled at the heading of the chapter,) "*Of the Visible and Wonderful Providences of God, attending these Endeavours to Establish the Hospital and Charity-Schools from their First Rise to this Present Time.*" (About the year 1701.) The interesting facts here given, and the scarcity of the book will, I hope, excuse the length of the quotation.

It being almost impossible to have full insight into the means, whereby as well the charity schools as the ensuing building were both begun and carried on, except there be given some instances of the wonderful providence of the Lord, whereby He hath remarkably signalized His care and assistance in advancing this affair. I will here set down a good number of such providential occurrences as seem the most conspicuous to me.

By the foregoing narrative any one may see that the design was not first to provide a settled fund, and then to go about the work; but on the contrary, that which the Lord bestowed on us as the means of a present support, was readily and without delay employed, though it made up but a few crowns, and our care for a future supply was faithfully committed to the Lord. Likewise, that not only the charity-schools were thus begun, but the actual entertaining and maintaining of the orphans and of the poor students, nay the building of the house itself, was in the same way begun, and carried on. From whence any understanding man may easily gather, that the management of this business must have been now and then attended with many extraordinary circumstances, it being not carried on by the usual manner of money received and laid out; which shall now be exemplified by the following instances:—

Before Easter, 1696, I found the provision for the poor very low, and so far exhausted, that I did not know where to get anything towards defraying the charges of the ensuing week (which happened before I had been used to such awakening trials); but God was pleased to relieve our want in a very seasonable hour, and by an unexpected help. He inclined the heart of a person (who it was, where residing, or of what sex, the Lord knoweth) to pay down one thousand crowns for the relief of the poor; and this sum was delivered to me in such a time, when our provision was brought even to the last crumb. The Lord, whose work this was, be praised for ever, and reward this benefactor with his blessings a thousand fold.

At another time all provision was gone, when the steward declared there was a necessity of buying some cattle to furnish the table, and of providing twenty or thirty bushels of flour to be laid up, besides other necessaries, as wood, wool, &c., if we would manage our business to the best advantage. These necessities being offered up unto God as the True Father of all fatherless ones, an opportunity was presented to discover our straits to a person who was then

with us, and who in all likelihood would readily have supplied our want to the utmost of his power. But I thought it more convenient to give God the glory, and not to stir from before His door, He Himself being able to assist us in such a way as both His providence might be thereby rendered the more conspicuous, and His name more cheerfully extolled. And another reason why I was shy of adventuring upon this person, was because the same had already shewn some tokens of his charitable inclination towards our poor. In the midst of these pressing circumstances I found one comfort, which was a presence of mind in prayer, joined with a confident dependence upon that Lord who heareth the very cry of the young ravens. When prayer was over, and I was just sitting down at the table, I heard somebody knock at the door which, when I opened, there was an acquaintance of mine holding in his hand a letter, and a parcel of money wrapped up, which he presented to me. I found therein fifty crowns, being sent a great way, and this gift was soon followed by twenty crowns more. This proved a seasonable relief and suitable supply to our then low condition, and a proof that the Lord had heard even before we cried unto Him, whereby His name was not a little magnified.

In the year 1698, in the month of October, I sent a ducat (9s. 6d.) to a very poor woman living out of this town, who through many trials and afflictions had obtained an entrance into a real sense of religion. This woman wrote me word, that the ducat I had sent her came just at the time when she extremely wanted such an help; and that she had thereupon immediately prayed God to reward our poor with a great many more ducats. Soon after this, a well-meaning person offered me one single ducat and twelve double ducats, and on the same day, a friend also out of Sweden sent two ducats; which soon were followed by five-and-twenty others sent by the post in a letter, from an unknown hand, the person sending them not thinking fit to express his [or her] name, and by twenty more which were presented to our poor by an eminent patron. About the same time, Prince Lewis of Wirtenbergh died at Eisenach, and I received an intimation that he had bequeathed a sum of money to the hospital. It happened to be five hundred ducats in gold (£268 15s.) put up in a little bag, with this direction: "For the hospital at Hallé." These five hundred ducats were afterwards delivered to me, according to the design of the testator, and truly at such a time when there was great occasion for them to carry on the building. Now when I saw this heap of ducats, I remembered the prayer of that pious woman who entreated the Lord to reward our poor again with many ducats.

In the year 1699, about February, I found myself under great straits, and indeed it was an hour of probation. All our provision being spent, and the daily necessity of the poor calling for large supplies, I closely adhered in my mind to that saying, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you," avoiding temporal cares, and turning the whole bent of my soul upon a close union with God. And when I was now laying out the last of the money, I said in my thoughts, *Domine respice ad indigentiam meam*: "Lord look upon my necessity." Then going out of my chamber in order to repair to the college where I was to attend my public lecture, I unexpectedly found a student in my house that waited for my coming out, and presented me the sum of seventy crowns that was sent by some friends, to support the necessity of the hospital, from a place above two hundred English miles distant. Now this, though it would hardly hold out half a week, by reason of the great expenses I was then obliged to defray, yet the Lord soon after sent us in a fresh supply, and within the space of a few weeks carried me so through these trials, that neither the frame of my mind was discomposed within, nor our want discovered by any token without.

Soon after this, there was want again in every corner. The steward brought his book and desired me to defray the weekly charges. My recourse was to God through faith. The expenses were necessary, and I saw not the least provision, nor any way to procure it. This made me resolve to retire into my closet, and to beg the Lord's assistance in so pressing a necessity; but I designed first to finish the task I then was about, being employed in dictating something. Having done with this, and preparing now for prayer, I received a letter from a merchant intimating that he was ordered to pay a thousand crowns to me for

the relief of the hospital. This put me in mind of that saying of the prophet Isaiah, chap. lxxv. v. 24: "It shall come to pass, that before they call I will answer, and whiles they are yet speaking I will hear." Nevertheless I entered into my closet, but instead of begging and praying as I had designed, I praised and extolled the name of the Lord, and hope that others who perhaps may come to read this will do the like with me. And thus the providence of God would actually teach me, not to put too great a confidence in a visible stock or present support of men.

In the year 1699, March the 21st, I received a letter by the post, wherein were enclosed four ducats, with this inscription:

"This to the poor is freely sent
For health, which God to me has lent."

It came to my hands in a time of trial, and when I was in great want of money.

About Michaelmas, 1699, I was in great want again. In a very fair and pleasant day I took a walk, and viewing the most glorious and magnificent fabric of the heavens, I found myself remarkably strengthened in faith, which indeed I do not ascribe to any disposition of my own, but entirely attribute it to the gracious operations of the Spirit of God in my soul. Hereupon were suggested to my mind these and the like thoughts: How excellent a thing it is for any one being deprived of all outward helps, and having nothing to depend on, but having the knowledge of the living God the creator of heaven and earth, and putting his trust in Him, to rest satisfied in the extremity of poverty. Now, though I well knew that the very same day I wanted money, yet I found myself not cast down, and just as I came home, the steward came for money to pay the workmen (it being Saturday) employed in the building of the hospital. And accordingly addressing himself to me, he said, "Is there any money brought in?" To which I answered, "No, but I believe in God." Scarce was the word out of my mouth, when I was told a student desired to speak with me, who then brought thirty crowns from a person whose name he would not discover. So I went back into the room, and asked the other how much he wanted at present. He said, "Thirty crowns." I replied, "Here they are; but do you want any more?" "No," says he. This confirmed us both in our reliance upon the Lord, because we plainly discerned the wonderful hand of God, who in that very moment that we were in necessity, did supply us, and even with the very sum we then wanted.

Not long after, we were likewise reduced to great straits, when it happened that four hundred crowns were sent me by the post, accompanied with a letter from a well-meaning student, intimating that this sum had been delivered to him to relieve our hospital. I cannot express how effectual this was to renew my dependence upon the Lord, and how visibly it convinced me that the hour of trial is only appointed by the Lord, for the strengthening of our faith. The Lord graciously remember this benefactor!

Another time all our provision was spent. Then it fell out that in addressing myself to the Lord, I found myself deeply affected with the fourth petition of the Lord's Prayer: "Give us this day our daily bread"; and my thoughts were fixed in a more especial manner upon the words *this day*, because on the very same day we had great occasion for it. While I was yet praying, a friend of mine came before my door in a coach, and brought the sum of four hundred crowns. Then I perceived the reason why I more eminently had found such a sweet savour in that expression *this day*, and praised the Lord in whose disposal are all things.

In the year 1700, I was sick about seven or eight weeks before Easter. On Easter Tuesday, which was the first time I went abroad, having besought the Lord that he would be pleased to bless my going out and coming in, it happened that as I was going out a consolatory letter was delivered to me, and when I came home, another, in which was enclosed a bill of one hundred crowns for the relief of the hospital, together with an admonition, encouraging me in a particular manner cheerfully to go on in the work so happily begun. This letter came from a Protestant merchant living in a place about five hundred miles distant from hence. The Lord remember this benefactor!

Another time a pious, well-disposed lady was present, and saw to how great want we were just then reduced. This struck the deeper into her mind, because she had been wont to assist our poor as far as she could, but was not able, neither then nor at any other time, to relieve our want with any considerable gift. On the same day this person happened to discourse with another lady who was but just come to town, and this latter mentioning that she had brought along with her a little mite for the hospital, *viz.*, fifty crowns, the first could not forbear weeping, her joy was so great, as knowing on one hand the utmost straits we were then in, and seeing on the other the present and visible supply coming to our relief on the very same day.

At another time when all was spent, and I knew not whence to fetch anything, it so fell out that a Protestant merchant almost 750 English miles off sent the sum of five-and-twenty crowns, and desired me not to take it ill if he put me to the trouble of dispersing it amongst the poor. In the same manner a certain countess hath supplied me twice with twenty-five crowns, when our provision was reduced to the lowest degree. I am sure it has often happened that we have been relieved when our provision has been just spent, *though no mortal acquainted our benefactors with the necessity under which we laboured*, nor how seasonable it was for them to relieve us at that instant.

Another time we were brought into a very low condition, when the Lord stirred up the heart of a farmer to give me as much as he could hold in his hand, being about five crowns, in small coin.

It often has happened, that when strangers have been with me, and I have given them some account of the wonderful providence of God, for the confirmation of their faith, even in their very presence something or another has been sent for the poor; an example or two whereof I shall here subjoin. Whilst a certain well-disposed person who bestowed twenty crowns upon the poor was yet talking with me, a lad came in, who brought twenty crowns in ready money, with a letter promising the yearly continuance thereof, if the Lord would be pleased to preserve life and health. The lad would not tell the name of the person that sent him, being strictly charged to the contrary, and desired only a receipt. The person whom I at first mentioned, being undoubtedly moved by so visible a proof of God's providence, sent immediately fifty crowns more. The promise given in writing by the other person hath hitherto been faithfully performed.

Another person being in my company, and to whom I was declaring some remarkable passages of God's providence; whilst we were yet talking together, there was brought in three sacks filled with linen, leather for breeches, and other stuff of that nature, to clothe the children, being sent by a gentlewoman. The said person who was then with me, was not a little strengthened in faith by so remarkable an instance.

In the same manner I spake once to another well-meaning friend, recounting to him some evident demonstrations of the admirable providence of the Lord, upon which he could not forbear weeping; and whilst we were discoursing together, I received a letter with a bill of five hundred crowns, being then just reduced to such circumstances, that humanely speaking, I saw not the least support, nor any way to obtain a supply.

Another time I fell into the deepest poverty, and (what was more) I was urged by the importunity of most that were about me, calling for a supply to their pressing necessity. But having cast my eye upon the Lord, I answered them plainly thus: "Now ye come all to seek money of me, but I know of another Benefactor to go to;" (meaning the Lord). The word was scarce out of my mouth when a friend of mine, who was then just come off a journey, stole privately fourteen ducats into my hands, which proved a fresh instance of the endearing providence of the Lord.

So it has often happened, that some persons having only heard or read some account either of the good design of the undertaking, or of the wonderful ways by which the Lord supported us, have presently found themselves inclined to cast something into our treasury to facilitate the affair. For instance, a certain nobleman hearing some passages of God's providence over this work, freely offered to pay down yearly the sum of twenty crowns, and he has been as good

as his word. A certain merchant also being once desired to exchange some ducats presented to the poor, and being acquainted withal that they did belong to the poor orphans, he not only exchanged them, but made an addition of twenty crowns more of his own.

Likewise it fell out another time that I stood in need of a great sum of money, insomuch that an hundred crowns would not have served my turn, and yet I saw not the least appearance how I might be supplied with an hundred groats. The steward came in and set forth the want we were in. I bid him to come again after dinner, and I resolved to put up my prayers to the Lord for his assistance. When he came again after dinner I was still in the same want, and so appointed him again to come in the evening. In the meantime a sincere friend of mine came to see me, and with him I joined in prayer, and found myself much moved to praise and magnify the Lord for all His admirable dealings towards mankind, even from the beginning of the world, and the most remarkable instances came readily to my remembrance whilst I was praying. I was so elevated in praising and magnifying God, that I insisted only on that exercise of my present devotion, and found no inclination to put up many anxious petitions to be delivered out of the present necessity. At length my friend taking his leave, I accompanied him to the door, where I found the steward waiting on one side for the money he wanted, and on the other side another person who brought an hundred and fifty crowns sealed up in a bag, for the support of the Hospital. What more illustrious proof could I expect of God's holy and wonderful Providence, who graciously accepteth the prayer of the poor, and comforteth those that are cast down, when they put their trust in Him, and who is still the same gracious Lord as in the times of old, when he rendered himself glorious by His dealings with the Fathers, the signal examples of whose faith are recommended to our imitation.

At another time thirty crowns were required to pay off the workmen; at which time some friends of mine were with me, one of whom had promised ten crowns, and another four, for the support of the poor, but neither of them had actually paid them in, which otherwise might have been very helpful for the defraying some charges. So I was obliged at the present to dismiss the overseer of the building, who came to fetch the money, with this comfort: "The Lord who is faithful will take care of us." Away he went, and found the workmen before the hospital waiting for their pay; but by the way he unexpectedly met with one of his acquaintance, to whom he unbosomed himself, and discovered the pressing circumstances he was in, who thereupon readily lent him fourteen crowns. And so he went to pay at least some part of the money due to the workmen; but before he had done I received above thirty crowns from another place, whereupon I immediately sent away the aforesaid thirty crowns for the workmen, and the rest was spent in providing necessities for the poor. And this proved a fresh visible instance of Divine Providence.

At the end of the following week, we were reduced to like straits, and I was called upon for money to recruit our provision according to custom on Friday, and to pay the workmen on Saturday, but there was not a farthing for either of these uses. So I said, "Twas now time again to rejoice, for the Lord would undoubtedly give us another instance of His providence." I despatched the steward with that saying of Samuel, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," 1 Sam., vii. 12. For this expression is as it were turned into a most comfortable proverb amongst us, and experience hath been the most useful comment upon it. Betimes next morning fifty crowns were sent in, by means whereof the Lord graciously carried us through the difficulties of that week.

Another time being reduced to the lowest ebb, and the burden of unavoidable expenses lying upon the steward, he found himself oppressed with care and concern, how to extricate himself. Whereupon he got together as much as he could to discharge the debts, and amongst the rest he sold a silver spoon that had been presented to the hospital. But all this would not serve the turn. In this extremity an hundred crowns were delivered to me for the poor; and being thus provided, I sent presently sixty of them to the steward, and the remainder was laid out for other purposes. A few hours after I had received the above-mentioned sum, there came a letter of advice importing that thirteen and-a-half barrels of

herrings were in the way towards us, which some charitable friends had purchased for the relief of our poor, as the year before we had three barrels bestowed on us. How effectual this was to raise the languishing faith of the steward, and to refresh his mind after so many toils and cares, may, I think, be easily conjectured. He said indeed, "Now I will rejoice even in time of want, in hopes of seeing some discovery of the admirable providence of God, which had been hitherto as he said beyond his strength." He added likewise, that no oppressing care had ever since seized upon his mind in the midst of want and distress, but he had rather rejoiced and kept up his spirit, whilst he reasoned thus with himself: "Now will I patiently wait for the wonderful help of the Lord, and see by what way or means he will be pleased to relieve our necessities."

A little while after we had another hour of probation; but the Lord was pleased to supply us then likewise with fifty crowns, which was an help not in the least foreseen; and at the same time I was acquainted that twenty-eight Cumin cheeses were forthwith to be sent from Leyden in Holland.

Now and then it hath happened, that some strangers coming in to see the hospital, have put half a crown, or one or more ducats in the box for the poor, just when we were under great difficulties, they themselves not knowing what a seasonable relief it was to us.

Another time I was called upon, early in the morning, for some money to defray the charges of that day. I had then but six crowns left, which I readily delivered. The steward taking it into his hand, told it, and said: If it was six times as much it would be but sufficient. I comforted him with our manifold experience of the divine benediction we hitherto had enjoyed, and it happened that the same God multiplied it on that very day just to the sum of thirty-six crowns which was wanting; and this proved no small encouragement to our dependance upon God. Soon after it was followed by five and twenty ducats more to bear the charges of the next day.

Upon another time when all provision was spent . . . we put up our petitions, unanimously extolling the name of the Lord for His infinite goodness and mercy, and resigned our present state to His fatherly protection. That very hour the Lord was pleased to incline the heart of a great man, who hitherto had favoured our endeavours to relieve our want the next morning, giving a particular charge to some of his attendants to remember him of it. Accordingly the next day he sent three hundred crowns. Upon which occasion I think fit to take notice, that a particular juncture of circumstances, working both from within and without, was observable in this affair, which rendered the providence of God more conspicuous at this time. . . .

I must needs here mention, that the providence of God in the whole undertaking hath been the more illustriously visible, in regard of a train of many particular circumstances, and especially his inclining all manner of people, to a hearty concurrence in supporting the work after it was once begun, nay even such, from whom being themselves under strait circumstances, no such thing was expected.

In a chapter *Of the many Hard Trials under which the Work through the Mighty Protection and Blessing of God have been carried on*, Franké remarks: "What difficulties he has to wade through that has not the least settled provision, and yet a great many people about him who expect to be fed and clothed and furnished with other necessities, nobody is able to judge but he that has made the experiment. . . . Now such hours of probation, wherein I was reduced to the utmost poverty, have not once, but very often come upon me, in which not only I had nothing, but could not so much as espy any means by which we might be supplied. And again:—"It has often happened that I had not one farthing left, though the next day the steward was to go to market to buy provisions for about three hundred persons."

The King of Prussia, indeed, was so struck with this excellent charity that he authorized a public collection to be made at the churches throughout his dominions in its behalf; but this was set on foot only in a few provinces and was soon entirely given over at the instance of Mr. Franké, "that so I might cut off," he says "all manner of slanders which some would raise against the design from the execution of this grant. But notwithstanding all this not one of the orphans, nor any such as are employed about them, have had any reason to complain of want; so that if ever they should be asked, 'Did ye lack anything?' they must needs say 'Nothing.'"

In the *Letter to a Friend*, and in *Guerike's Life of Franké*, translated by Jackson, several pages are occupied with the relation of further instances of Divine Providenc, but as they are similar to those already cited I will quote only the following passage of Franké's letter. After relating several contributions to the charity, both in money and goods, he adds:—

But all this was soon spent, in that extremity to which we were reduced. And just when the last penny of our stock was laid out, a packet came to my hands by the post, containing about sixty crowns, which was delivered in so seasonable an hour, that I sent the packet itself to the steward, as soon as it was handed to me, he being then in great want of money. But now I was again as poor as before, and so little help was brought in this week, that on Friday, when the steward according to custom came to me for money, I had but a crown to give him. The very same evening I happened to tell the overseer of the building, "You must bring me money to morrow, for my stock is quite exhausted." In the meantime the steward again importuned me for money. I told him he had received the last crown yesterday, and I had not a farthing left. He asked what he should do with the man that used to cleave the wood, and the women that cleaned the children; for being poor people, they would sadly want their money—adding, if there was but one crown to be had he would make shift. I replied, there was not so much now in store, but the Lord knew it was a hospital for the poor, and that we had nothing for its maintenance. 'Tis true, says he, and so away he goeth pretty comfortable. Coming within sight of the hospital, he seeth a waggon before it, laden with corn, which one of our benefactors had caused to be conveyed thither (knowing nothing of the want we were then reduced to), at which sight the steward was surprised with joy, exceedingly admiring the wonderful providence of God. Yet he had still the fore-mentioned concern upon him, *viz.*, how to get a little ready money, for the foresaid poor people, who had been employed in the hospital. In the meantime it fell out, that besides some remnants of cloth, and some children's stockings, five crowns were sent by a merchant, and delivered to him whom I bade the night before to bring me some money, who then readily supplied the want of the steward with as much as would suffice to pay the cleaver of the wood and the women that cleaned the children. The rest he brought unto me, rejoicing like a child that he now was able to bring me some money as I bade him the night before, which he never thought he should be able to do.

That in this undertaking Franké acted throughout from spiritual impression and guidance, or that at least he believed so, is, I think, apparent from many circumstances and from his own confession, as in the following passage:—"For my part, I readily confess that I have been engaged in this affair, and am hardly able to give any sufficient reason for it. It was, I think, a secret

guidance of the Lord, whereby I was carried to the performing of such things as tended to an end I had not yet conceived in my mind, which inclined me afterwards to frame such a design, whereof at first I had not entertained any premeditated project; which being once laid down, it became a means, under the Divine conduct, of carrying on, facilitating, and accomplishing, the whole undertaking. And indeed the experience requisite for such a work grew up along with the work itself."

The Spiritualist will readily conceive how this "seeret guidance of the Lord" was in all probability effected. Doubtless the parents of these poor orphans, though passed to the better land, still felt the same if not a more affectionate solicitude for their offspring, and in their behalf impressed the heart of the good pastor Franké as a suitable person to commence this noble work of Christian philanthropy, and sustained him in conducting it, not only by the strength they imparted to him and his coadjutors, but by disposing the hearts of all whom they could influence to aid his undertaking. And if pure and undefiled religion consists in visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keeping unspotted from the world, how could "ministering spirits" better minister to the advancement of God's kingdom on earth than by assisting his servants in the world in executing so divine a mission?

At the time of Franké's death, (June, 1727) the Orphan-House at Hallé contained one hundred and thirty-four children, who were brought up and attended to by ten male and female overseers, two thousand two hundred and seven children and youths, in the various schools, who were instructed, for the most part gratuitously, by one hundred and seventy-five teachers and inspectors, and besides the orphans, a great number of poor schools; it provided dinner for one hundred and forty-eight, and supper for two hundred and twelve, and two hundred and fifty-five poor students were fed from the funds of the Orphan-House.

We have a parting glimpse of this devout and faithful Christian in a letter he addressed to a friend, and which is under-signed "Hallé, 23rd March, 1727, on my birthday, on which occasion I joyfully sing, 'My course, thank God, is near its close.'" The letter is as follows:—

I have recently experienced this pleasing proof of answer to prayer; for during the last two years, being always unwell and unable to obtain relief either from medicine or the use of the baths, I at length adhered firmly to the words, "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be granted unto you." (John xv. 7.) On which I said in faith, "I therefore request thee, dear and heavenly Father, trusting in these words of the Lord Jesus and in his name, that thou wouldst heal me. Thou hast said, O Lord Jesus, that what we ask in thy name, thou wouldst do for us, after going to the Father. Now therefore do this, for which I have prayed in thy name to the Father, and heal me!" On which I soon recovered; and when shortly after,

the two pious physicians, Richter and Junker, came to me, they said they would pack up their medicines, because they saw that here a superior hand was at work. Afterwards the passage was presented to me from Isaiah lviii. 8, "Thy health shall spring forth speedily." "This is good," said I; "Lord, fulfil thy word in me!" And it was so. I began, though in my sixty-fourth year, to find myself better in mind and body than sometimes in the flower of my youth, and this bodily invigoration is daily continued, although I still refrain from preaching, lecturing, and other fatiguing labours because I think it would be contrary to conscience to destroy again by my thoughtlessness what God has repaired; and it is also in accordance with Christian prudence to take as much care of myself, after my restoration to health, as I am able, and not despise the means which, under the Divine blessing, may tend to preserve health as long as it pleases the Lord to leave me in this mortal tabernacle.

The Orphan Institution founded by Franké is said to be now the largest in the world; but I have no later information concerning it than is contained in the following passage from an article in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, 1838:—

Franké died in 1727, and the following establishments which now exist at Hallé, owe to him their foundation and bear his name: one, the Orphan Asylum, in which, since its establishment, 4,500 poor orphans of both sexes have been gratuitously educated; two, the Pedagogium, an institution for the education of young men of the higher and middle classes, founded in 1696; three, the Latin School, established for the education of children not belonging to wealthy families, and divided into nine classes; four, German or Burgher Schools for boys and girls; five, the East India Missionary Establishment; and six, the Cansteinian Biblical Institution. This last establishment was the forerunner of Bible Societies. It was founded by Baron Canstein, a German nobleman, who, after having spent a part of his life in courts and camps, became by his intercourse with Franké religiously disposed, and by his exertions and the aid of subscriptions established a biblical institution of Hallé, in order to promote the reading of the Scriptures among the poorer classes. This institution possesses a number of stereotype plates, from which a certain number of Bibles is continually struck off. This institution has furnished, in the above mentioned manner, from its establishment in 1712 till 1834, more than two millions of Bibles and above six millions of New Testaments. The profits derived from the sale of those Bibles go to the support of Franké's institutions, which derive a considerable income from lands and other charitable gifts bequeathed to them, chiefly by persons who have been educated there, as well as from a bookselling, printing, and publishing establishment, which is the property of the above mentioned institutions.

The college at Hallé is honourably distinguished for the devoted missionaries it has sent to India; among others, Christian Friedrich Schwartz, whose memory is regarded with a feeling of veneration both by Mahomedans and unconverted Hindus, as well as by the Christian converts, and of whom Bishop Heber says:—"He was the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful missionaries who have appeared since the apostles."

T. S.

* * In last number, p. 50, twenty lines from bottom, for "George Müller was born in Prussia, in 1705," read "George Müller was born in Prussia, in 1805."

THE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

THERE has been a considerable excitement produced on this subject, since the full details which we gave in our last number, and the actual publication and sale in this country of the copies taken from four of the original photographs. These copies have been purchased with avidity, and they have induced numerous speculations as to the possibility of their being genuine. We have laid before our readers all the evidence which has appeared on the subject, and lastly that of Dr. H. T. Child, of Philadelphia, well known to his many friends both in America and England as a man of the highest character and attainments. The copy of the photograph taken of him, under the circumstances detailed in our last number, and which appear to have precluded all the natural modes which have been suggested for the appearance of the spirit form, is now in our possession, and is not one of those which are published, but it is one which, if it be true, demonstrates the possibility of the others. We especially refer to it, and to those of Dr. Gardner, Mr. Parks and Mr. Adams, of which copies may be had in this country, because they are all gentlemen of high character and well known in this country, and it would be inconceivable that the devilish idea could have been hatched in their heads of being parties to so blasphemous a fraud, as would be their collusion to palm off an imposition.

The case, however, would not rest with them, if collusion be the explanation of it. The way in which a fraudulent imitation of the spirit photographs is thought most possible, is by the plan suggested by Sir David Brewster. The ghost in a proper costume is to take his or her place, and remain one half or one quarter of the time necessary for the other parts of the picture, and thus a shadowy form is produced. But upon these spirit pictures there is also in addition the picture of the gentleman or lady, such as Mr. Farrar, Dr. Gardner, or Mr. Robert Dale Owen, and three persons therefore must be supposed to be implicated in the conspiracy—namely, (1) the photographer, (2) the gentleman who sits and expects the spirit picture of some deceased friend, and (3) the person who is to perform the part of the ghost on the occasion. We ask our readers if this is so probable a supposition, as that the pictures are what they are represented to be. It is inconceivable to us that our friends, who are men of science and repute, should at once have become of such a devilish nature as to severally form one of such a party of three. And then, after all this moral degradation, how are they to have got the likenesses, recognized in their own families, of their deceased relatives? Our credulity is not large enough for this theory. Another theory which has suggested itself as possible has been

the crude notion that a picture of the spirit might be concealed in some part of the camera. But this we have the authority of our best photographers for saying cannot be done. The double-negative theory has been already disposed of, by the fact that only one negative is used.

An idea, too, is held by some who have seen only three of the photographs, that it is a suspicious circumstance that the spirit appears in each, on the right hand of the sitter, who sits on one side as if expecting the picture of his unearthly visitor. This, to say the least of it, is a curious objection, for on the fourth photograph the spirit is on the left side of Dr. Gardner, and of course in each of the cases, the sitter has gone for the express purpose of trying to get the spirit likeness, and as a sensible person would naturally do, he stands on one side to allow sufficient room for the spirit to appear on the card. We hear that spirit-pictures have been several times recently obtained in London by an amateur photographer, who has mediumistic power, but we are not yet in a position to give further particulars of this.

The British Journal of Photography has a lengthy report on the subject from its correspondent at Philadelphia, to whom Dr. H. T. Child is known, and from this we make some interesting extracts—

“For some months past the papers have been giving accounts of some operator in the fair city of Boston—the Athens of America—who, experimenting one Sunday, found a double image on his plate; and this second image proved to be the likeness of a deceased cousin. After this he found that all, or nearly all, pictures made by him had this spectral image on them with more or less distinctness; and as the wonder was noised abroad, his room was soon crowded with the curious, all anxious to secure portraits of their departed friends. Photographers laughed at the thing, and said the deception would soon be discovered. Many imitations, too, were made by the usual process first proposed by Sir David Brewster, and more were made by printing on the yet undeveloped plate the second image by superposition; and to some one of these plans the deception was ascribed. But in time, men of considerable scientific reputation enquired into the affair, but could not discover the trick. Mr. Hull, of New York, during a recent visit to this city, made so good a story out of this spirit-photography that I cannot refrain from giving it as I heard it, and with the attendant circumstances:—At a quiet little *réunion* last Monday night, at the residence of Mr. Corlies, the subject was introduced by Mr. Fassitt exclaiming, ‘Oh, by the bye, Hull, do tell the spirit-story!’ ‘With all my heart,’ he replied, and continued, ‘An acquaintance of mine in Boston, a very able photographer, heard so much about this new kind of picture-making that he determined at last to investigate it, and

expose the truth if possible. So he went to the spirit-gallery and made the following propositions: 'If you will let me examine all your apparatus and chemicals—let me clean and prepare a plate, place it in the camera myself and expose it, and you then produce this double image when I develope the plate myself, I will pay you a large sum of money.' He did not imagine for one moment that his offer would have been accepted, and was surprised when the medium consented at once, and named that moment as the best time to try it. So at it my friend went, took the camera to pieces, and removing the lenses of the tube, examined all parts of it, also the screens and all the surroundings in the gallery. Then he went to the dark-room, poured the bath solution into a new bath, and after examining all parts of the dark-room, took a plate and cleaned it with extra care. After coating and sensitising the plate, he carried it to the camera, and placed the shield in position. At this stage of the proceeding, the medium acted the only part which, he said, was absolutely necessary for him to perform, *viz.*, to draw the slide and return it after exposure. After placing the shield in the camera, and before the exposure was made, he did not allow the medium to approach the camera, but, seating himself in a chair in front of the camera, he kept his eyes fixed on it, and directed the medium to expose the plate. He did so and then stepped back from the camera. The gentleman then took the shield into the dark-room alone, and there developed the picture, and much to his astonishment, there was a second image near his own of the same character as are all these pictures.'

"Mr. Hull told all this without any remarks thereon, further than that he had implicit confidence in his friend in Boston, and that the trick must be well managed to be so difficult to discover. He gave me the address of his Boston friend, and I have written to him on the subject.

"This afternoon I called on Mr. Broadbent, and asked him if he had seen these pictures. He said he had, and believed them to be made by some of the usual well-known plans of producing such effects; and stated further that Dr. Child had a large number of them, and advised my calling on the Doctor. I did so, and he at once produced several card-picture albums of all kinds of people. Some I recognized as prominent men: several were of Dr. Child himself. All had this spirit-accompaniment; the spirit in each differing in every respect as far as age, form, &c. were concerned, but all alike in the principal characteristics. The Doctor's story was, if anything, ahead of the one Mr. Hull told us. Dr. Child said he had desired to investigate the matter thoroughly, and having no more knowledge of the photographic art than he could gather from the *Encyclopædia*, he applied to various practical operators here and elsewhere for information;

and he had had prepared ghost-pictures by all the well-known processes. Armed with these, and the information received with them from their makers, he wended his way to Boston. He found this medium very willing to give him every opportunity of investigating the matter, and, as he said, earnest himself in wishing to find some rational solution of the mystery. He permitted him to watch him in all his manipulations in the dark-room and out of it, and allowed him to examine all his apparatus. Dr. Child shewed me pictures of himself made at that time, and while he and several friends were watching the whole process from the plate-cleaning to the fixing; and he said, too, that he had taken the precaution to mark each plate with a diamond before it was used; and yet on each is this spirit friend, sometimes near and sometimes more remote, but in no case had he been able to recognize in the image any former friend or acquaintance. He had, however, failed *in toto* in discovering any human agency concerned in the formation of the picture.

"Now, as to the pictures themselves, *they differ very materially from anything of the kind I have ever seen, and I know of no way of imitating them.* The spirit is never a full-length portrait; always the bust or three-quarter length, and yet you cannot say positively where the figure disappears. The first impression on many is that the whole figure is very plain, and then it seems not to be so distinct when examined in detail. I have not seen the negatives, but from the appearance of the print I would say that, judging from the general whiteness of the image, the 'spirit' must have been the first object to appear in developing the plate. The features are not at all distinct. There are general features pretty well marked, but in all parts, except the very intense part of the face, the surrounding objects are distinctly seen through the image, *and yet there is none of that clearness of definition usual in the under-exposed figure in ghost-pictures.* They seem very much out of focus when they stand at the back of the sitter or in front of the sitter, more distinct when on the same plane, but in all cases very much over-exposed; and, if my memory serve me right, I saw none to the left hand of the sitter—all were on the left side of the picture, *i.e.*, to the right hand of the sitter.

"I have written to Boston to the gentleman who gave Mr. Hull the statement as related to us; and in mentioning his name to Mr. Broadbent, he said he knew him as an able photographer. Dr. Child corroborated the story as told to Mr. Hull, stating further that the medium had agreed to repeat the experiment at the gentleman's own room; but in some experiments made there he had failed to produce the effect, and he (the medium) thought that his influence had not been sufficiently long in connection with the chemicals.

"The believers in Spiritualism explain the matter thus:—Spirits themselves cannot impress their own image on a sensitive plate, but they can mould into form some of those higher principles of matter; and this matter, although invisible to our naked eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light, and thus impress the plate. In proof of this they instance a picture I have seen at Dr. Child's of a lady *who willed a figure of a guitar to be in her hand, and lo! the spirit of a guitar came at her bidding.* They say there can be no such thing as a spirit of inanimate matter, but that spirits can form or mould their images at will: hence the figures seen are, in all cases, merely models held up before the camera by the spirits, not real portraits of the spirits themselves; and likewise allege that the spirits see the likenesses in the memory of the sitters. How well Mr. Bulwer could handle a subject like this, and what a capital 'strange story' he could compose from these marvels!"

"C. SELLERS."

The packet containing three of the photographs can be purchased of Mr. Pitman, 20, Paternoster-row, price 3s. 6d., or sent by post on that amount being remitted to him.

Whilst going to press we have received a letter from America with some further photographs, and stating that no fraud or natural solution has been discovered.

THE CHILDRENS' PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

THE establishment of an institution under this title at New York was proposed in an able speech by Mr. Andrew J. Davis, on the 25th January last, and from his description of it we should be very glad to see a similar establishment in this country, where it is fully as much needed as in America. Mr. Davis describes it as "an association for the mutual improvement of children of all ages, and of both sexes, from two years up to eighty or ninety." He says "it is an attempt to realize, partially at least, an ideal assemblage of *young minds*, which is actualized in the Summerland, where such children are constantly going from earth, and where they are received into groups for improvement, growth, and graduation."

Should there be enough of *young minds* in this country for supporting such an establishment, we hear it reported that Mr. Faraday, Dr. Carpenter and Sir David Brewster, who have long ago completed their education, and have no occasion to learn anything more, will be proposed as the principal professors, at salaries to be named by themselves.

PASTOR LANDELLS AND HIS LAMBS.

THERE is a YOUNG MEN'S ASSOCIATION in connection with the Baptist Chapel in the Regent's Park, of which the Rev. William Landells is the Minister, and he is *ex-officio* President of the Association. About three months ago an unfortunate question was put forward for discussion—"Are the modern phenomena designated spiritual manifestations genuine, and have we satisfactory evidence of intercourse with the spiritual world?" The usual routine in such cases was carefully adhered to, and the discussion was opened, of course in the negative, by Mr. O. Waterman, the Secretary, who had come fresh to the subject, without previous inquiry, and without having witnessed any of the phenomena. His speech, however, was not the less eloquent or positive, but sad to say, the affirmative was gently put forward by some, and then again the negative was taken, and it was found, contrary to the custom of the Association, that the discussion could not be completed on one evening. It was, therefore, adjourned to the following week, and increasing interest was felt in it. The discussion did not flag, and it was again adjourned. It was then, after several weeks' discussion, suggested that it would be well for the Young Men's Association to do, what ought to have been done at first, namely, make acquaintance with the manifestations; and for this purpose a committee of seven was selected, and Mrs. Marshall was called in for their edification. The seven were not satisfied with what they saw, and attributed the whole to imposture. They duly reported this to the next meeting, and the discussion was renewed, but not completed. All this time the Rev. President was munn. There was no occasion for him to speak, as he found that the question was sure to be resolved in the negative. At this stage the committee were introduced to Mr. Coleman, who heard for the first time what had been going on. He desired them to see Mrs. Marshall again, which they did, and in the presence of several of them, some remarkable manifestations occurred. Mr. Beales, one of the committee, whilst sitting at the table, was suddenly turned round on his chair with his back to it, and then as suddenly brought round again. At the next meeting Mr. Coleman was invited to be present, and Mr. Landells having heard of the turn the question had taken, in consequence of the turn given to Mr. Beales, was very anxious to have it disposed of that evening, and of course still in the negative. He tried by all means to stifle further discussion. He made a long speech in which he spoke much and often of the spirit-rappers, and threw ridicule on the whole subject. He was admirably answered by Mr. Coleman, who gave an exposition of the breadth of the spiritual

inquiry, and shewed that it was not less fair or true to call enquirers spirit-rappers, than it would be to call him a water-dipper, or the Church of England water-sprinklers. Mr. Coleman shewed the nature of Christian Spiritualism, and quoted as his creed the following eloquent passage:—

“The ministry of angels is not a matter of inference chiefly, but of direct and unmistakeable testimony. The Scriptures distinctly and positively affirm, that holy angels are our attendants, and perform for us various services. The testimony of the Bible is not to be set aside by the fancy, to which some so tenaciously cling, that these passages relate exclusively to the past; for they make no mention of one time more than another. They describe the privileges of the righteous, without reference to time, and throughout every age of the Church’s history. Moreover it should be remembered by those who are so ready to refer them to the past, that the present dispensation is not distinguished from those which preceded it, by less, but by greater privileges.

“It cannot be denied that we need the aid of unseen beings as much now as ever; that their protection, their succour, their gentle influences, the consolation which they minister, are as much required as at any former age. And if equally needed, surely in an age of greater privilege we are not to suppose that their services have been withdrawn. *To me the doctrine of ministering spirits, next to the revelation of God’s fatherly character, is one of the most comforting which the Bible contains; and to restore and confirm the Church’s belief in it, and teach her what it implies is to render her most valuable service.*”

Turning round to the Rev. President, Mr. Coleman said, “That, sir, is my Spiritualism,” and then addressing the meeting, he asked them if they could imagine that this beautiful passage could have proceeded from the same person who had been making the violent and prejudiced display they had just witnessed. *It was a piece selected by Mr. Coleman out of one of Mr. Landell’s sermons!* He asked him what he meant by it, and whether it was only poetry and fancy? Things were now become serious, and the pastor was looking foolish in the eyes of his lambs. It did not improve his temper, and he became more violent than before. The doctrine of ministering spirits which he had told in his sermon *to be one of the most comforting to him which the Bible contains*, was found to have no meaning in it whatever, and to be what our American friends call *bunkum*. If any of the ministering spirits appeared, or in other ways manifested their presence, all those who happened to be present at their manifestation were spirit-rappers, and the ministering spirits became suddenly transformed into devils. That was the practical conclusion to which he came as to all known manifestations, and such the way in

which, when he was brought to the point, he proposed to restore and confirm the belief of the church in angel ministry.

But then came out a piece of information which during the five previous nights' discussion he had concealed from his lambs. He had sat night after night, hearing them floundering about the question of whether or not the manifestations were genuine. He had heard the report in the negative read by the committee without a word, and had repeatedly urged that the subject should be closed, of course by a negative vote, which would have settled for these poor young men that the manifestations do not occur. Finding that Mr. Coleman's facts, and the deliberate statement by Mr. Beales, of his having been turned round in his chair, had operated upon the audience, Mr. Landells was obliged to change his tactics, and he now told them how he himself had some time ago witnessed the manifestations, and that though he believed them to be genuine, they were puerile, ridiculous, and wicked. In fact that they were forbidden by the Bible, and were nothing but the work of that dust-hole of the Calvinists, the devil. He then became so abusive, that several of his young men had to express their surprise at his language and conduct, and to apologise to Mr. Coleman. Mr. O. Waterman, the secretary, threatened to resign his situation, and another influential member of the committee has actually resigned. It was obviously impossible now to vote that the manifestations were not genuine, and he wished the discussion to be dropped. However this was not allowed by the meeting, and it was adjourned till the end of January last. At that last meeting Mr. Landells having been working hard in the interval to keep down the subject, had arranged that it would be best to let it drop without coming to any decision on the original question, and so this episode was ended. But in order to keep him safe for the future, he afterwards procured an alteration in the rules, which will have the effect of preventing such unpleasant subjects from being brought up again. It had been a severe discipline for him, and he has promised to put things right in a sermon in which he is to explain his views from the pulpit, where he will have it all his own way. As we conceive his character to be somewhat involved, we would earnestly press upon him that in what he may say, he will deal honestly and candidly with the whole subject, say nothing about spirit-rappers, but treat of both the higher and lower phases of it, and of its elucidation of spiritual laws. Let him remember those honest and philosophical words of Mr. J. S. Mill, that no subject or system can be fairly considered, without taking its strongest points instead of its weakest. His own religious views embrace fortunately something more important than water-dipping, and something better than the Scotch edition of Calvinism.

Mr. Landells has a great deal to learn and a great deal to get rid of before he knows everything. He is evidently one of the class so well described by Emerson, who says—"They are past the help of surgeon or clergy. But even these can understand pitchforks and the cry of fire! and I have noticed in some of the class a marked dislike of earthquakes."

To shew the lamentable state of incongruity of this class of shepherds, we will adduce an example from the last number of the *Baptist Magazine*, to which the Rev. Wm. Landells is a frequent contributor. This number contains an article from him on "THE WEAKNESS OF THE CHURCH," which he fully acknowledges, and justly attributes "to the absence of the spirit from its members and ministers." "Not that it is arbitrarily withdrawn, but because there is something in the Church which interferes with its exercise." A memoir of the late Rev. James Smith, a Baptist Minister of Cheltenham, succeeds. He appears to have been a good man, and even to have been happily subject to spiritual influences of a high order. His biographer says of him, that shortly before his departure, "His peace generally flowed like a river, but *occasionally* he had ecstasies. His countenance was lighted up with heavenly joy, so much so that we said to him, 'Are you going to heaven, father?' 'No,' he said earnestly, 'but heaven is come to me,' and then he told us with beaming eye how the love of God had been shed abroad in his heart, and how it had expanded under its influence until he felt as in the days of his youth, when he first loved Christ." The good old man was realizing, let us hope, the fruits of spiritual communion, and had a true and abiding sense of it, and described it as heaven come to him. "For a time," we are told that, "hopes were entertained that he might be partially restored, but it was not to be so. *His Master had need of him elsewhere, and said to him, 'Come up higher.'*" This is all very fine and very beautiful, if it have any meaning at all, but suddenly we see that like Mr. Landells' notion of the ministering angels, there is not a glimmer of an idea in it, for immediately after being sent for to "come up higher," we are told that "on the 18th of December, *Mr. Smith was laid in his last resting-place.* The funeral services were conducted in Cheltenham Chapel, *near to where his body rests awaiting the resurrection.*" And so poor Mr. Smith, who was wanted for higher usefulness, and to be still a ministering spirit to his family and flock, and who, before his departure, felt heaven within him, finds himself laid in his last resting-place awaiting the resurrection of his body. What does Mr. Landells suppose him to be doing in the meantime. If he be now a ministering spirit without his fleshy body, what occasion for his body afterwards? What an incongruous and inexplicable belief to hold, as here

described. Mr. Landells had better believe with us, the spirit-rappers, in the evidences of their immediate anastasis and active usefulness, and that men rise at once men with the spiritual body, which is far more substantial, and lasting, and identical, than this poor material tabernacle composed of oxygen and hydrogen. "There *is* a spiritual body," St. Paul says, "and there is a natural body, not There *will be* a spiritual body. It is now within us, and it is the real man himself, and *he* is never in the grave, nor in any last resting-place."

Notices of Books.

INCIDENTS OF MY LIFE.

By D. D. HOME.*

AT last, we are able to congratulate our readers on the publication of Mr. Home's book, which will be found to contain matter of the deepest interest.

"Some men achieve greatness, whilst some have greatness thrust upon them;" but it has been the lot of others to find themselves in a position of obloquy and ridicule which they have done nothing to deserve, and which is solely the result of the misconception, and of the ignorance of those who assume the office of judging them. In some such position as this last, it has been the misfortune of Mr. Home frequently to find himself, with that large class of the public who are content to take their impressions from the surface of their prejudices, and from the falsehoods of the press, rather than from a careful consideration of facts, which however widely spread, are still strange and confounding to much of the present thought of the world. The injustice which may be done to an individual by such unthinking condemnation, is not of such grave consequence, as the perpetuation of erroneous opinions on a subject, which if the facts Mr. Home states of himself, be true, is of vast importance to philosophical thought and to religious convictions. Were it only that Mr. Home had wished to set himself right with his fellow men, he might have remained content under the opprobrium which has been heaped upon him by so many good persons, in what they thought were the interests of science and of Christianity. His object, however, throughout his book, appears rather to be, to do good to those who honestly though blindly have placed themselves in antagonism to a series of

broad facts, by giving in the shape of a narrative, a simple statement of the curious phenomena, which for a series of years have occurred in his presence, and which have made him the most remarkable medium of modern times. All he asks, is, that in the progress of what he has to say the reader will place himself in the attitude of a calm inquirer. Mr. Home has confined himself strictly within the compass of facts which have already been subjected to the most rigid examination. Indeed, it is a curious and instructive fact that the disbelief and the denial of them do not proceed from those who have with care and years of watching made themselves acquainted with them; but only from those, who from scientific or religious pre-judgment, have, without taking any trouble to investigate, simply declared them to be impossible.

Mr. Home has no personal object to serve, for he is known already to thousands of all ranks and classes of men, whose testimony and whose sympathy are enough to satisfy all the needs of friendship and social intercourse. He has hitherto been satisfied to leave it to them to judge of him, and of what they have seen in his presence, without resorting, as he tells us, in any one instance to public refutation of the continual calumnies and absurdities which have teemed from the press of Europe, and of which many amusing specimens are given in a chapter devoted especially to the subject. It is a lesson not without its use, to observe how easily the public is led by misrepresentation when often enough repeated, to treat with ridicule even the most important subjects; and from his position, it has happened to Mr. Home, perhaps more frequently than to any other, to hear from thousands of these misled individuals, after their conviction of the facts, their bitter regrets that they should have been so easily imposed upon by the ignorant denial of their leaders. Objectors generally labour under the idea that they are unprejudiced, whereas there are but few minds that can readily soar above the effects of education and old habits of thought. Each one, too, thinks of what vast importance it will be, if he can only be convinced, forgetting that the whole ranks of the believers were once outside of the army of martyrs, and that when once enrolled in its ranks, he only adds one more to the proscribed and ridiculed battalions, who are content to be the pioneers of this great truth.

Mr. Home proceeds calmly with his narration of the many wonderful occurrences, which have happened to him, without any attempts at self-justification, and without any bitterness of feeling towards those who have misrepresented him, as indeed he must have felt that he had no need of being justified for being the subject of phenomena over which he has no control, and which the public must judge of, in the best way it

may. Masses of men do not under ordinary circumstances of psychological relations, become suddenly converts to new facts, nor to any class of opinions necessitating new thoughts, or new combinations of ideas. The receiving of new lights on old subjects has not usually been the affair of the masses, but it rather seems the law of Providence that all that is new should begin in some individual, who according to his strength, and his surroundings, impresses firstly one and then another, and these again have their little circles, till by degrees the circles overlap one another, and a larger surface is reached and thrown together. Thus little by little truth enlarges and progresses, and what was at first seen as a new thing, standing bare and stark by itself, is soon found to be only one of a new series of thought, which makes in its turn a new starting point for some other mind, again to enlarge into new and never-ending series. We know so little of the inner workings of our nature, we know so little of ourselves, and of our springs of action; it has been found so difficult to see nature in her workshop, and to watch her in her processes, that a darkness as of midnight still envelopes the world of mind. Many there are who even think that it is not intended man should dive into these hitherto well-kept secrets, but we need not fear that we shall ever know too much. God is able to preserve his own mysteries, and the very fact that earnest and truthful minds are seeking for light and investigating with all the powers which God has given them, facts which He has permitted in all ages to be spread over the world, and through the sacred books more than in any other records, is of itself a proof that a time has come, when it will be wiser to wait for the result of such investigations, rather than to ignore them or treat them with ridicule. Such no doubt will be the course with those who read Mr. Home's narrative. From its artless and truthful style some few will believe and wait for more light, whilst with the masses, a storm of incredulity will be raised, and fanned by the foolish criticisms of the press.

The incidents of Mr. Home's narrative are preceded by an introductory chapter, written by a literary friend, which for its admirable tone and quiet appeal to the intelligence of the reader, is well adapted to moderate the rancour of the most virulent unbeliever. The last chapter in the Appendix is also by the same experienced hand, and contains abundant reasons for listening to his introductory appeal, drawn from former times, in the shape of numerous instances occurring to other individuals, of similar phenomena to those described by Mr. Home.

We do not remember another instance of the published biography of any one so young as Mr. Home. He commences by stating his birth near Edinburgh in March, 1833, and he

tells how these phenomena first shewed themselves in his cradle being rocked by invisible hands, and by having a vision of the death of a little cousin when he was four years old, so that his "imposture" or "unconscious cerebration" must have commenced at a very early age.

At the age of nine years he went with his aunt to America whither he was soon afterwards followed by other members of his family. He describes a remarkable vision he had at the age of thirteen, of a young companion at the moment of his departure from earth. Shortly after his mother's death in 1850 his first experiences of the more remarkable external forms of mediumship commenced. His simple description of these will be amusing to the reader, though their consequences to him were of the most painful description, and shew how little inducement he had from his Presbyterian aunt, to continue his experiments in that direction, if their continuance had been a matter over which he had any control.

A few months after my mother had passed from earth, one night on going to bed, I heard three loud blows on the head of my bed, as if struck by a hammer. My first impression was that some one must be concealed in my room to frighten me. They were again repeated, and as they were sounding in my ears, the impression first came on me that they were something not of earth. After a few moment's silence they were again heard, and although I spent a sleepless night, I no longer felt or heard any repetition of them. My aunt was a member of the Kirk of Scotland, and I had some two years previously, to her great disapprobation, become a member of the Wesleyan body, but her opposition was so violent that I left them to join the Congregationalists. On going down to breakfast in the morning, she noticed my wan appearance, and taunted me with having been agitated with some of my prayer meetings. I was about to seat myself at the breakfast-table, when our ears were assailed by a perfect shower of raps all over the table. I stopped almost terror-stricken to hear again such sounds coming with no visible cause; but I was soon brought back to the realities of life by my aunt's exclamation of horror, "So you've brought the devil to my house, have you." I ought here to state that there had then been some talk of the so-called Rochester knockings through the Fox family, but apart from casually hearing of them, I had paid no attention to them; I did not know even what they meant. My aunt, on the contrary, had heard of them from some of the neighbours, and considered them as some of the works of the Evil One. In her uncontrollable anger, she seized a chair and threw it at me. Knowing how entirely innocent I was of the cause of her unfortunate anger, my feelings were deeply injured by her violence, and at the same time I was strengthened in a determination to find out what might be the cause of these disturbances of our morning meal. There were in the village three ministers, one a Congregationalist, one a Baptist, and the other a Wesleyan. In the afternoon, my aunt, her anger at me having for the moment caused her to lose sight of her prejudices against these rival persuasions, sent for them to consult with her, and to pray for me, that I might be freed from such visitations. The Baptist minister, Mr. Mussey, came first, and after having questioned me as to how I had brought these things about me, and finding that I could give him no explanation, he desired that we might pray together for a cessation of them. Whilst we were thus engaged in prayer, at every mention of the holy names of God and Jesus, there came gentle taps on his chair, and in different parts of the room; whilst at every expression of a wish for God's loving mercy to be shewn to us and our fellow-creatures, there were loud rappings, as if joining in our heartfelt prayers. I was so struck, and so impressed by this, that there and then, upon my knees, I resolved to place myself entirely at God's disposal, and to follow the leadings of that which I then felt must be only good and true, else why should it have signified its joy at those

special portions of the prayer? This was, in fact, the turning point of my life, and I have never had cause to regret for one instant my determination, though I have been called on for many years to suffer deeply in carrying it out. My honor has been called in question, my pride wounded, my worldly prospects blighted, and I was turned out of house and home at the age of eighteen, though still a child in body from the delicacy of my health, without a friend, and with three younger children dependent on me for support.

Notwithstanding the visits of these ministers, and the continued horror of my aunt, which only increased as each manifestation was developed, the rappings continued, and the furniture now began to be moved about without any visible agency. The first time this occurred I was in my room, and was brushing my hair before the looking-glass. In the glass I saw a chair that stood between me and the door moving slowly towards me. My first feeling was one of intense fear and I looked round to see if there were no escape; but there was the chair between me and the door, and still it moved towards me as I continued looking at it. When within about a foot of me it stopped, whereupon I jumped past it, rushed down stairs, seized my hat in the hall, and went out to ponder on this wonderful phenomenon.

After this, when sitting quietly in the room with my aunt and uncle, the table, and sometimes the chairs, and other furniture, were moved about by themselves in a singular way, to the great disgust and surprise of my relations. Upon one occasion, as the table was being thus moved about of itself, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, "There, that will soon drive the devils away;" but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden. Seeing this, she was greatly incensed, and determining to stop it, *she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor.* This was the last week I passed in the house of the aunt who had adopted me, for she was unable to bear the continuance of the phenomena, which so distressed her religious convictions, that she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, and which I did.

His mediumship after this became at once so remarkable that within a few weeks it was known over a great part of the United States. He describes his feelings when he saw the first public announcement in the newspapers:—

I was then eighteen years old, and on seeing this article which made me so public, I shrank from so prominent a position with all the earnestness of a sensitive mind; but I now found myself finally embarked without any volition of my own, and indeed, greatly against my will, upon the tempestuous sea of a public life. From this time I never had a moment to call my own. In sickness or in health, by day or night, my privacy was intruded on by all comers, some from curiosity, and some from higher motives. Men and women of all classes, and all countries; physicians and men of science, ministers of all persuasions, and men of literature and of art, all have eagerly sought for the proofs of this great and absorbing question of the possibility of spiritual causes acting on this world of nature. For myself, I have no apology to offer for the occurrence of these unwonted manifestations in my own case. As will have been seen, they came to me quite unsought, and with all the unpleasant and painful accompaniments which I have described. I have not, and never had the slightest power over them, either to bring them on, or to send them away, or to increase, or to lessen them. What may be the peculiar laws under which they have become developed in my person, I know no more than others. Whilst they occur I am not conscious of the mode by which they are produced, nor of the sort of manifestation that is about to occur. Any peculiar sensations that I may experience during certain of the manifestations, I will describe as far as I can, while mentioning the visions or external phenomena. Beyond being of a highly nervous organization, there is nothing peculiar about me that I am aware of; but I continue to have delicate health, and I firmly believe that had it not been for these phenomena, I could not have lived till now. In this belief many

physicians of high standing have given their testimony to bear me out. Frequently during the most severe visitations of illness, my pains have been suddenly soothed in a mysterious way, and many times when it would have been impossible to have moved me in bed, for fear of increased hæmorrhage from the lungs, my head has been slowly lifted, and my pillow has been turned by unseen hands. This has been repeatedly witnessed by many persons.

These extraordinary occurrences have, with some exceptions, continued with me ever since the time I have stated as their commencement, and they have extended their range, to my astonishment not less than to that of others, in the most striking manner. The exceptions to which I refer have been of periods during which the power has left me entirely; for instance, from the 10th of February, 1856, to the 10th of February, 1857, during which time I had no external token of spirit power. On several other occasions, the power has ceased for shorter periods, and generally I have been told beforehand, both of the times of its cessation and return. I could never detect any physical cause for such cessation, nor any difference in my general feelings or health, although the reason given for the withdrawal has commonly been on the ground of health. Upon several occasions, however, the reason given was that it was withdrawn from me as a reproof for having done that which I knew to be wrong.

From the delicacy of his health his education had been much neglected, and after going through one or two years of mediumship, during which his peculiar powers attracted, as it seems ever to have done, the deep sympathies of some of the best and most learned men with whom he has been brought in contact, he attempted to make up for lost time at the Theological College of Newburgh on the Hudson. The solitude and study here coming so suddenly after his previous mode of living, seem to have been too severe a change for his sympathetic organization, and his health began to fail. He was obliged to leave, and to go once more amongst the many friends who were anxious to witness the phenomena.

The description of his mediumship is continued from their narrations, and it is a chief point of interest throughout his book, that there is hardly a fact stated in it only on his own authority. The testimonies given are in many instances those of sceptics, and in most others they are those of persons of high characters and attainments, whose word is entitled to absolute belief as to the physical facts which happened before their eyes. At this period of his life he adduces the testimony of Judge Edmunds, Dr. Gray, the late eminent Professors Bush and Hare, Dr. Hallock, Mr. S. B. Brittan, Mr. Elmer, and Professor Mapes.

The first occasion of his levitation or being lifted in the air was on the 8th of August, 1852, at the house of Mr. Cheney. After a variety of manifestations of the strongest kind—

Suddenly, and without any expectation on the part of the company, Mr. Home was taken up in the air! I had hold of his hand at the time, and I and others felt his feet—they were lifted a foot from the floor! He palpitated from head to foot apparently with the contending emotions of joy and fear which choked his utterance. Again and again he was taken from the floor, and the third time he was carried to the lofty ceiling of the apartment, with which his hand and head came in gentle contact.

Mr. Home tells us—

During these elevations, or levitations, I usually experience in my body no particular sensations than what I can only describe as an electrical fulness about the feet. I feel no hands supporting me, and since the first time, above described, I have never felt fear, though should I have fallen from the ceiling of some rooms in which I have been raised, I could not have escaped serious injury. I am generally lifted up perpendicularly; my arms frequently become rigid and drawn above my head, as if I were grasping the unseen power which slowly raises me from the floor. At times when I reach the ceiling, my feet are brought on a level with my face, and I am as it were in a reclining position. I have frequently been kept so suspended four or five minutes, an instance of which will be seen in an account which is given of occurrences in the year 1857, at a château near Bordeaux. I have been lifted in the light of day upon only one occasion, and that was in America. I have been lifted in a room in Sloane-street, London, with four gas-lights brightly burning, with five gentlemen present, who are willing to testify to what they saw, if need be, beyond the many testimonies which I shall hereafter adduce. On some occasions the rigidity of my arms relaxes, and I have with a pencil made letters and signs on the ceiling, some of which now exist in London.

After several attempts to study medicine had all failed on account of his delicate health, it was found in January, 1855, that they must be entirely abandoned. His cough had so increased, and other symptoms of a more alarming nature, that it was pronounced that his only hope of prolonging his life was to visit Europe. He arrived in London in April, and was most kindly received by Mr. Cox, of Jermyn-street, at that time his first and only friend. His wonderful gifts, however, and his own sympathetic power have always brought friends about him, and it seems that in less than a month he was sought after by more persons than he could find time to visit. Curiously enough, amongst his earliest visitors were Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster, and to the two *séances* attended by Sir David, and to the correspondence which ensued, ample justice is done in a separate chapter as an Appendix. The whole story as now brought together for the first time is both amusing and instructive, and is a crushing exposure of the falsehoods which were resorted to by Sir David Brewster. It is a lesson to be remembered by Sir David, and we hope that others may be deterred by his example from following him in his disloyalty to truth. Mr. Home might have given a further instance of Sir David's dishonesty had he known what we can vouch for the truth of, from the lips of Sir David Brewster himself, that he himself in his own house has been the repeated subject of spirit visitations; and it is certain that notwithstanding his denial, he has a real belief in what are erroneously called modern manifestations. He himself has told, that constantly when he has been sitting up late at night, making his inventions, or claiming those of other persons, he was regularly preceded up the stairs by footsteps, and by the audible rustling of a female's dress, going up step by step before him, till he reached his bed-room door; and that though,

as he stated, he never saw anything, he could not be deceived in the sounds which he heard, and which he said that he accurately described !

After a stay of several months with Mr. Rymer, at Ealing, where he was visited or rather besieged by the curious of all conditions of men and women, and where his mediumship continued to exhibit nearly all of its most remarkable phases, the descriptions of which he gives in the words of the narrators, his still delicate health drove him, in the autumn of the same year, to Florence, Naples, and Rome, and later to Paris. His friends now were princes, kings, and emperors, and so common do they become as investigators and believers, that one is almost constrained to believe that if Mr. Home shall be thought to have become at this time very wicked, it must have been brought about by keeping bad company with these magnates of the world. His manifestations at this time were of the most marvellous kind.

We now find the following unpleasant incident of mediumship in a Roman Catholic country :—

On the 5th of December, 1855, whilst I was returning to my rooms late at night at Florence, the streets being deserted, I observed a man stepping from the doorway of the adjoining house. I was on the step leading to my own door, and was looking up at the window to see if the servant was still up, when I received a violent blow on my left side, the force of which and the emotion caused by it, threw me forward breathless in the corner of the doorway. The blow was again repeated on my stomach, and then another blow on the same place, and the attempted assassin cried out, "Dio mio, Dio mio," and turning with his arm outstretched, he ran. I distinctly saw the gleam of his poignard, and as he turned, the light of the lamp also fell full on his face, but I did not recognize his features. I was perfectly powerless, and could not cry out or make any alarm, and I stood thus for at least two minutes, after which I groped my way along the wall to the door of a neighbour, where I was admitted. I thought I must have received some serious injury, but on examining myself I found that the first blow had struck the door key, which I happened to have in my breast pocket, immediately over the region of my heart. I wore a fur coat, and this had chanced to be twice doubled in front. The second blow had gone through the four folds of it, through a corner of my dress coat, my waistcoat, and the band of my trousers, without inflicting any wound. The third blow had penetrated the four folds of my coat, and also my trousers and linen, and made a slight incision, which bled, but not freely. I had that morning received from a dear friend, who had in his house a clairvoyant of remarkable powers, a letter begging me not to go out that evening, as she had received a warning of impending danger, but to this I paid no attention. I never discovered the perpetrator, nor the cause of my life being attacked. Many reasons were assigned, amongst them robbery, mistaken identity, and religious intolerance.

In the midst of the manifestations Mr. Home was suddenly told by the spirits, on the 16th February, 1856, that his power would leave him for a year. Whilst he was at Rome he tells us that in the absence of the power, he read with eagerness all the books he could find relating to the doctrines of the Romish Church, and that soon after he sought to be received as a member of that body, and that he determined to enter a monastery. He was kindly received by the Pope, and not finding a monastic life

to his mind, he very sensibly went to Paris instead of staying with the monks. Here he sought the counsel of the celebrated Père de Ravignan, to whose care the Pope had commended him, and by whom he was assured *that as he was now a member of the Catholic Church the power would not return to him*. For himself he quietly says that he had no opinion on the subject, as he was without data on the point, beyond the assurance of the Père de Ravignan.

On the night of the 10th of February, 1857, as the clock struck twelve, I was in bed, to which I had been confined, when there came loud rappings in my room; a hand was placed gently upon my brow, and a voice said, "Be of good cheer, Daniel, you will soon be well." But a few minutes had elapsed before I sank into a quiet sleep, and I awakened in the morning feeling more refreshed than I had done for a long time. I wrote to the Père de Ravignan, telling him what had occurred, and the same afternoon he came to see me. During the conversation loud rappings were heard on the ceiling and on the floor, and as he was about to give me his benediction before leaving, loud raps came on the bedstead. He left me without expressing any opinion whatever on the subject of the phenomena. The following day I had sufficiently recovered to take a drive, and on Friday the 13th, I was presented to their Majesties at the Tuileries, where manifestations of an extraordinary nature occurred.

The manifestations continued, to the great disgust and scandal of the Père de Ravignan, whose recent biographer, a Jesuit, receives some well-merited castigation for his fraudulent attempt to back up Ravignan's foolish prophecy. Here it was that Mr. Home was the constant guest of the Emperor and Empress, and we cannot help adducing the fact of such an one as the present Emperor of the French being so completely satisfied of their truth, as one which should silence the ignorant scribblers who pretend, without ever having witnessed the manifestations, to deny their occurrence and their possibility. Perhaps of all living men it would be impossible to select one of the human race who is more an incarnation of all that is acute, and common sense, and less likely to be duped. We say this because so few have been able hitherto to dupe him, though the attempt has been made frequently enough no doubt by the first men of the day. What an inconsistency to suppose that a young man of Mr. Home's position and surroundings should have the astounding impudence to make the attempt, and the still more astounding ability to carry it out in the presence of the Emperor and the most able men of the court, and this too during daily visits extending over many months!

After a short visit to America, just previous to which there is a case of healing performed through Mr. Home, of so remarkable a nature that one fears to draw comparisons respecting it, he returned to Paris in May, 1857, and remained there till July, when he went to visit a friend near Bordeaux where the following occurred:—

The lady of the house turned to me and said abruptly, "Why are you sitting

in the air?" and on looking we found that the chair remained in its place, but that I was elevated two or three inches above it, and my feet not touching the floor. This may show how utterly unconscious I am at times to the sensation of levitation. As is usual when I have not got above the level of the heads of those about me, and when they change their position much, as they frequently do in looking wistfully at such a phenomenon, I came down again, but not till I had remained so raised about half a minute from the time of its being first seen. I was now impressed to leave the table and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said, "Now, young Home, come and let me touch your feet." I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down to him, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, *and pulling at my feet till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands.* Since I wrote the narrative of this *séance*, I have applied to the Count for his verification of it, and I have his letter stating its correctness.

He then visited Holland where he had frequent sittings with the queen, and from thence he went to Italy where he met the lady who afterwards became his wife. His narrative of this is replete with feeling and interest, but we forbear to quote. The marriage took place in August, 1858, at St. Petersburg, where he was the frequent guest of the Emperor of Russia and of the Imperial Princes, in whose presence wonderful manifestations occurred.

In August, 1859, he was again in Paris, and shortly after in England, and full descriptions are given of the manifestations from which we select the following:—

One evening, at the chateau, as we were seated at the table, the spirits having requested that the candles should be extinguished, the table drawn to the window, and the curtains opened to admit the moonlight, there had been some striking manifestations, and the time had been passing almost imperceptibly to us all, when a gentleman who was present, said that he felt very much exhausted, and he asked for a glass of brandy and water. It was brought, and he took it in his hand, and was about raising it to his mouth, when a spirit-hand suddenly appeared, took hold of the lower part of the glass, and disappeared with it under the table. We laughingly said that our unseen friends surely did not believe in the use of stimulants. To this they assented by emphatic raps, and at the same moment the glass slowly rose again before him empty. The windows being closed, we supposed the water had been thrown upon the floor, and we arose to see where it was. We could discover no trace of it. About two minutes had elapsed, when the same glass which was standing empty before him, was seen without any visible cause, gradually to approach the edge of the table, and to disappear beneath it. I do not believe that above two seconds could have elapsed, before it again appeared with the brandy and water in it, apparently not less in quantity than when first brought in, though the quality had certainly undergone some chemical change, as it had now lost much of its brown colour. By the raps, a warning was given to all of us against such indulgence.

Of this period of Mr. Home's life our readers are partly aware from what has appeared from time to time in our pages, and we need only refer to his book for the very interesting particulars which are given, and which have the effect, from first to last, of giving something in the nature of a photograph of a medium's life, from which it may be analyzed and dissected by

the man of science when he has brought himself down to the temper for inquiry instead of denial. In this light it is a contribution of the utmost value, not only for the present advancement of Spiritualism, but for future reference as a record of the most remarkable experiences which have ever passed through the printing press.

Mr. Home has only just returned to London after a month's visit to Paris, where he has been repeatedly a guest at the Tuileries, and present at the court balls during that period.

THE HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.*

A NEW era for spiritual inquiry is opened out by the publication of such a work as this, which we have received too late to review at length this month. We can only give this short notice of it, and entreat our readers to possess themselves of it, as by far the most valuable and comprehensive work which has yet appeared on this subject. It is not a book to lend or to borrow, but to be kept for reference as a text-book. Through it, is opened out to the reader a mine of wealth from the rich stores of the modern and dead languages, which there are few authors who could have given to us, and the whole is presented in the always rich and glowing words of Mr. Howitt. He reminds us, for his vigour and strength, of some brawny, poetical blacksmith, with bare arms, striking away at the iron which he has got to a white heat, and moulding it as he likes, amidst a coruscation of sparks like fireworks, and singing sweet songs the while. He has such life and vigour, and there are such gleams of bright forest glades and rich anecdotes interspersing the depth of earnest wisdom to be found in his writings, that we shall wonder if these volumes be not taken up generally by the reading public in place of the fashionable novels, which have not half the adventure, and none of the peculiar interest, attaching to this great subject of the spiritual.

We shall reserve what we have to say for a full review of the work to appear in our next number.

* *The History of the Supernatural, in all Ages and Nations, in all Churches. Christian and Pagan, demonstrating an Universal Faith.* By WILLIAM HOWITT, LONGMAN & Co. 2 vols., crown 8vo.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Sir,—The account given in the last number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, by Dr. A. B. Child, as from the spirits, of the mode of obtaining spirit-photographs must have been opportune, when the scientific of society seem ready in every ingenious way to account for the phenomena, rather than according to the most natural and true. Surely, in all cases there can be no better way of obtaining knowledge of the operation of spirit, than by applying to the spirits who only are in a true position to give it. Their powers are generally termed supernatural; but can this be strictly correct, while evidently they are within the domain of universal nature, and with all their living powers are, like ourselves, also within the province of its laws, such as are appointed of God for the regulation and development of his intelligences?

The following are useful statements said to have been made by spirits:—They can both cover the sight and suspend the hearing of persons whenever they have an object in doing so. To write through a medium, they stand near the elbow and play the appropriate muscles of the arm as by a jet of electro-magnetism from the ends of their fingers, as a man would thrum the strings of a violin. Sometimes when they find a brain easily impressed, and the thoughts readily controlled, they impress the mind with what they wish to have written. Thoughts are peculiar motions of the mind, and they can discharge their thoughts upon our brain, when they beget in our minds the identical thoughts that exist in their own.

To read our thoughts spirits watch the peculiar magnetic current, as it flows from the brain, for each thought produces its peculiar vibration, as much as each word produces its peculiar motion in the organs of speech. The sounds made are magnetic rather than electric, as they are obliged to use the materials which they chiefly possess, four-fifths of their composition being magnetism, the remaining fifth is electricity. Electricity forms the solids of their bodies answering to the muscle and bone of ours, while magnetism, which is more refined, constitutes the fluids with which the solids are permeated and supplied with nutrition. They cannot pass through fluids, nor see through them, if agitated, much better than we can, because they see upon the same principles that we do. When, therefore, the lines of radiation are disturbed and thrown into innumerable angles, they bring to them no clear image of the objects to be seen. There is nearly as much difference between the subtle, penetrating power of a pure current of magnetism, and a pure current of electricity, as there is between electricity and light.

Their velocity in travelling depends upon their state or elevation. Mediums who are in the love of goodness, and the desire of expanded knowledge and truth will attract to them spirits of an elevated order, but the sphere of such as are of an opposite character repel their approach, and attract spirits of low conditions. The motion of material things and persons, by unseen causes, and the responsive sounds to questions, will awaken an attention which is desirable to the fulfilment of good designs. The machinery of man is well adapted to this great work. He is so organized that what he can do they can do with the same organism. If he can speak, write, or move material matter, so can they through him with such forces as he applies to effect the same results. That force is the will of mind acting upon electricity giving it motion, which acts upon the nerves and muscles, giving them motion as will prefers, and the power thereof is felt upon the human body.

I remain, Sir,
Respectfully yours,
B. T.

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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—MARY FLETCHER, AND THE REV. JOHN FLETCHER, OF MADELEY.

MRS. FLETCHER, of Madeley, was one of the most distinguished members in the circle of Wesley's immediate friends and followers. In the communion founded by him her memory is specially revered as that of a "Mother in Israel." She was eminently conspicuous for zeal, practical piety, and self-denying labours for the spiritual and temporal welfare of her fellow-creatures;—"applying an ample fortune to the relief of the friendless; collecting together and supporting under her own roof, an extensive family, composed of the afflicted, the indigent, and the helpless, but chiefly consisting of orphan children." Her *Diary and Correspondence* are a faithful record, not only of her outward history, but of her feelings, convictions, and spiritual experiences. It has at this time a special interest, as it presents many instances of spirit-manifestation and communion, which have not only a value in themselves, but related, by one whose orthodoxy is so unquestionable, and whose testimony is above suspicion, which add weight to the many testimonies of living men and women who affirm similar facts as within the compass of their own knowledge and experience.

The authoress of *Adam Bede*, speaking of "Methodists" of the "old-fashioned kind," says:—"They believed in present miracles, in instantaneous conversions, in revelations by dreams and visions; they drew lots, and sought for Divine guidance by opening the Bible at hazard; having a literal way of interpreting the Scriptures which is not at all sanctioned by approved commentators." Mrs. Fletcher was a Methodist of this "old-fashioned kind," moreover she had "that belief in visible manifestations of Jesus, which" (the same writer tells us) "is common among the Methodists."

Her editor, the Rev. Henry Moore, in his Preface to her *Life*, anticipates the objection:—"That she too much minded impressions, dreams, and those inward feelings to which religious persons are supposed to be particularly exposed;" and he replies:—"That such things should be condemned *toto genere* is hardly consistent with any true religion, seeing the oracles of God so frequently mention them; and not as attached to the prophetic or ministerial character, but as given to those who walk with God in the humblest path of life. The wisest and best of men have not only spoken of such things with respect, but have made them a part of the religion which they have held forth to ages and generations, to communities and kingdoms."

Her *Diary and Letters* abound with phrases and forms of expression which imply her recognition of "the cardinal fact of spirit-communion and influx," in a kind and manner similar to that with which many of the persons in our days called mediums are now familiar; and which to them will have a special significance and force. Thus, (like the early Quakers,) she uses such phrases as:—"These things were sometimes much *laid on my mind*;" "Those words were in a *peculiar* manner laid on my mind;" "The thoughts that were *presented* to my mind;" "The following thoughts were *impressed* on my mind;" "It was *brought* before me;" "The thought was *suggested*;" "It was *opened* before me;" "The thoughts which *flowed into* my mind;" "I had a *drawing* in my mind;" "*Something* seemed to *whisper*;" "It was *answered in my heart*;" "Those words were *spoken through my heart*;" "I then found, as it were, a *conversation carried on in my mind*." She speaks of "Various *leadings* of Providence both inward and outward;" of "Casting myself on the Lord, to be *guided* by his hand as a mere machine." She says again, "I looked to the Lord, and received, as it seemed to me, the following *direction*;" and another time, "Surely the Lord himself *prompted* and *enabled* me to write, as I had hardly at the time either sense or memory." She spoke of the "Clear *leadings* of the Spirit;" and remarks, "Very many were the little *in-breakings* of light, yea, often in a day." She affirms, "Night and day I have a sense of safety; I feel as if the angels of the Lord *encamped round about me*." Again, "There seemed for a moment *such a communion opened between the family below and that above as I cannot express*." "*I have communion with my friends above, and none below can harm or injure me*."

Sometimes, when in perplexity as to the course she should pursue under particular circumstances, she would open the Bible, taking the first passage she read on opening it as a direction, under the impression that she would be spiritually led to open it at a passage applicable to her case. Whatever may be thought of

this practice in general, (and I by no means commend it), in her particular experience such passages had a remarkable adaptation, and as she once said, came to her "as a message from heaven."

She relates the following instance of spirit manifestation by voice and vision, which she experienced in a time of great trial:—

"But the Lord graciously helped me, in an extraordinary way. As I lay reflecting on my situation, and weeping before him on account of the darkness of my mind, I discerned an unusual brightness, (yet not dazzling), and a voice came so powerfully, that I can only say I heard and felt it with every faculty of soul and body,—‘Thou shalt walk with me in white!’ An answer seemed to come from my heart, *independent of myself*, ‘Lord, how can that be, seeing I am not worthy?’ It was spoken to me again, ‘Thou shalt walk with me in white; I will make thee worthy.’ This was followed by those words, ‘I will thoroughly purge away thy dross, and take away all thy tin!’ and,

‘Glory is on earth begun,
Everlasting life is won.’

To this day I have the most lively remembrance of that manifestation; and, in the darkest moments I have since passed through, I could never doubt its being the voice of the Lord."

Mrs. Fletcher was a firm believer in supernatural aid in answer to prayer, in temporal as well as in spiritual matters. When she was but about four years of age, a circumstance occurred, from which, she says, "I received, such a conviction that God heareth prayer, that it often administered much comfort to me in seasons of trial and danger." She relates how that—"Sister Ryan one day said to me, ‘We shall have such a sum to pay on Saturday night. Had we not better borrow it of such a friend till your half year comes in?’ We attempted so to do, but were disappointed. Being on my knees at prayer, I opened a book before me on the table, and cast my eyes on these words: ‘Christ charges himself with all your temporal affairs, while you charge yourself with those which relate to his glory.’ I closed my eyes, and continued praying: when, to the eye of my mind, it seemed as if the Lord Jesus stood just by me, and spoke again those words to my heart, with such a power as wiped away every care. Before I got off my knees, I was called down to speak to a man who asked for me; and who, through a providence too long to repeat, brought me just the sum I wanted."

When in her fifty-third year, she wrote:—"My prayers seem to have free access to the throne, and the speedy answers amaze me! I wished for a large commodious place for the people to meet in, as their number greatly increases; and, though it seemed impossible, it is now accomplished. I wished for a hundred pounds to build a meeting-house at the Bank, re-

membering how much my dear husband desired it. Laying it before the Lord, that word was again applied, 'Thou shalt decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee; and the light shall shine on thy ways.' I subscribed thirty pounds, and have now the whole sum ready, before the ground is prepared to build it on. I desire nothing, in earth or heaven, but for the glory of God. I feel 'the Almighty is my defence;' and, to confirm my faith in spiritual things by temporal, he does give me great 'plenty of silver.'"

On another page of her *Diary* we read:—"I often wish I had more time to attend to my *Diary*—such wonderful answers to prayer are given to me as ought to be recorded."

The reader will probably agree with me that the following is such an instance of this kind "as ought to be recorded." At the time of its occurrence, Mrs. Fletcher, then Miss Bosanquet, and Mr. Fletcher had not seen or heard from each other for more than fifteen years. Though she would not allow her mind to dwell upon it, as they had been but slightly acquainted even at that time, yet the idea of their union would frequently present itself before her; her tender conscience, however, led her to start from the very idea, "lest it should be a stratagem of Satan;" her belief that a single life would enable her to devote herself more unreservedly to the cause of God having led her to reject proposals of marriage very advantageous in a worldly point of view. But hearing that Mr. Fletcher was dying, in the last stage of consumption, she commended him to God in prayer; while still engaged in devotion, she says:—"These words passed my mind, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up,' I said, 'Lord, I dare not ask it; I leave it to thy sacred will: thy will be done.'"

The following thoughts occurred to my mind:—"If the Lord should raise him up, and bring him in safety back to England; and he should propose such a step, could I doubt its being of God, after such an answer to prayer?" Yet, fearing a deception, I cried to the Lord to keep me in his narrow way, whatever I might suffer; and felt an unaccountable liberty to ask the following signs, if it really were of him:—1. That Mr. Fletcher might be raised up. 2. That he might be brought back to England. 3. That he would write to me on the subject, before he saw me, though we had been so many years asunder without so much as a message passing on any subject. 4. That he would, in that letter, tell me,—it had been the object of his thoughts and prayers for some years. It came to my mind further, that should this occur in the end of the year 1781, it would be a still greater confirmation; as Providence seemed to point me to that season as a time of hope."

This was in August, 1777, the sequel is thus related by Mrs. Fletcher:—

June the 8th (1781) I received a letter from Mr. Fletcher, in which he told me that he had for twenty-five years found a regard for me, which was still as sincere as ever; and though it might appear odd he should write on such a subject, when but just returned from abroad, and more so without seeing me first, he could only say that his mind was so strongly drawn to do it, he believed it to be the order of Providence. In reading this letter I was much struck. So many circumstances all uniting: 1. The season it came in. 2. His writing on the subject before we had met, after an absence of fifteen years; and without his having the most distant suspicion of my mind being inclined towards it. 3. His mentioning that for twenty-five years he had had the thought. All these particulars answered to the marks which I had laid down. His unexpected recovery also, and safe return, so plainly pointed out the hand of Providence, that all ground of reasoning against it seemed removed. . . . So on Monday the 12th of November, 1781, in Batley Church, we covenanted in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "to bear each other's burdens," and to become one for ever.

During the interval between her receiving Mr. Fletcher's letter in June and her marriage in November, she was one day conversing on the subject with an intimate friend, a Mrs. Clapham, of Leeds; when the latter said, "I will tell you what has passed in my mind concerning it. When I was some months since at Scarborough, as I was one day in private, praying for you, and much drawn out in laying your trials before the Lord, I was as if taken out of myself, and saw by the eye of faith both Mr. Fletcher and you, and that you were designed for each other, and that much glory to God would arise from your union. But at the same time I saw there were various obstacles in the way; but the chief was the want of money. It seemed to me, however, if you would believe, and obey the order of God, all would be made clear before you. Then I saw a tall young man, (it seemed to me it was your youngest brother,) who poured down bags of gold, not once only, or twice, but several times. Some were small, others seemed large sums; one was very large; and it was impressed on my mind, that all your trials of that kind were over, and that you would never experience those difficulties any more.' She then asked, 'Have you more brothers than one?' I replied, 'Yes; I have two; and the youngest is tall. But I never received anything in particular from him; nor have I the least reason to expect it.'"

In her *Diary* for 1812, Mrs. Fletcher has the following entry:—

April 20.—Since I wrote last, my dear brother William died. . . . He hath been a kind brother to me; and referring to the extraordinary communication of Mrs. Clapham; I feel a desire to explain in what a singular manner the whole has been fulfilled. When I married, he sent me one hundred pounds as a wedding present.* After the death of my dear husband, he came down to me,

* The circumstances under which this sum was presented were these:—On her marriage she sold her property, having to remove with her husband to

and with the greatest tenderness and affection brought me forty pounds. Some time after my uncle Claudius Bosanquet died, and left each of my brothers eighteen thousand pounds, and several of his nephews and nieces five hundred each; but neither my sister nor myself was mentioned. My brother William at that time divided one of his thousands between us. This was a great help, as I had some money still to pay off. Since that time he has helped me yearly for my poor's expenses, and, for some time, has given me forty pounds a year. At this time of distress, when trade is so low, and the poor so straightened, this loss would have been a great one; but he hath left me two thousand pounds, so that my income, instead of decreasing, will be enlarged. I cannot reflect on this circumstance without wonder and praise. When Mrs. Clapham told me, about a fortnight before we married, of these great helps, I declare I did not expect one penny. O, how exactly has all come to pass! I remember, she said, that the last sum that she saw laid down was much larger than any before. How often has my heart cried to the Lord that he would restore him a hundred fold! I trust it is so. I have a strong confidence his cup is full in glory.

Mrs. Fletcher relates the following instance of spiritual suggestion, or of clairvoyance, spiritually induced:—

My husband having appointed to preach one Sunday at a church about fourteen miles off, I felt some concern for his riding so far, and doing the whole Sunday's duty twice; especially as it was necessary for him to return home the same night. The evening being exceeding dark and wet, I was strongly led to commend him to God in prayer. While I was doing this it was suggested to me that his horse was fallen, and had thrown him over his head; and the whole scene appeared to be clearly represented before my eyes. "My God," said I, "he is Thine! His life, his limbs, his health are all Thine! I commit him to Thee by faith." Immediately that word was impressed on my heart, *The righteous is in the hand of the Lord: and there shall no evil touch him.* And it filled my soul with such a sweetness, that I could feel no fear. The night was uncommonly bad, which occasioned many friends to continue with me. And while they expressed their uneasiness at his staying two hours longer than we could well account for, I was obliged to hide the calmness I felt by silence, lest some should have supposed it insensibility. At last he came well, and praising God, but asked for water to wash himself, because his horse had fallen and thrown him with great force over his head. Yet, glory be to God! he was no way hurt, except having a little skin grazed from one of his fingers. As he set the Lord always before him, so he found His help in every time of need.

She gives many relations of spirit-communion in dream. The following are instances. When about twenty-three years of age she had a dream which evidently made a deep and lasting impression on her mind. She says:—

One night I dreamed I was in one of my houses there, in company with all kinds of people, rich and poor, most of whom appeared very ungodly. It was strongly impressed on my mind to speak to them; but I started from the thought and said, with emotion, "Lord, what do I here among this people; for they are not thy people, and what am I to do with them?" I then beheld the Lord Jesus stand as just before me. The awful majesty of his presence had such an

Madeley; but "the money was not to be paid in immediately for the estate; we were therefore," she says, "rather at a loss to settle all our accounts before we left the place, and to give that assistance to our friends we wished to do. On an exact calculation, we found a hundred pounds were wanting. We laid it before the Lord; and the next post I received a letter from my youngest brother, with a bank-note of one hundred pounds enclosed as a present; though he knew nothing of our particular want, nor had I the least reason to expect his assistance; except the extraordinary communication by Mrs. Clapham, which I have related."

effect on me as I cannot express ! It seemed to me I sunk down before him as if I were sweetly melting into nothing. I saw no shining brightness, or anything dazzling to the eye. He appeared only as a man clothed in white ; yet to my mind there was what I cannot put into words. It was a sense of his purity ! It was the glory of holiness which so overcame me ! 'There seemed but one yard's distance between my Saviour and me,—when he spake, with a voice clear and distinct, these words:—"I will send thee to a people that are not a people, and I will go with thee. Bring them unto me ; for I will lay my hand upon them, and heal them. Fear not, only believe." When the immediate presence of my Lord was withdrawn, I thought that I repeated, with tears, to the people what he had spoken to me. I found myself in a sweet, delightful place. Soul and body seemed all attracted into a divine harmony.

Writing in 1768 concerning the recent death of her friend, Mrs. Ryan, she says:—"I had sometimes conversed with her on the subject of departed spirits having communion with us ; and she used to say, 'If it be the will of my heavenly Father, I should rejoice to communicate some comfort to you, either in a dream or any other way.' But I never had even the slightest remembrance of her in any dream for some months, though she possessed so great a share in my waking thoughts. I often wondered at this, till one night, I think six months after her death, I thought she was hovering over me, as in a cloud, and from thence spoke in her own voice some lines in verse ; but I could only retain the latter part, which were these words:—

' Mingle with earth we can no more ;
But when you worship God alone,
We then shall mutually adore.'

By which I understood she meant, I was not in that purity which was requisite for communion with heavenly spirits ; but it raised in my heart an expectation that such a season would come."

In her *Diary* of January 1, 1801, speaking of a dear friend she had lately lost, she writes:—"I sometimes feel her as being present with me. We had all things in common here ; and I trust I shall partake of her heavenly inheritance. Thinking of that, one night, when I was very sad, in a moment all the gloom went off, and such a sweetness came over my soul as seemed to wipe away all grief. I dropped asleep, and these words sounded in my ears all night:—

' They drink the deifying stream,
And pluck the ambrosial fruit.' "

Under date June 5, 1801, in relation to the same friend there is this entry:—"One night I dreamed I saw her standing before me. I cried out, 'O, my dear love, are you come ? I have waited for this.' She expressed the tenderest regard, but without words, and it left a sweet sensation on my mind. Another time I dreamed I was involved in great trials, and thought, 'O ! if my Sally had been now with me, all would have been nothing.' Immediately I saw her just by me, and she gave me to know she was nearer than I thought. *I know our friends are not*

really divided from us ; they are only become invisible. Perhaps if we saw the spirits of our dear companions at such seasons, we might be tempted to put our trust in them. A veil is, therefore, drawn between ; and all for our eternal good. But the Scripture declares, ' We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect : ' but this is far more plain to their eyes than to ours, which are as yet under the veil."

A dream, which occurred to her some years before her marriage, together with its fulfilment, is thus narrated :—

I dreamed a man came to me to offer me some tithes,—I replied, " Friend, I have nothing to do with tithes,—I have no concern in any living." But soon after, I said to one of my family, " Hannah, I am going away ; I have a call from the Lord, I must go." But again, I thought, " I know not where, not even into what country. However, the way of duty is the way of safety. I will set out, and God will lead me." Immediately, I left Cross-Hall, and after walking a few paces, I thought I was carried in a moment, I knew not how, and set down in a church-yard ; and some one said to me, " You are to enter into this church." I went in, and, walking up the aisle, heard a kind of groan, and said, " That is the sound of death." When I came out of the church, I entered into a house which was just by it. As I was on the steps, it was said inwardly to me, " This is the habitation which God has chosen for you." I answered, " O, no ; I cannot live here. It is the order of God for me to live in Yorkshire." I went into some of the rooms, and found, in one I passed through, a man and woman. In the next was a young woman with a child on her lap. She appeared dying of a consumption, and in great conflicts. We soon entered into conversation, and she seemed very spiritual. After a time she told me I must come and live here, and here abide. I replied, " O, no, I live at Cross-Hall, in Yorkshire ; and have a great family, and many calls there." " But," said she, " it is the will of God to bring you here. There is work for you to do." She added, " Do not be frightened ; God will make you a comfortable habitation." I said, " Have you the Gospel here ?" She replied, " Yes." " And who," said I, " is the minister that brought it among you ?" She replied, " He is not here now." " Then, who," said I, " is your present minister ?" She showed me a name of three syllables ; but though I read it over and over, I could only remember the two last,—"*ner son*." I felt myself in great anguish and sorrow of mind, (though I could not assign any cause,) and said, " I must go away ; I cannot stay here. I do not know that man and woman ; I cannot live with them." She replied, " That man and woman will go away when you come. But here is a work for you to do, and you must abide here. Do not be frightened ; God will make you a comfortable habitation." Being determined, however, to return home, I went down stairs, and, seeing a coach ready to be hired, I beckoned to it—the man opened the door, and, as I was stepping in, he said, " Where will you be carried to ?" I strove to say, " Cross-hall, in Yorkshire," but could not. Then I strove to name various habitations I had formerly lived in, but could remember the name of none. As he still persevered in his questions, I at last stepped back, and pointing to the house I came out of, I said, " That is my home, and God hath taken the remembrance of every other out of my heart." I knew nothing of the situation of anything in Madeley when I had this dream ; but when, some years afterwards, I told it to my dear Mr. Fletcher, he said, " There was a man and woman who lived with me at that time, and a young woman, A. C., who was very useful in the work, to which she proved a nursing mother. She died of a consumption, in which she had many conflicts." I said, " Was there a minister here whose name ended with *ner son* ?" He replied, " No." But now I understand it all. Had I before remembered the whole name, I should at once have known this dream would be fulfilled at my dear husband's death, as Mr. *Kenerson* was the patron, and his son now became our vicar.

1773. Nov. 8, *Monday*.—My mind is this morning affected in a solemn manner. . . . Last night I went to bed recollected, and in the spirit of prayer ;

but I had a dream which I cannot understand, though I believe it from God. . . .
In all I said and did I seemed acted upon by another spirit rather than my own.

Spirit appearances and communications were specially frequent after the death of her husband. I continue to quote from her *Diary* :—

December 9, 1785.—I dreamed I was in a room with Sally, and saw a picture, or rather the ground-work for a picture, on which was only painted one small sheep lying down; the rest was all plain. I said to her, “Sally, look on that picture, and what the Lord says, your dear master will draw it out for me to read!” I then saw letter by letter come out as if written, (though without any hand or pen,) as follows :—“She that dwelleth in the secret places of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.” I felt it a confirmation of my faith; and said, “There is no better path than to repose the soul in God, and to go on in quiet resignation, whatever we may feel.” As I was making that reflection, I heard, though yet asleep, my dear husband’s voice, as if close to my face, speaking these words :—

“Shout, all the people of the sky,
 And all the saints of the Most High :
 Our Lord, who now his right obtains,
 For ever and for ever reigns.”

The beginning I heard in my sleep, but as it waked me, *the rest was heard afterwards, and I could have known his voice among a thousand.*

August 5 (1787).—Last night I had a powerful sense, in my sleep, of the presence of my dear husband. I felt such sweet communion with his spirit as gave me much peaceful feeling. I had for some days thought that I was called to resist more than I did, that strong and lively remembrance of various scenes, both of his last sickness and many other circumstances which frequently occurred with much pain. This thought being present to my mind, I looked on him. He said with a most sweet smile, “It is better to forget.” “What,” said I, “my dear love, to forget one another?” He replied with an inexpressible sweetness, “It is better to forget—it will not be long; we shall not be parted long—we shall soon meet again.” He then signified, though not in words, that all weights should be laid aside. His presence continued till I awoke.

August 24 (1790).—Last night I prayed that I might not have so disturbed a night as I have found of late, but that the Lord would keep away those hurrying dreams which often disturb the quiet repose of my spirit. And it was so; I found a difference. About the middle of the night I saw my dear husband before me. We ran into each other’s arms. I wished to ask him several questions concerning holiness, and the degree to be expected here, &c.; but I found something like a dark cloud on my memory, so that I said in myself, “I cannot frame the question I would ask; I am not permitted.” At length I asked, “My dear, do you not visit me, sometimes?” He answered, “Many times a day.” “But,” said I, “do not principalities and powers strive to hinder you from communing with me?” He said, “There is something in that.” And does their opposition cause you to suffer in coming to me?” He answered, “There is not much in that.” “But do you know every material thing that occurs to me?” “Yes.” “And may I always know that thou art near me when I am in trouble, or pain, or danger?” He paused and said, faintly, “Why, yes;” then added, “But it is as well for thee not to know it, for thy reliance must not be upon me.” He mentioned also some in glory who remembered me, and said, “Mr. Hey is with us, also; he bid me tell thee so, and by that thou mayest know that it is I who speak to thee.” Mr. Hey died a short time before, very happy in the Lord.

August 14, (1793.)—This has been a solemn day. And is it indeed eight years since my dearest husband went to glory? What a night that was to me! I was at this hour waiting at his bed-side, with my eyes immovably fixed upon his dear, calm, peaceful, dying countenance. I have this day gone through the scene; but, glory be to God, in a different manner than when we seemed on the point of separation,—yea, already parted; for he could not show any sensibility towards me. But this day it has been constantly on my mind as if we thought

and did all together. Yes, thou dear spirit, well didst thou say to me in that dream, "I am not dead, I live!" Yes, thou dost live; and, I have no doubt, hast helped me this day to feel an uncommon peace, such as I sometimes have felt when dreaming, and having, in a peculiar manner, a sense of the presence of heavenly spirits. There are seasons when the mind, joining itself to the Lord, and abiding in that posture, feels a kind of anticipation of the blissful union enjoyed in the realms of light, and has communion, more or less sensible, with the spirits before the throne. Some faint touches of this I have felt this day.

March 30, Sunday, 1801.—On Tuesday night I dreamed I was sitting by the table, on which lay the large volume of my dear *Mr. Fletcher's Life*. I was at that time very thoughtful about the printing of his works, fearing anything should be done that he would not approve. He came into the room, but I did not look up, and, being desirous to be alone, I went into the next room and sat down. He called me with his own well-known voice, saying, "What, art thou so afraid of me as to go out of the room as I come in?" I started up and cried, "No, my dear, I am not afraid of thee." I then returned and sat down in my chair by the table; he sat on the other side. Then, taking up the book, he said, "There is no need for anxiety. I would have thee read this book: it will give thee pleasure. Take it up now—thou wilt find something that will encourage thee." Two days after I received a letter from Mr. Benson, informing me that a person in London had translated Mr. Fletcher's French Poem into English, and they had some thoughts of printing it with his other works, if found to be done in a respectable manner. Then I understood that my dear love told me of it, in order to prevent the uneasiness I should have felt had he not shewn a degree of approval. I had no recollection of the poem; and that he should know I had not read the *Life*, and thus comfort me under the anxiety which I felt, was very pleasing to me. O, how indulgent is my heavenly Father!

Sometimes she was instructed in dream by symbols and spiritual correspondences, as in the following instance. It should be mentioned that she was at this time in great concern about the spiritual state of her nephew to whom she was much attached, but whom she found "quite carnal, and very averse to the things of God." She was afterwards made happy in being made the instrument of his conversion. She says:—

One night, about the beginning of November, 1784, I dreamed I was in a church, standing by a communion-table, on which lay a large common prayer-book, open in the service of matrimony. I observed it was all marked, as my dear husband used to mark those books he much approved. I beheld it with pleasure; for, being near the 12th of November, I took it as a token that he remembered with approbation the transaction of that day,—our marriage. I was conscious of the presence of his dear spirit, as sent to communicate something to me. As I looked on the book, he signified to me that the whole was emblematic, though few entered into the spirituality of it; adding, "This is a great mystery, I speak concerning Christ and the church." As I cast my eyes on that word, "Who giveth this woman to this man?" he pointed me to that text, "None cometh to the Son but whom the Father draweth." As nothing was spoken in words, it is difficult to describe the ideas which were conveyed to my mind. A gleam of light seemed to break forth in my soul, by which I discovered in how full a sense the souls of the redeemed are given by the Father to the Son, as his bride! I then thought on those words, "The marriage of the Lamb is come, and his wife hath made herself ready." In this acceptable moment my nephew came to my mind. I said, with a groan, "O, for our nephew!" Immediately I saw a little bird fly round and round. I said, "That is the emblem of my nephew's spirit. If it come to me and I take it up, his soul will be given unto me." I had no sooner spoken the word, but it came and lighted on the table before me. I took it up and stroked it, and let it fly again. A thought then struck my mind, "O, but he does not believe the Scriptures!" The bird came, and I took it up the second time. As it flew again, I thought, "O, but he does not believe in the

Divinity of our Lord!" Immediately it returned, and I took it up the third time. I no sooner saw it flying, but a beautiful large bird stood with great solemnity before me, and I awoke.

With this nephew she had many serious conversations. Referring to one of these, he told her:—

After we parted last night, I thought I would pray; but that it was right to consider what I wanted most. Then I thought, "Why, I most want light on this point, about Jesus Christ. But will God so condescend as to answer me?" Then, aunt, I heard a voice (*not with my ear, but I did hear it*) say, "Yes, he will." Then I began and made prayer; and an hour went away like a minute,—and I could say, "Through the Lord Jesus Christ!" O dear aunt, I thought I must have come up and told you, but you were gone to bed. And again I thought, "May be, to-morrow God will confirm this." And so he has, for when I was at Waters-Upton, Mr. G. H. began to make pleasantry of the miracles of Jesus Christ. I said in myself, "Yesterday, I could have smiled at this, and heard it with pleasure;" but now it was a horrible sensation; I could not bear it. I was forced to go out of the house.

Scattered throughout her pages are many experiences of her personal friends which they communicated to her. The following was related to her by "that dear old saint, Mary Matthews:"—

She told me (says Mrs. Fletcher), that on the day after the preaching in the last week, having undertaken to open the door in time for the morning service, she took the key of the room for that purpose, and believed the Lord would awake her in time. About two in the morning (instead of five) she was waked with an extraordinary power of God. She thought, "I must rise and pray." She came down and broke up the fire, and, being in a small house all alone, she sat down to meditate and give full scope to the spirit. She took up her hymn-book, but could not read. "For," said she, "all around me seemed God! It appeared to me as if the room was full of heavenly spirits. I laid the book down, and, falling back in my chair, I remembered no more of anything outward, but thought I was at the threshold of a most beautiful place. I could just look in. The first thing I saw was the Lord Jesus sitting on a throne! There was a beautiful crown over his head! It did not seem to bear with a weight, but as if it was suspended there; and as he turned his head, it turned with him. A glorious light appeared on one side, and all around him was glory! I thought on that word of St. Paul, 'Who dwelleth in light unapproachable!' Turning my eye a little, I saw close to my Saviour my dear minister, Mr. Fletcher. He looked continually on the Lord Jesus with a sweet smile. But he had a very different appearance from what he had when in the body: and yet there was such an exact resemblance, that I could have known him among a thousand; features and limbs just the same, but not of flesh. It was what I cannot describe—all light. I know not what to call it. I never saw anything like it. It was, I thought, such a body as could go thousands of miles in a moment! There were several passed who had the same appearance: and I seemed to have lost my old, weak, shaking body! I seemed to myself as if I could have gone to the world's end as light as air! I looked on him a long time, and observed every feature with its old likeness. He then turned his eyes on me, and held out his hand to me, just as he used to do. After this the whole disappeared, and I came to myself, and found it was just the time when I should open the preaching-house door."

I cite the following "dream of a good woman" for its beauty, and the important moral truth it conveys:—

She thought she was dying, and felt her soul leave the body. Immediately she found herself standing in the presence of God. Jesus appeared to her as seated on a white throne! He beckoned to her with his hand, and said, "Come up hither." When she was by his side, she saw many of the saints with the angels. Among them was William Brammah; he shone very bright. Some

others she knew also. Our Lord then pointed to the crowns of some saints still on earth; and she understood by the appearance of some of these crowns, that the persons were in great temptation. Our Lord and the glorious company seemed to sympathize greatly with them; and when by faith they conquered, a jewel was added to the crown, and the whole shone brighter. But every time they gave way to any corruption, a gem dropped out, and the whole crown turned dark! Sometimes there seemed joy in heaven over them; sometimes a kind of mourning. She sat some time in sweet delight, and then awaking, found with amazement she was still in the body.

Here is an account of the apparition of a living person, at a time when he was actually in great peril:—

October (1784).—As I was retired this morning at my ten o'clock hour, I was called down to Mary G——. She gave me a strange account which I shall insert as she related it:—A short time ago, she said, she was one day going out to work in the fields, but thought she would first go up stairs to prayer. While on her knees praising God for the care he had taken of her children, she was amazed to see her eldest son, about twenty-one years old, standing before her! She started up—but thought, “May be it is the enemy to affright me from prayer.” Casting her eyes again to the same spot, she still saw him there; on which she ran down into the kitchen, calling on the name of the Lord. Still wherever she looked she saw him standing before her pale, and as if covered with dirt. Concluding from this that he was killed, she ran to her mother, who, on hearing the account, went directly to the pit, determined to have him home, if alive. On her drawing near the pit, she heard a great tumult; for the earth had fallen in on him and two other men, and the people were striving to dig them out. At length he was got up alive and well, and came home to his mother, pale and dirty, just as she had seen him! She then fell on her knees, and began praising that God who hears and answers prayer. Many of the ungodly neighbours, having been witnesses of the whole transaction, are much affected; and I trust this very strange occurrence will work for good.*

The greater part of one chapter is devoted by Mrs. Fletcher to “Thoughts on communion with happy spirits;” and the whole question is there argued out by her on rational and scriptural grounds. As many who would be indisposed to listen to such an exposition from a writer in the *Spiritual Magazine*, may be inclined to lend a willing ear to one so eminent for piety and evangelical sentiments as Mrs. Fletcher, I shall present her reasoning on this subject *in extenso* in a future number.

Her husband, the Rev. John Fletcher, was also a decided spiritual medium, and the subject of many remarkable experiences. He tells us that once, when quite awake, he had a clear and distinct vision of Christ upon the cross. At another time he heard a Divine voice speaking to him “in an inexpressibly awful sound.” He was consciously open to spiritual impressions, and had a clear presentiment of his own death. He relates many incidents of special providence in his behalf, by spiritual interposition, of which this is one, as related by his biographer, the Rev. J. Benson. As he was bathing in the Rhine, he was carried away by the

* Was not this extraordinary dispensation permitted for the good of these ignorant ungodly persons, who were not likely to be moved by more rational means?—*Rev. Henry Moore.*

current, and drawn under a mill; striking against one of the piles on which it stood, he lost all consciousness. "When I came to myself," said Mr. Fletcher, "I was in a calm, safe place, perfectly well, without any soreness or weariness at all. Nothing was amiss but the distance of my clothes, the stream having driven me five miles from the place where I left them. Many persons gladly welcomed me on shore, one gentleman in particular, who said, 'I looked when you went under the mill, and again when you rose on the other side; and the time of your being emerged among the piles was exactly twenty minutes. But some will say, 'Why this is a miracle!' 'Undoubtedly,' observes Mr. Wesley, 'it was; it was not a natural event; but a work wrought above the power of nature, probably by the ministry of angels.'"

The following singular narrative, which I give *verbatim*, in the language of Mr. Fletcher, as quoted by Mr. Benson, is all for which I can now find space. He says:—

One Sunday when I had done reading prayers at Madeley, I went up into the pulpit, intending to preach a sermon which I had prepared for that purpose. But my mind was so confused that I could not recollect either my text or any part of my sermon. I was afraid I should be obliged to come down without saying anything. But having collected myself a little, I thought I would say something on the first lesson, which was the third chapter of Daniel, containing the account of the three worthies cast into the fiery furnace: I found, in doing it, such an extraordinary assistance from God, and such a singular enlargement of heart, that I supposed there must be some peculiar cause for it. I therefore desired, if any of the congregation had met with anything particular, they would acquaint me with it in the ensuing week. In consequence of this, the Wednesday after a person came and gave me the following account:—"Mrs. K. had been for some time much concerned about her soul. She attended the church at all opportunities, and spent much time in private prayer. At this, her husband (who is a butcher) was exceedingly enraged, and threatened severely what he would do if she did not leave off going to John Fletcher's church: yea, if she dared to go any more to any religious meetings whatever. When she told him she could not in conscience refrain from going, at least to the parish church, he grew quite outrageous, and swore dreadfully if she went any more he would cut her throat as soon as she came home. This made her cry mightily to God that he would support her in the trying hour. And though she did not feel any degree of comfort, yet having a sure confidence in God, she determined to go on in her duty and leave the event to Him. Last Sunday, after many struggles with the devil and her own heart, she came down stairs ready for church. Her husband asked her whether she was resolved to go thither? She told him she was. "Well, then," said he, "I shall not, as I intended, cut your throat, but I will heat the oven, and throw you into it the moment you come home." Notwithstanding this threatening which he enforced with many bitter oaths, she went to church, praying all the way that God would strengthen her to suffer whatever might befall her. While you were speaking of the three Hebrews whom Nebuchadnezzar cast into the burning fiery furnace, she found it all belonged to her, and God applied every word to her heart. And when the sermon was ended, she thought, if she had a thousand lives she could lay them all down for God. She felt her whole soul so filled with His love, that she hastened home, fully determined to give herself to whatsoever God pleased; nothing doubting, but that either He would take her to heaven if He suffered her to be burnt to death, or that he would some way deliver her, even as he did his three servants that trusted in him. But when she opened the door, to her astonishment and comfort, she found her husband's wrath abated, and soon had reason to believe that he was under a concern for the salvation of his soul."

The next Lord's Day, contrary to his former ungodly custom, he attended Divine service at the church, and even received the Lord's Supper. These good impressions, however, it is feared, have not produced any lasting change on his heart and life. But I now know why my sermon was taken from me—namely, that God might thus magnify his mercy.

T. S.

THE LATE DR. T. SIMPSON, OF YORK.

ALTHOUGH the name of Dr. Simpson was not prominently known as a believer in spiritual phenomena, yet there was perhaps no one more zealous or learned in the subject, and in seeing and humbly following out the philosophy and the religious views which flow from the facts, when seen in their true light and significance. That his was just the sort of mind adapted to the inquiry, will be seen from the short memoir of him which we extract from a local paper, and it is a pity that the editor should have been either ignorant of Dr. Simpson's deep and earnest inquiry into this subject, or that he should have thought it inopportune to mention it, now that he has been so suddenly but not sadly removed from amongst his admiring fellow citizens. The *Yorkshire Gazette* in paying the last tribute to his memory says well of him:—

“We cannot allow the record in our obituary of the death of one of our most distinguished fellow-citizens to pass unnoticed. For nearly forty years Dr. Simpson has occupied a leading position among the members of the medical profession in this city, and has given an unobtrusive but cordial support to every effort made during that period to elevate the character and forward the interests of his adopted city.

“Dr. Simpson was a native of *Knaresbro'*, where his father, a man of great shrewdness and sagacity, for many years practised the healing art with energy and success. One son was Dr. Simpson, of Malton, the other was the subject of our notice, who, after studying in London, where he obtained by his zeal, industry and intelligence, the approval and personal friendship of Sir A. Cooper, Cline, and other distinguished teachers of the day, commenced practice at an early age in his native town, and soon acquired very extensive practice, not only in *Knaresbro'*, but also among the many distinguished families who reside in the neighbourhood of that romantic spot. Amidst the arduous and almost incessant toils of a large country practice, his active mind found time for extensive medical reading, and enlarged philosophical inquiries. Gifted by nature with a mind of no ordinary calibre, and with a memory of a very high order, Mr. Simpson was also an industrious and persevering student, and thus by reading and experience acquired an amount of professional

and general knowledge, which laid the foundation of his future success in a more important sphere.

"About the year 1823, having by his professional exertions relieved himself from the necessity of any longer toiling as a country practitioner, Mr. Simpson determined to relinquish the labours of general practice and to fit himself for the responsible duties of a physician. With this design he proceeded to Edinbro', where he pursued an academic career of successful application, which not only procured for him the diploma of Doctor of Medicine from that distinguished university, but also the lasting friendship of many of the professors and most distinguished graduates of his day.

"Dr. Simpson soon after this, commenced practice as a physician in this city, and for the remainder of his life enjoyed a very large amount of professional confidence, not only in the city and county, but throughout the north of England. He was successively elected Physician to the Dispensary, the York County Hospital, the County Asylum, &c., where he laboured to promote the science of his profession, and to administer relief to the afflicted inmates. He also took a leading part in establishing and supporting the Medical School, and was a regular attendant at the meetings of the Medical Society, where his profound and accurate knowledge, long experience, and power of communicating information made him a most valuable and useful member. He also presided over the meeting of the British Medical Association when it visited York. Dr. Simpson possessed no ordinary musical talent and skill, and was no mean judge of the fine arts. He devoted much of his spare time to microscopic and other scientific pursuits, and kept himself thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the day. His naturally unobtrusive and retiring character prevented him from recording his opinions and experience, and hence his only work was printed a few years ago, to prove the contagious nature of Asiatic cholera.

"But as a sound practical physician Dr. Simpson was best known and appreciated. At the bedside of the patient, his philosophical acumen, sound judgment, and long experience, gained for him the confidence of his medical brethren and the gratitude of his patients. A shrewd observer, a patient inquirer, deeply learned in the principles of his art, and especially in the appliances which can be brought to bear in arresting the progress of disease, Dr. Simpson combined the medical philosopher with the sound practitioner, and enjoyed no ordinary success in the practice of his profession. His medical honour was untainted, for he never for a moment attempted to lower a brother practitioner by any unworthy display of superiority, or by any seeming imputation of neglect or mistreatment to raise himself by another's humiliation. Hence Dr. Simpson possessed the most entire

confidence of his professional brethren, who could rely implicitly, not only his skill, but also on his honour and integrity.

"Dr. Simpson took a warm interest in the religious and political topics of the day. From conviction Conservative and Protestant, yet tolerant of the opinions of those who differed from him, he was always ready to unite with them in promoting any common object for the good of others. Deeply read in theological literature and controversies, his sound and well-balanced mind was never shaken by subtle objections and vague conjectures, but ever stood firm in believing the great truths of Christianity; and during his last illness he evidenced his belief by the firmness of his faith.

"Dr. Simpson enjoyed almost uninterrupted good health until the autumn of last year, when symptoms of internal disease began to develop themselves, and feeling that his power for active usefulness had passed away, he resigned his public appointments and submitted cheerfully to the quieter life he was compelled to lead. He rallied somewhat, until a month ago, when symptoms of apoplexy manifested themselves, which on the 28th of February ended in a fatal apoplectic seizure, and terminated in a few hours the life of this distinguished physician.

"Dr. Simpson was never married, and he had nearly completed his seventy-fifth year. His remains were interred yesterday in the Cemetery, and were followed to the grave by many of his medical and other attached friends."

Here seem to have been united in this learned and accomplished man, all the elements which the world deems necessary for pursuing with discrimination and judgment such a subject as that of Spiritualism, and it would indeed be hard if further qualities were needed, for we should look in vain for any whose absence we can specify. Extensive reading, zeal, industry, and intelligence, an active mind of no ordinary calibre, a memory of a high order, professional and general knowledge, crowning a distinguished academical career, and justly procuring successive appointments to the highest posts in his profession. Accomplished and learned in the arts and sciences, a shrewd observer, a patient inquirer, his honor untainted, possessing the entire confidence of his professional brethren, deeply read in theological literature, with a sound and well-balanced mind, never shaken by subtle objections or vague conjectures, but ever firm in believing the great truths of christianity, and during his last illness evidencing his belief by the firmness of his faith, what more could be required of a man to fit him to form a correct judgment, and to give confidence in his judgment when once formed. Yet such his great qualities are not stated in our words, but in those of his fellow-citizens amongst whom he lived and labored for the last forty years of his honored life. From long

personal friendship, and earnest conversations with him, the present writer fully approves those words of high commendation, and regrets that he may not look again for the renewal of those pleasant hours in which this great and good man avowed not only his full conviction of the truth of spiritual phenomena, but also their important bearing on both philosophy and religion. He was an earnest and intelligent reader of all the works past and present on the subject, and enriched his conversation by repeated instances which had occurred to himself, and to other members of his family and friends. He was far too honest and high minded to conceal his opinions where he thought their promulgation would further the cause of truth, and he often smiled, but without acrimony, at the credulity of the incredulous, and at the petty martyrdom which he had had to undergo at their hands. At one time his practice suffered in consequence of his known adherence to this and its kindred subject, mesmerism, but his persevering good sense, and his ability in his profession, soon enabled his patients to make the notable discovery, that a consistent belief in facts unrecognized by them, did not necessarily derogate from his professional acumen. The poor patients did not know, what Dr. Simpson did, that it was only they, and not he, who were making a display of ignorance and credulity.

Amongst many of the anecdotes with which he illustrated his conversations on this subject, was one of a remarkable kind which happened to his respected father at Knaresbro', shortly before his death. His father was for many years of a sceptical mind on religious subjects, but even in his own family he kept his opinions to himself. Whilst he was in perfect health, he had a vision of a departed relative, of such a nature as entirely to change his views on this all-important subject, and he had a few days after a very solemn conversation with his son in which he gave him the whole narration, and the remarkable predictions which were made to him, not only of his approaching departure, but of many minute circumstances which would precede and be connected with it, such as that it would happen in a particular room in the house long disused, and under circumstances in which it was apparently impossible that it should happen. He urged the strictest secrecy on Dr. Simpson, even from his brother and his mother, and he himself mentioned it to no one. Nevertheless, by a curious chain of events, each of these preliminary circumstances occurred precisely as he had been told in the vision, and as each happened contrary to the united endeavours of both, he from time to time called to him his son, and in solemn words bade him see the finger of God, in what was coming to pass. There was then at Knaresbro' a leading draper, who was usually employed to manage the funerals of the principal residents, and with him

the father had not been on friendly terms for some years. In the vision which he had seen of his approaching end and funeral, he told his son that he saw his coffin in the hall, just before being put in the hearse, that he had seen this person arranging the funeral, and that just as the coffin was being lifted, he saw a corner of the pall suddenly blown up, and this person step forward to pull it down. He desired his son to place the funeral in other hands, and not to allow the draper to manage it, giving as a reason that though he bore him no ill will, he would prefer its being in other hands. Just previously to his death, which happened more suddenly than was expected, Dr. Simpson happened to be called away, and on his return he found that this person had been employed to conduct the funeral. Dr. Simpson was amazed, and determined that he could not further interfere than to prevent his being in the house before the coffin was brought out, so that the predicted incident should not occur. He took his measures accordingly, and was satisfied that he had succeeded. The coffin was raised by the bearers, and was being taken through the door, when a sudden gust of wind blew up one corner of the pall, and Dr. Simpson hastening forward to draw it down, found that it was being done by the very person, and just in the place foretold him by his father.

With many such instances happening or becoming known to such a man through a long life, and with his father's last thoughts and experience, changing as they did in a moment, the current of his lifetime, it was no wonder that Dr. Simpson should be a believer in spirits and in spiritual forces and spiritual powers, and his belief did not make him the less but only the more a Christian man. He was so earnest and desirous that others who were willing should know more of what had given him comfort and peace, that he has asked the writer to allow his domestics to be present at portions of their conversations, and he even tried at a time when Sir David Brewster had been prostrated by illness during a visit to York, and was becoming convalescent, to impress him with the truth of what he had before derided and denied. We could repeat here much of their conversations on the subject, and which were much at variance with the position subsequently taken up by Sir David, and no one was more surprised at what Sir David has since said, than was the good and honest Dr. Simpson. But let that rest. It is no place here to perpetuate an angry word, and we would fain hope that even yet Sir David may try to emulate the virtues and the integrity of his friend. Let it also be known and recorded amongst those who mourn the loss of Dr. Simpson in the departments of life which he so worthily filled, that he was a Spiritualist from personal experience, and from deep conviction that to be other is to deny the full import of Christianity.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE.

II.

(A WORD TO CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS.)

It is a fact as well known as it is unaccountable, that the phenomena which are included under the vague term Spiritualism have been ignored and denied, proved false by scientific men, regarded as fictions, or at best, mere figments of the imagination, by those who deemed them of too little importance for investigation, and included under the generic term diabolical by those who have at times seen mischievous results spring from their examination, or from the phenomena themselves. It is not for philosophy to deny, ignore, or evade, but to impartially examine, and accept, or reject, what claims to be fact and evidence. Faith in immortality has greatly diminished in the last few centuries. Protestantism, in revolting against the Catholic Church, in condemning the veneration paid to the saints, and holy persons who had passed into the spiritual world, has come into much practical unbelief in immortality. Many in the present day seem to have little faith in a sensible communion with the saints or any other individuals who are in the world that is invisible to us. This want of faith in what we cannot see, hear, or handle, seems to be the cause of the interposition of Providence, or in other words, the interference of immortal beings in favour of mortal ones. Immortality must be proved to materialists in material ways. Many a man can feel the force of an argument which appeals to his sense of sight or hearing, when the interior workings of his own soul, or of those who are in communion with him are unobserved. An apparently causeless series of movements or sounds responding to his questions is a curiosity, because he cannot believe that anything comes without a cause, and so he wonders and enquires, and at last comes to believe in the invisible impalpable, because of the visible palpable.

There is doubt in this age, where there is thought. People are asking a reason for their faith, or their want of it. The Protestant world is picking everything to pieces, as children do their toys to see what is in them. Many worldly persons in the Catholic Church trust their faith to the keeping of others, and are content to follow their own sordid ways, willing to be considered Catholic and Christian, so long as no reproach comes to them on this account. But let the guardians of their faith declare that a miracle has been wrought, and they are very likely to be ashamed and hide themselves among Protestants. Another class of so-called Catholics narrow their faith till no one is so uncatholic

as they. Bounding the true Church by the limits apparent to them, they say all is of the devil beyond that. It is vain for these that our Lord has said, "He that is not against us is for us." It is vain for them that He is *Emanuel God with us*, and that no good, natural or spiritual, exists but in Him and through Him; and that whoso casts out devils in His name, or puts down evil passions, or lives a true and holy life, is not to be forbidden, but accepted and encouraged, because it is by the Spirit of Truth that all good is done.

When any subject arrests the thought, and claims the attention of master minds and of large masses of men for a long time continuously, it recommends itself, from its relation to man's well or ill-being, to the notice of the wise and good. In all human movements, we expect to find imperfection. The history of our race is a record of power and weakness, of philosophy and folly, of mistakes, failures, and successes. The heart of humanity beats, sometimes through an aneurism, and the physicians of the hour see no escape from fatal lesion; but the tough old patient of five thousand years lives on, and disappoints his doctors. To Protestants, it may pertinently be said, that it is unmanly and irrational to refuse to hear the testimony of honest, sensible, and trustworthy persons respecting the facts of the supernatural world; and to Catholics, that it is uncatholic to deny the possibility of these facts and phenomena—and foolish, without investigation, to decide that they are diabolic.

It has been asked, "have Spiritualists a distinctive creed?" In nine cases out of ten, believers in the verity of the phenomena would answer "*no*." But I apprehend that they agree in a common creed, though they differ in many opinions. Spiritualism comprehends the belief in immortality, and the existence of a spiritual world, or worlds, and in the communion of persons in this material world, with those in a spiritual world. Spiritualism asserts the fact of *miracles*, the existence and possibility of which are generally denied out of the Catholic Church. I use the word miracle, in the popular, and *not* in the theological sense. I mean by miracle, in the words of Webster, "a wonder, or wonderful thing, a deviation from the known laws of nature." We see then that Spiritualism has several distinct articles of belief, in which all its followers are agreed:—1st, The belief in immortality, or the continued existence of the human soul; 2nd, (and of course) In a world where such existence is perpetuated and provided with varied conditions; 3rd, That there is communication between our material world and the spiritual world; and, 4th, That this connection involves certain phenomena termed miracles.

There are two classes of spiritual manifestations; *viz.*, diabolic, or evil manifestations, and beneficent manifestations.

There are those who acknowledge no evil, and no Devil; who say of all false teaching, misleading, vice, crime, and misery, that it is all right—that it leads men upward, by a sort of spiral movement, by which everybody infallibly gets to Heaven at last. I do not write for this class of persons. There is a chaos in their understanding, which hinders all honest reason from having its legitimate effect with them; and I record as first in diabolical manifestations, those spiritual communications which deny the existence of evil, and of evil spirits. I am aware of the importance of clear definitions at the start, in all discussions, and I give therefore, Webster's definition of Devil and evil.

“Devil, an evil spirit, a fallen angel, the chief of the apostate angels, a very wicked person; any great evil.”

“Evil, any deviation of a moral agent from the rules of conduct prescribed to him by God, or by legitimate human authority; any violation of the plain principles of justice and rectitude.”

The popular idea of the meaning of the word Devil, has in it something vague, perhaps indefinable, but always frightful. Many Protestants who pride themselves on being rational, and philosophical, and intellectually respectable, reject the Devil as a nondescript and fabulous being; they consider it an evidence of bad taste, and intellectual imbecility, to believe in him at all, except as the rhetorical personification of a principle. One sect of Protestants, who believe in the existence of Devils, assert that they are the souls of bad men—that all Devils are from the human race. Spiritualists who admit that there are evil spirits, many of them take this view of their origin.

Catholics (as well as perhaps the majority of Protestants), believe in the angels who kept not their first estate, and they believe in these bad spirits as having a leader. They have little idea of any state so bad, as to be absolute chaos, without semblance of hierarchy, or order. But though they agree in their belief in the devil, and in evil spirits, who are not of the human race, they probably differ a good deal in their ideas of the qualities, and capabilities of these beings. Some Catholics think the devil a great fool, and feel sure of thwarting him with the simple weapon of humble trust in the sovereign good. While others are almost fearful enough to be unbelieving; and the filial reverence of the lovers of the mother of our Lord, and the absorbing fear of those who have as much terror of the devil as of sin, deceive the Protestant world into the notion that worship of the Blessed Mother, and fear of the devil, are articles of faith in the Catholic Church; and I presume that I shall surprise most Protestants by the assertion that this is not the fact. I quote a popular opinion on this subject from Black-

wood, "If they are to be Papists they *must* be worshippers of the Virgin Mary—they must be worshippers of stocks and stones," &c.

Persons seeing the disorders of Spiritualism, and observing only those manifestations that are diabolic, readily conclude that there are no beneficent manifestations. It is not wonderful that they should so conclude, or that those who reject the idea of a devil, or of evil spirits, should denounce the whole as imposture, hallucination, hysteria, &c.

As society has its leaders in Church and State, even where the Papacy and a hierarchy are most earnestly denounced, and as an acknowledged leader in either is followed and obeyed by a sort of unwritten compact, in which the principal elements are power on the one side, and pusillanimity on the other; and as leaders are often blind, and bound, at least, for a season, it is not strange that there has been a mingled cry of impossibility, devilry, imposture, and worse than all, disreputable vulgarity, against a belief in the supernatural phenomena termed Spiritualism. As old fashions are worn amongst us some time after they are discarded where they had their birth, so a leader of public opinion may feel his cheek tingle with shame to hear his cast-off opinions avowed and defended by honest or dishonest followers long after he has found his way to a higher stand-point, and a broader and clearer vision.

The world moves all the time, and truth justifies itself at last; and men who have seen but one side of any movement, and have formed their opinions accordingly, have only to be thankful when they discover good where evil was at first only apparent to them. As there are winnings at the gaming table that are only decoys, so there are apparently beneficent spiritual manifestations which lead the victim on to the loss of all self-control till he gives himself up to be governed and guided by what he considers his guardian-angel. Again, what seem trifling, or mischievous manifestations, may lead to most beneficent results. We cannot decide as to the quality of a grain or fruit till its maturity is reached. Happily the maturity of evil is much more rapidly attained, than that of good, hence evil must soon demonstrate itself. It is claimed by Roman Catholics that the garnered experience of their church gives to its members, in the learning and care of its pastors, a security against evil that the Protestant world has not, and we know that many Protestants have become victims in a greater or less degree, in being pioneers in a reconnaissance, whereby valuable facts have been obtained for others.

In examining the subject of spiritual manifestations, we must be prepared to encounter a very great amount of extraneous, and really irrelevant matter. There are impositions, self-decep-

tion, nervous imaginations, hysteria, hallucinations, and positive insanity. Under each of these heads might be grouped a large number of facts, which have a seeming, but no real relation to our present subject. There is a melancholy satisfaction in the conviction to which I have come, after some years of careful observation, that the amount of self-deception, and insanity, are far greater than the wilful deception by sane individuals. Yet the credulous are constantly deceived by facts, that are simply pathological, and the incredulous declare that all unaccountable facts are fit subjects for the police, and an additional detective force would in their estimation be quite sufficient to explode the humbug of pretended communication between the spiritual and material worlds.

For years my opinion was, that all so-called spiritual manifestations belonged to the classes hysteria and imposition. This foregone conclusion hindered me from fair examination, and my expressed opinions in those days, though just to the classes of facts I examined, are not applicable to phenomena that have since come under my observation.

I propose in these articles to bring together facts and phenomena, from my own experience and from the lives of several mediums which have come under my observation, or which have been communicated to me by calm and judicious observers. I shall group these facts together, according to their specific character.

I will now consider what is called impressibility, or the influence that persons and things have over us, by presence, or contact. There is an epidemic character in emotions, as in diseases; a stampede among horses, a panic in an army, the epidemic character of revivals, the influence of public sentiment in creating mobs, and revolutions, where rational conviction has much less effect than blind feeling, are general evidences of impressibility. There is also the legitimate and orderly action of the same faculty, which is seen in a healthy public sentiment, reverence for heroes, and great and good men, the corporate enthusiasm of fire companies, armies, &c., for their object and their leaders. Most persons have some degree of what is termed impressibility; we feel an antipathy for one stranger, and an attraction for another, without any apparent reason. Many persons suppose that the instinctive faculties by which animals secure their safety and their comfort, are not needed by human beings, and that therefore they were left out in the creation of man, and reason given him in exchange. This may be in part true; but is it not also true, that we blunt all our senses by habits which take away a certain amount of the use of each, and consequently, a large amount of that instinct, or intuition, which *may* be the sum total of the conservative action of all the faculties?

A person of experience, and an undepraved sense of smell, detects the odour of diseases, and hurtful scents, where the ordinary observer perceives nothing, because he has deprived himself of the use of the organs of perception. The human sense of smell may be as acute as the canine. It may be questioned whether this would be comfortable or endurable, in the present state of the civilized world; but in escaping disadvantages, by organic lesion, we must also forego advantages. I do not assert that impressibility is the action of any or all the faculties, but I instance the depravation of the ordinary senses as, perhaps, a parallel to a palsy of singular sensibility or impressibility. Many persons, and especially is this true of infants and children, have an instinctive antipathy to certain other persons. I have never hunted home an antipathy of this kind, without finding that it was justified by some evil in the object. I have seen such antipathy manifest itself in a babe three months old, and I have seen it continued till the little one was old enough to listen to a story, and then the object of the aversion swindled the child out of a most legitimate antipathy, by relating a pathetic tale, in which he represented himself as the sufferer.

I have observed different degrees of impressibility, from that which says, "I don't like to touch what that person has touched, or I would like to have the least thing that such an one has had," up to that degree of impressibility that will tell you by touching the hand-writing, or some article used or worn by a person, the disposition, dominant passion, occupation of the person, and numberless facts respecting him. I have frequently seen an impressibility, that would tell the contents of a sealed letter, by laying the hand upon it, or pressing it against the forehead, or the contents might be indicated in the words of the *reader*, or merely the subject of the letter, and the disposition of the writer, and his name given. And this, when all was sealed in several envelopes, and only the hand, or forehead brought in contact with the outer envelope. The person telling all this, was a simple country girl, innocent and ignorant, with very little power of apprehending what she was reading with her finger ends. I trace the rudiments of impressibility in a desire for keepsakes, prevalent in the Protestant world, and I recognize a higher form or degree of the same faculty, as one cause (though it may be unknown to themselves) of the wearing of relics by Catholics, and of their usefulness to those who wear them. It is true that the teaching of their church causes relics to be worn and venerated. But whence that teaching? The Catholic claims that the instruction of his church has for its end, the well-being of man; that it is all reasonable, though its reason may far transcend ours. If there is no realized benefit, no conscious effect from the wear-

ing of relics, and blessed objects, would the practice be continued, whoever might advise it? There seems to be a lingering of virtue from separated or departed friends around articles that they have once used and that have been interpenetrated by the sphere of their spiritual character. All the world cannot rob us of this consciousness, and yet we may not at all be able to explain how it is. But because the mother cannot explain why she feels comfort in touching and wearing a lock of her deceased babe's hair, should she, therefore, resign it? Should the lover resign the flower, or the glove worn by his beloved, and that he has treasured long after she is dust, because he cannot tell *how*, or *why* her presence seems blended with these keepsakes?

In my next I purpose to resume my narrative of facts.

M. N.

THE CRITICS.—*The "Athenæum" and "Spectator."*

THERE is every reason to fear that the breed has greatly degenerated from the parent stock, though comparatively so short a time has elapsed since literary criticism was invented. Now, every one thinks himself competent to be a critic, and the result is that the art has fallen to zero. It has become little better than jobbery and penny-a-lining. We propose to give illustrations of this in a future number by gathering together the lucubrations of the leading literary journals on the recently published works of Mr. Howitt and Mr. Home. Most of these notices are simply fatuous, and do not deserve the name of criticism. They are, even when honest, only on a par with that of the theatrical critic who in Sterne's days measured the pauses between Garrick's soul-throes by a stop-watch. But there are others of these worthies like Mr. Hepworth Dixon, the editor of the *Athenæum*, who write from a different cause. This gentleman complains that Mr. Home passes too lightly over his life at Florence, and thinks it a good insinuation. On making inquiry as to this, we find there is some truth in what Mr. Hepworth Dixon says, and that Mr. Home should have added that Mr. Dixon happened to be there at the time, and that from what he saw and heard of him Mr. Home declined the honour of his proposed acquaintance. This may have shewn bad taste on Mr. Home's part, but Mr. Hepworth Dixon has certainly since shewn great soreness whenever the subject of Spiritualism has been mentioned, and now when the opportunity comes, by his enemy writing a book, he has nothing but a greenish-yellow article which indicates considerable disease of the liver and of the biliary ducts. Perhaps the most amusing notice, from its *naïveté*, is that of the *Spectator*, which makes a small show of fairness, and yet, not-

withstanding the numerous and conclusive testimonies to the facts which appear in Mr. Home's narrative, this writer offers once again to settle the question for ever, if Mr. Home will honour the office of the *Spectator* with his presence, and permit him to witness the phenomena. There is a small preliminary which this gentleman himself ought to go through before he is the accepted arbiter of the question, namely that he should produce the credentials in solemn form under which he claims to act as plenipotentiary. Has he been appointed by the world at large to negotiate this treaty of peace and amity, or is he simply another of that numerous class who has so high an opinion of himself, and so low an opinion of every one else, that he has come to put himself forward without any credentials at all? We have had already a large experience of these persons, and we have not found that when they have been convinced, the world acknowledges that it ever appointed them as its ambassadors. They are then found to be, what indeed they were all along, merely dull units with no importance excepting that which they blindly attribute to themselves, and after them comes up another, and another, and another, each with the same hollow pretensions, who asks that he too shall be convinced. These persons do not see that man himself and all his social relations are but a matter of testimony, and as they began by rejecting testimony, so the world will reject theirs. Let them fully recognize this position, and draw ingenuous comparisons between themselves, and the numerous persons who have given their names as vouching for the facts they have witnessed. Are they themselves much higher in the social scale, or in intelligence, or in honesty than these published witnesses? Have they better eyes for seeing, or ears for hearing? Are they less likely to be biologized or deceived or deluded? If they be, we should be glad to know who they are, but judging from all we do know of them, namely, their positive writing on a subject on which they are admittedly ignorant, and only ask for the means of knowledge, after they have written, instead of before, we have not formed a high opinion of them. Perhaps we are wrong in this, but let them give us the privilege of knowing who they are, who put forward the pretension of being so much trusted by the world. We have a rather extensive acquaintance with the writers of the press, and have not found them by any means supremely wise, but just average persons, striving to earn a somewhat precarious livelihood by not running counter to the prejudices of the day. Is not the writer in the *Spectator* one of these, and is not that paper already so depressed in circulation, that it could not afford to be the organ of an honest "spirit-rapping" editor? Is not the Maurice-Ludlow-Hughes element already sufficiently prominent and dangerous in its pages?

A "MASTER OF ARTS."

A GENTLEMAN—another of these critics who gives this description of himself, instead of signing his name—says that he has been reading, not the works themselves, but the notices in the press of Mr. Howitt's and Mr. Home's books, and he makes the following proposal:—"Let a photographer be stationed with his apparatus in the room, in which Mr. Home, the extraordinary familiar of the unseen world, shall next float in mid-air, as he records himself to have done. As the sun is a correct delineator, and would not fail to elucidate any contrivances of the conjuring art, a sight of the picture I propose would justify the answer being made to sceptical objectors, that 'seeing is believing,' not less than the perception of the floating performance itself." The letter bears the impress of that temple of orthodoxy, the "Oxford and Cambridge Club," and must therefore be treated with due seriousness and respect. It is from these feelings that it occurs to us to ask if he has always required similar evidence before believing in supernatural occurrences. We fancy that he has solemnly pledged his belief to many such without the testimony which he now deems so important and essential. In this day he can, by taking a cab, have personal interviews within two hours, with half a dozen men of his own university, who will give him full particulars of what they have seen, whilst for more astonishing spiritual facts than Mr. Home's, in which he thinks or says he believes, he can only read an ancient book which is just now being subjected to the special analysis of Bishop Colenso. The bishop's exegesis is not so exacting as to require photographs of the principal occurrences, but henceforth if the new rules of testimony required by this M.A. are to prevail, we shall all want a portable photographic apparatus, to be set up whenever anything remarkable is likely to occur, and we shall have to produce our negatives and positives, as the only mode of satisfying the learned.

It would certainly be very convenient if our family bibles could be illustrated with photographs of the most remarkable occurrences. The first would be one of the creation, after the sun was set in the firmament. Then we should have all the leading events of Paradise, and the Fall, the angels with the flaming swords. The flood and the ark would follow, and the patriarchs. The angels supping with Abraham at the door of his tent; the wrestling of Jacob with the angel; the ascent of Elijah would be subject to the same process. Another would be the wondrous scene which so "astonied" Nebuchadnezzar when he had thrown the three men bound into the burning fiery furnace, and said, "Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt." We have passed by Balaam's ass. There were,

no doubt, many asses in those days, as in these, but we only hear of this one who saw an angel. Why should not a photograph of it be required to prove so wonderful an event? Philip being carried in the air from Gaza to Azotus, would be the subject of another. The angel who appeared to the apostles in prison, and opened the prison doors, and brought them forth (Acts v. 19), and the angel who released Peter from his chains and prison, and afterwards walked with him "through one street," must be pictured in the same way. We forbear to do more than thus show this "Master of Arts," what a double-edged sword he is using by departing from the ordinary rules of human testimony, and setting up his foolish test, which would seem to imply, that nothing happens unless it be photographed.

"BELL'S MESSENGER," AND MR. SQUIRE.

IN a recent review in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, of Mr. Howitt's work on *The Supernatural in all Ages and Nations*, is the following passage:—"We recently heard of a surgeon of high standing, and considerable repute, being invited to a *séance*, at which a heavy table was made to lift itself up, and topple over the shoulder of the manipulator, at his pleasure, as if from spontaneous volition! The surgeon was persuaded that the whole process was a trick; and he not only tested it on the spot, but showed the manipulator how it was done, *and did it himself*, although he nearly broke the flexor muscle of his right arm in doing it. It is sufficient to say that there was no report of that evening's *séance* in the Spiritualist publications of the time. Yet to an infinitude of delusions such as these, one so simple-minded, and yet so gifted as William Howitt, has lent himself," &c.

The writer of the review has had an incorrect statement of what really occurred on the evening in question, and is himself open to the charge of credulity for believing in what certainly did not occur. This, however, is so ordinary with these writers, that it would not be necessary, only on that account, to set him right, if he had not suggested, that the alleged exposure by his friend, the eminent surgeon, was dishonestly concealed in the Spiritualist publications of the time. This is a charge of so heinous a kind that it is necessary to answer it. Those who are acquainted with this Magazine as "constant readers," will not need to be reminded, that we have on every occasion been the first to expose all instances of fraud which have come within our knowledge, and we have repeatedly disavowed the having in view any interests but those of truth in our investigations. Indeed, we cannot conceive any motive to the contrary, for certainly the

subject is not a popular one, and there is neither gain in a pecuniary sense, nor in reputation, to be got by running counter to the morbid scepticism of the age, with respect to such phenomena as we are in the habit of laying before our readers. We sincerely trust that if we should ever be detected in keeping back from our readers any important detection of fraud or imposture, they will thenceforth cease to have any confidence in our statements, and treat us as being as bad as the rogues whose dishonesty we conceal.

But let us give the reason why "there was no report of that evening's *séance* in the Spiritualist publications of the time." The writer was present on the occasion to which the reviewer refers, and "the eminent surgeon" is an old and valued friend of his. Unfortunately he is, like too many of his profession, a disbeliever in spiritual realities, and equally sceptical as to both old and new instances of such. He was by no means a hopeful pupil, for he was much pre-occupied by foregone conclusions. Mr. Squire, whose wonderful phenomena are well known to our readers, was the medium on the occasion, and the heavy table, on which he placed only one of his hands, the other being held by a gentleman present, was suddenly and in a moment thrown over his head, on to a bed behind him, his feet being fastened to the chair on which he sat, and no muscular action or movement being detected by the gentleman holding his other hand. The fact was demonstrated as perfectly as it has been before and since in many hundreds of instances.

Then came the turn of the eminent surgeon, who sat down in the chair with the table before him, and in the presence and sight of all present, endeavoured to perform the same feat. By moving his body in all directions, by stretching out his powerful arm to the opposite side of the table, and by the liberal use of his legs, continued for several minutes, by crushing the flesh of his hand by the earnestness of his grasp, *by nearly breaking the flexor muscle of his right arm*, as the reviewer truly states, and throwing himself into a profuse perspiration from which he took long to recover, and, as he was constantly reminded by the bystanders, by breaking every one of the conditions under which the same had been done through Mr. Squire, he finally got the table over his head upon the bed behind him. The whole was a ludicrous burlesque upon science and surgery, and was only an additional proof of the truth of the previous manifestation through Mr. Squire. During its progress it was far from satisfactory to the eminent surgeon himself, who could not fail to recognize the difficulties he was putting himself through to so little purpose.

During Mr. Squire's subsequent residence in Paris, where the same and other phenomena were repeated several times a week

for many months in the presence of hundreds of persons, there were also some eminent persons who thought they could accomplish what the eminent surgeon here so manifestly failed in doing, and a society of gentlemen publicly offered a reward of 1,000 francs to any one who would do the same thing by natural means. This offer stood open during several months, but no one came forward to compete for the reward. If the reviewer in *Bell's Messenger*, who thinks Mr. Howitt so simple-minded, and so easily deluded, would like to try the experiment, we can inform him that the same table is yet in being, and that if he will perform the feat under the same circumstances as it was done by Mr. Squire, we will make him a present in sterling English coin of a similar amount to that offered to his credulous French *confrères*. Meantime, we advise him that he will find "the flexor muscle of his right arm," much less exercised in writing shallow reviews, which if they have any meaning, deny all supernaturalism, and strike at the root of the spiritual foundations of all religions.

MR. PUNCH AND MR. DICKENS.

THESE gentlemen come next in order. They have both been coming out in their respective journals during the past month on the subject of the manifestations. They tax rather heavily the loss of memory of their readers, by wishing them to ignore the phenomena which occurred in the presence of their sons, the Messrs. Evans and Dickens, junr., on the 11th of May, 1860, at the house of a friend in Russell Square. It was on that occasion that Mr. Squire's mediumship was investigated and satisfactorily tested by them, to their great amazement; and though it was only a few days after Mr. Leech's clever cartoon of the spirit-hand, put up to the nose of the Emperor of the French, they evinced their great dread of being grasped by one, by suddenly withdrawing their hands from its touch. Mr. Dickens, junr., took notes, and gave them to his father, and the Messrs. Evans also duly informed the paternal *Punch* of what they had seen, and how entirely satisfied they were with the tests which they had applied. Notwithstanding all this, their parents found it well to try to ignore the facts supplied to them by their own sons, and they hope that by not referring to them, and by taking a bold and independent tone as if they had never occurred, the public will forget them. The full account will be found at page 241 of our first volume, from which we make a short extract, to refresh their memory.

There were other manifestations in their presence, which did not at all make the matter better. An oval table, weighing seventy-five pounds, was several

times lifted a somersault in the air, and thrown on a bed, the left hand only of Mr. Squire being placed on it, and his other hand held by Mr. Dickens. At the request of Mr. Dickens, this was done on both sides of the bed, and afterwards from the foot, having to pass over a high foot-board in the way. One leg of the table was broken off, and the table was lifted successively on to the heads of Mr. Squire and Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Squire and Mr. Evans, whilst Mr. Squire's hands and feet were tied to prevent the possibility of his in any way assisting it. The two gentlemen hurt their hands in trying to prevent the table rising, and sent it out of its course by their efforts, but down upon their heads it came, nevertheless. Should *Punch* wish for a true picture instead of a false one, for one of his forthcoming numbers, we should suggest his making a cartoon of this little incident.

Punch has never given us the cartoon, but always avoids this subject, which is no doubt a very unpleasant one to him, as well as to Mr. Dickens, because it tends to impeach either their frankness or their sagacity. Certainly it is a painful thing for them to find their own sons vouching for the truth of facts, of which the parents deny the possibility, and we should be sorry for them, if they would only deal fairly with the case.

Punch and some others of the reviewers complain of the use of initials by many of the witnesses to the remarkable phenomena narrated by Mr. Home, and state that they put their testimony entirely out of the question in consequence. In reply to this we beg to say that Mr. Home has furnished us with the means of satisfying any *bonâ fide* inquirer with the full names and addresses of each and all of these persons, and which we are prepared to do in any case in which such information will serve the cause of truth. There are very few of the narrations which cannot be proved by the testimonies of from four to eight witnesses. How comes it that Mr. Dickens, who has himself seen nothing, disbelieves his own son, and all the testimony of those who have repeatedly seen what makes him so angry even to think of. It must surely strike him as very strange, that he can deny without seeing, what they affirm from ocular experience; but he is in the same unenviable position as to all the supernatural of the Bible, which he equally disbelieves, and it is well that his readers should know this state of his mind, as one not confining his disbelief to modern instances only.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

THIS paper, in a review of Mr. Home's book, is both weak and incorrect in its facts, and shews that though it cannot believe facts which have occurred, it can believe readily in those which have never happened. There are several gross mis-statements of matters of fact, such as that it discovered the cheating of Foster, and that we followed its lead, whereas the reverse is the fact, and it has, we believe, always been so, that nearly all the intelligent

discoveries of cheating have been made and published by the spiritual journals. The assertion of the reviewer is substantially that no spiritual fact has ever occurred in the history of man excepting those in the Bible, that such facts are impossible, and that they are contrary to his belief.

We have already been made by the assertions of reviewers to see that the impossibility of a thing is no bar to its happening, and we may be in the same way at last driven to find out that things may happen which are contrary to their beliefs, or in other words, that their disbelief has not sufficient dynamic force to prevent the occurrence of a physical fact in nature. Indeed we may say that we have already well nigh arrived at this conclusion, and we desire them to take notice of our opinion. The facts of Spiritualism derive a great part of their importance from the denials of these men of their possibility, and it is a work of great charity on our part to be continually pressing them under their notice, in order to correct their ignorance, and enlarge their ideas.

The Saturday Review also, like the "Master of Arts," introduces some new rules of evidence. He requires photography as the only test of truth, whilst the *Saturday* gentlemen require "eleven Judges, or eleven Q.C.'s, or eleven Fellows of the College of Physicians or *even* eleven bishops." We suppose that this is in addition to having the photographs, so that the demands increase according to the ignorance of each questioner. We certainly have not had the advantage of any eleven of the classes he names to the miracles of the Bible, which indeed would soon crumble in our hands under the application of such a test. For the most of them, there are not the written testimonies of so many as three witnesses, and these do not always agree as to all the circumstances stated, so that in this day we are certainly superior in point of testimony. Although we cannot number eleven Judges as witnesses, we can yet name five, and amongst them Lord Lyndhurst, as being satisfied of the occurrence of the facts, also one very eminent Q.C., and many of the bar, and of the College of Physicians, and two bishops. There is far less testimony to the old miracles, and we fail to recognize eleven Q.C.'s in the twelve fishermen and the Evangelists who in twos and threes either witnessed or performed what is described. The *Saturday Reviewers* of those days were called Sadducees. Our friends have made a discovery, too, that persons who are represented by initials are non-existent, and that facts do not happen unless the names of the witnesses are given, although *he* conceals even his initials; and he instances the narrative of what occurred at Sandgate in the presence of thirteen persons, and says that the whole is based on Mr. Home's personal assertion. We have at hand the names, and we know personally the whole of these thirteen persons, and to

proper enquirers we will give them, and so of the other cases in which initials are given, we personally vouch for the fact that they exist and are credible persons, and we will, if necessary, furnish their names and addresses. We were quite unaware of this new doctrine of testimony, or that any one at this day would accept the stupid axiom of Bishop Douglas in his *Criterion*.

The reviewer alleges that if he were to go to St. Paul's, and say he saw a large bird on the cross, in five minutes several would say they saw it too. Let him try the experiment, and we predict that instead of seeing it on the cross, they will recognize it on the ground occupied by the reviewer, and pronounce it to be of the goose genus. The whole article is really below par, and is a great disgrace to a paper which pretends to write essays for the upper ten thousand, of whom a large proportion have witnessed the facts which he denies. Perhaps, the silliest argument is, that those who have witnessed the most are the least competent witnesses. He who has seen nothing, considers himself, therefore, the most competent, and to be without the "invincible prejudice" of those who have frequently seen the facts with their own eyes. Galileo and all true observers are tainted with the same invincible prejudice. But really the difference between us is, that we have not settled so completely as he has what is possible and impossible, and this because actual observation has enlarged our knowledge. It is a great comfort that the denial of this shallow-pated writer, cannot limit the bounds of the possible, and that notwithstanding his gooseish cackle, the facts can and do occur precisely as they are described. He repudiates the evidence of believers *because* they believe on the evidence of their senses of sight, and touch, and hearing, and he "knows nothing" of Dr. Gully whose reputation has created Malvern. If the reviewer would give his name, the position might be more truly reversed, and we could say that we "know nothing" of the pert young critic, who would thus make an end of all testimony, opinion, and belief whatever, by his illogical, dishonest, and conceited essay. Finally, we are reduced to the conclusion that facts may and do occur notwithstanding their impossibility, and the disbelief of the *Saturday Review*.

"I never said it was possible; I only said it was true," is an old saying which we would commend to his notice.

THE SPIRIT-WORLD.

How hard it is for mortal man
Beyond the bounds of earth to mount !
Too much engrossed by earthly things,
Of heaven we take no count.

Life's weight of meanness holds us down,
When high our spirits fain would rise :
When we would see celestial sights,
Earth's blindness shuts our eyes.

And thus we feel not what a world
Of spirits waits upon our life ;
That every foot of common air
With heavenly souls is rife.

Ah me ! the solemn thought, that man
Is compassed by such eyes as these !
That every action from his birth
A purer nature sees !

Perchance they mark not acts alone ;
It may be, thoughts lie open too :
Each sin, committed and conceived,
The sinless angels view.

Ah ! what a sight for holy eyes,
The open heart of sinful man !
What is their pity, what their grief,
When such a sight they scan !

They see the good, whose head is crowned
With praise from every human lip,
Full of all frailty, when disguise
From his weak heart they strip.

They mark how selfishness defiles
The love which men esteem most pure :
They mark how oft the virtue slips,
We blindly hold most sure.

Well might we shudder at the gaze,
That sees what lies most deep within,
If angels loved, like men, to mark
The weakness and the sin.

But they have pity for our state ;
They mourn, but they will not condemn ;
Our common Father is the Judge,
Who judgeth us and them.

They love to succour and to heal ;
 In woe they soothe, in guilt reprove :
 It is for kindly offices

They leave their home above.

Perchance the dead thus visit us,
 In form of angels hovering near :
 Alas, we soon forget ; yet we

To them may still be dear.

Ah ! think, when thou art urged to sin,
 Think that, it may be, by thy side
 Stands thy lost mother, or thy child,

Perchance thy youthful bride ;

Stands, and entreats for thee with prayer

That almost mars her sainted joy :

Nor deem it strange if earthly sin

Celestial bliss alloy.

Clozelier connected than we think

Are heaven and earth : though high above

The earth be heaven, through height and depth

Stretches the chain of love.

WILLIAM FULFORD.

WHAT I MYSELF HAVE WITNESSED.

I HAVE seen tables and lightstands of various size moved about in the most astonishing manner, by what purported to be an invisible agency, with only the gentle and passive resting of the hands and finger-ends of the medium on one of their edges. Also, many distinct movings of such objects, by request, *without* the touch of the medium at all. I have sat and conversed by the hour together with the authors of these sounds and motions, by means of signals first agreed on ; asking questions and obtaining answers—receiving communications spelled out by the alphabet—discussing propositions sometimes made by them to me, and *vice versa*—all by slow process, indeed, but with every possible demonstration of intelligence, though not without incidental misapprehensions and mistakes. I have witnessed the asking of mental questions by inquirers, who received as prompt and correct answers as when the questions were asked audibly to the cognition of the medium.

I have known these invisibles, by request, to write their names with a common plumbago pencil on a clean sheet of paper

—half a dozen of them, each in a different hand. To make sure of this, as an absolute fact, the medium was required to lay her left hand, back downwards, in the hollow of a veracious person's hand, both open; when a piece of pasteboard paper was laid on her hand, a well-examined blank sheet of writing-paper placed thereon, and a lead pencil on top of *that*; in which position (the medium's right hand being held up to view), both the hands, with these fixtures resting on them, were placed under the leaf of the table, as insisted on by the *writers*. After a minute or two, at a given signal by the spirits that they had done, the paper was exhibited with various names written thereon, as above affirmed. This was repeatedly tested with the same results, under circumstances putting all suspicion of fraud and jugglery entirely at rest.

I have requested what purported to be the spirit of a friend many years deceased, to go to a particular place, several miles distant from that of the *sitting*, and to bring me back intelligence respecting the then health and doings of a certain relative well-known to the parties. In three minutes of time the intelligence was obtained, numerous particulars given, some of them rather improbable, but every one exactly confirmed the next day, by personal inquiries made for that purpose.

I have been requested by the invisibles to speak on a particular subject, at a given time and place, with the assurance that responses should be made on the occasion, by knockings, approving the truths uttered; all which was strikingly verified. Once, at a most unexpected interview, when nothing of the kind had been previously thought of by any person present, a spirit, so purporting, who had several times evinced much interest in my public labours, spelled out:—"Have you selected your subjects of discourse for the next Sunday?" "Only one of them," I answered. "Would my spirit-friend like to suggest a text for the other part of the day?" "Yes." "What is it?" I enquired. He spelled out the word "The," and ceased. Wondering at his silence, the signal of another spirit was given. The new comer communicated by *movings* of the table, not by *raps*, like the other. He said that our friend the rapper, had been suddenly summoned away for a few moments, but would certainly return soon. He did return within fifteen minutes, resumed his communication just where he left it, and spelled out—"The second chapter of first Corinthians, the twelfth and thirteenth verses." No one in the room had the least recollection of the words referred to. So the Bible was called for, when the text proved to be the following:—"Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things we

also speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the Holy Ghost teacheth: comparing spiritual things with spiritual." Struck with the sublimity, purity, richness, and force of the passage, I answered that I accepted it thankfully, as a very appropriate text for the occasion referred to, and would endeavour to illustrate its great truths as well as I might be able.—*Rev. Adin Ballou.*

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

AN important letter has been published by Dr. Gardner in the *Banner of Light*, Boston, which throws doubt upon the genuineness of two of these alleged spirit photographs, and until the circumstances be fully investigated and satisfactorily accounted for, no reliance can be placed upon the person who is implicated. We are glad that Dr. Gardner, who was one of the first to give publicity to this possible phenomenon, is also the first to caution the public of possible fraud in the matter. The editor of the *Banner* in introducing Dr. Gardner's letter says:—

"When the subject of spirit photography was first mooted in this city, we cautioned our friends and the public not to be too sanguine in regard to what purported to be a new phase of spirit-power—as we considered it a matter of great moment, if true, and an unpardonable deception, if untrue—and accordingly advised them to scrutinize carefully the *modus operandi* of taking these pictures. Subsequently we received what we considered reliable evidence of the genuineness of several of the *cartes de visite* produced by Mr. Mumler—which evidence is before the public. Since then Spiritualists and others have investigated the phenomenon, to the best of their ability without detecting the least fraud on the part of the artist. But recently the gentlemen whose names are appended to the subjoined articles, and other parties, have expressed themselves that several of these photographs are *not* genuine spirits portraits; and in justice to ourselves and the community at large, we are in duty bound to open our columns to their statements, hoping that the whole truth may be arrived at thereby. We fully endorse Dr. Gardner, wherein he expresses the opinion that Mr. Mumler has produced spirit pictures that are genuine, notwithstanding the evidence to the contrary which is given below:—

" ' DR. H. F. GARDNER'S STATEMENT.

" ' MR. EDITOR—Please allow me a small space in your columns to say to the many friends who have written me upon

the subject of spirit photographs, as produced by Mr. W. H. Mumler, that while I am fully of the belief that genuine spirit likenesses have been produced through his mediumship, evidence of deception in two cases, at least, has been furnished me, which is perfectly conclusive. I have, during all my investigations of the subject of spirit photography, been forced by the accumulating evidence into the belief that genuine spirit likenesses were produced, and have frankly and openly so stated at all times and under all circumstances, and I deeply regret the necessity that compels me, through irrefragable evidence, to state with equal frankness that I am satisfied, beyond a doubt, that in the instances above referred to, Mr. Mumler, or some person connected with Mrs. Stuart's rooms, has been guilty of deception in palming off, as genuine spirit likenesses, pictures of a person who is now living in this city.

Yours for the truth,

"Boston, Feb. 20, 1863.

H. F. GARDNER, M.D.' "

There is a further letter, giving particulars to the same effect, by Mr. Latham. Upon these letters the *Herald of Progress* makes the following comments:—

"The letters of Dr. Gardner, and John Latham, published in the *Banner of Light*, and alluded to last week, express in distinct terms the conviction of these two gentlemen that at least two of the alleged spirit-pictures were produced by deceptive means. The proof is found in the exact resemblance of two alleged spirit-forms to the likeness of a living person whose photograph was taken at Mrs. Stuart's rooms some months since. We have seen the two 'spirit'-pictures, but not the original. We would not hesitate to declare the two to be likenesses of one person. Our position in respect to these pictures is the same as it has been. We believe spirit-photographs to be possible. The claim of Mr. Mumler's pictures to be accepted as such rests on testimony in each and every case. We have only declared upon some of this testimony, which has been clear and indisputable. The fact that a 'spirit'-form is the likeness of a living person, though affording strong presumptive proof of deception, is not absolutely conclusive, especially when the conditions essential to a fraud appear to be wanting, since, if it is possible to produce a spirit-image at all, it is equally possible for a spirit to reflect an image of a mortal, though extremely unlikely to be done. The repeated calls for decisive statements from us, as to these pictures, have not yet betrayed us, and will not betray us into any pre-judgment or hasty decision. We have not hesitated to declare upon the plain and reliable statements of trustworthy persons. Such testimony applies only to certain pictures. As to others—unattested—we have nothing to say; nor is there aught discouraging to us in

the fact that this, with other manifestations, has to be settled to each investigator by evidence conclusive to him, and often to him alone. Fortunately there is no court of inquiry whose report on these pictures is 'final.' Simple justice to Mr. Mumler, either as an honest medium or most expert trickster, requires us to admit that no single person has alleged the existence of even the slightest appearance of deception in his arrangements or operations. Those who have enjoyed the freedom of his rooms for days and weeks, fail to discover a single suspicious indication. So far as known, his methods do not differ from those of other photographers.

C.M.P.

"Since the above was written, we have received this week's *Banner of Light*, in which appears the following card, to which, we trust, Mr. Mumler will promptly respond, and afford every desired facility:—

" 'A CARD.

" 'I propose to go to Mr. Mumler's rooms with a committee of disinterested men and an honest reporter, and I will then and there, in presence of that committee and reporter, discover and exhibit the trick of spiritual photographing as done by said Mumler, if he, Mumler, will grant said committee, reporter, and myself, the same privileges that I have heard he has given to Mr. Guay, who has written favourably of his (Mumler's) operations in regard to spirit-photographing.

" 'CHARLES B. BOYLE.' "

We have also received from Dr. F. T. Child a letter and the additional photographs which are referred to in it. Dr. Child says:—

"I have had no further opportunity of investigating the spirit photographs personally since I wrote you. It is now over four months since the first of these were taken, and as yet, no one has detected any fraud or discovered any means by which pictures similar in all respects can be taken. Several hundred pictures have been taken by Mr. Mumler. I have seen over of one hundred and more than half of these have been recognized by respectable persons as pictures of deceased friends. I send herewith some duplicates.

"No. 1 is Mr. Taylor of Central Indiana; they had a child about seven months' old, which died, and having no picture of it, he concluded to go to Boston, nearly 800 miles from his home, and try to get a picture of their child; he held his arm in the peculiar position you see, and the form of the child was on the plate. He was an entire stranger in Boston, said nothing to any

one about his intention, and he declares, most emphatically, that it is a faithful likeness of their baby. He is said to be a man of strict integrity. Mr. Robert Dale Owen shewed me two pictures which are interesting. A gentleman residing near Boston went to Mr. Mumler and obtained his picture, and the form of his first wife with a peculiar head-dress; he took it home, and his present wife said, 'You know, my dear, I am desirous of maintaining the best feeling towards your former wife; we will say nothing about this, and I will go into Boston and see if I cannot get a similar picture;' 'Very well,' said her husband; she did so, and obtained a picture of the same spirit, with a different head-dress and in a different posture. The veracity of these parties is unquestionable.

"No. 2 is a singular picture. Mrs. Isaac Babbit, of Boston, a lady of the highest respectability, obtained a picture of her deceased husband, which had been recognized by hundreds of persons who knew him. At another sitting this child was recognized—it is a niece; you can see the aunt's face in the forehead of the child. Either the "model" must have been very large, or it was held nearer the camera than the lady sat. I have about fifty pictures, most of which have been recognized. Other artists are trying experiments. I saw a picture of a medium a few days since, and over the head were three stars. I have seen several in which there have been bundles of rays of light thrown on the head. There is an artist at Roxbury, near Boston, who has taken a number of pictures with very distinct forms on them, though I believe no one has been recognized. I send you—Mr. Robert Dale Owen, No. 3—it was taken at Roxbury, and he cannot tell whose the form is that stands beside him. No. 4 is one of my own taken by the same artist, the form not recognized. But I had no opportunity of seeing the entire process at Roxbury, as in Mumler's case, and from the character of the pictures I have considerable doubts of their spiritual origin. I am certain they might be produced by another negative, but I do not know that they were so produced. I think we shall have more light on this interesting subject before long.

"Yours truly,
"HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

"Philadelphia,
"Feb. 17th, 1863."

As we have said, the question to be decided is not of possibility, as to which we can know nothing, but it is one of direct evidence in each case, and by that test it must stand or fall. We must still wait the result of this, bearing in mind that in the numerous cases in which spirits have made themselves visible there would be no physical reason against obtaining a photograph. For

instance in the case known as the "Lord Chancellor's Ghost" where a female figure was seen by several persons preceding Mr. Roche, the Registrar of the Bankruptcy Court, into his bed room mentioned at page 218 of our last volume. The only assumed impossibility therefore is in those cases in which the spirit is not visible to the naked eye, and as to this impossibility we cannot pronounce *à priori*. Certainly it is well established that the eye is not the measure for the photograph, and this is fully proved by the interesting experiments of Baron Reichenbach, who obtained the results on sensitive paper, from the odic light flowing from a magnet, which light could not be detected by the naked eye. In other words the paper was more sensitive to the rays of light than is the human eye.

Notices of Books.

HOWITT'S HISTORY OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

IN this welcome and much needed contribution to literature and philosophy, which we were able only to barely notice in our last number, Mr. Howitt defines Spiritualism as—"simply the revival of the universal faith of all past times and nations in the communion of God and his angels with the spirit of man." This definition, which fully accords with that we have adopted as the motto of this Magazine, is no less true, than it is broad; and the petty artifice which seeks to discredit Spiritualism by characterising it as "spirit-rapping" (as if that comprised both its complete statement and refutation), is a mere piece of vulgar claptrap, which we hope that henceforth no intelligent, ingenuous writer will again resort to. With rare learning and research, Mr. Howitt brings together evidence from far and near, from people of different times, races, languages and religions—from history, sacred and secular—from biography and poetry—from philosophy and Scripture—from the traditions and mythology of the far-off past—from prophets and apostles—from the Christian fathers, saints, confessors, martyrs, and reformers—from later and eminent theologians of various churches—from travellers in distant climes, and from the literature of divers periods, countries and forms, to demonstrate this common, we might, perhaps, say, instinctive belief of humanity, "as old as the hills, and as ubiquitous as the ocean." "In the heart and soul of mankind, the great truth is found to be rooted inextricably with

the roots of life and of all consciousness." From the wide survey he has taken in this work, Mr. Howitt makes the induction that the golden chain of the supernatural is a *Lex Magna* of the universe. And so far from holding that what are called miracles are interruptions or violations of the course of nature, he regards them only as the results of spiritual laws, which in their occasional action subdue, suspend, or neutralize the less powerful physical laws, just as a stronger chemical affinity subdues a weaker one, producing new combinations, but combinations strictly in accordance with the collective laws of the universe, whether understood or not yet understood by us.

The sceptics who are so fond of appealing to experience, have not only present experience, but the cumulative experience of all the ages against them. Let them fairly grapple with this aggregate of evidence; for no mere microscopical reasoning, picking out a hole here, and finding a flaw there, can materially affect the general value of this testimony, taken as a whole. Nor will it meet the case to say that this belief, admitting its universality, is no proof of its truth; that men have universally held opinions, which science has subsequently demonstrated to be erroneous; for this faith is not one of opinion, grounded in speculation on matter beyond the limits of human knowledge or opinion, or of limited and defective observation; but everywhere it claims to be based upon positive fact, upon direct observation and experience, which no discovery in science can impair, and the reality of which is attested by the number of independent sources from whence it is derived.

Earnest souls, everywhere, are alike weary of an unsatisfying scepticism, and of the ever-renewed because ever-unsatisfactory efforts to remove it by mere verbal argument. On a question of fact what is needed is, not words and opinions, but facts; facts which shall speak to us not only from the past, but from both the past and the present. This, and this alone, will offer a blunt impassable terminus to scepticism and neology, and give certain assurance to the yearnings and aspirations of the soul; and lay the foundations deep and wide of a true spiritual philosophy which shall harmonize the conflicting claims of Reason and of Faith. In establishing beyond a peradventure the realities of a spiritual world, it will also confirm those salutary feelings and convictions which tend to that renovation of character and life which it is the object of Christianity to enforce.

But for the strange blunder of some reviewers, we should hardly have deemed it necessary to apprise the reader that Mr. Howitt does not attach equal weight and importance to every narrative to which he has referred. The very title-page of his book should have sufficed to prevent such a misconception. His

History is written to demonstrate "a Universal Faith," not the absolute verity of every particular relation in connection with it. At the same time, to regard the great mass of evidence he has presented as fiction, would be wholly to discredit human testimony in all matters of which we had not personal experience; and the supposition that the universal faith he has demonstrated (and which his critics have not attempted to invalidate) has been through all ages based upon delusion and lies, implies a degree of credulity which we should think to a sane mind was hardly possible.

Mr. Howitt incidentally alludes to his own experiences of spirit-manifestations. We hope that he will take an early opportunity of detailing these more fully than he has done in these slight incidental references, as they go far to clinch his argument. There is a general tendency in human nature to attach special weight to what a man says of his own knowledge, especially when, as in the case of Mr. Howitt, he is one widely known and respected, and in whose integrity we feel we can place perfect confidence. All who are familiar with his writings, too, know him to be a man of keen, shrewd observation, who *sees* what he looks at, (which is not the case with all persons), and reports faithfully only what he sees. His *History of Priestcraft* is a sufficient proof that his bias is not towards superstition, and that he is not a man to tolerate imposture. Let us then, as Spiritualism is on trial at the bar of public opinion, put Mr. Howitt in the witness-box, and hear his evidence as to the facts: bearing in mind his declaration,—"*The author adds his own conclusions from a practical examination of these higher phenomena, through a course of more than seven years.*" When those who differ from Mr. Howitt can make a similar declaration, their conclusions will be entitled to greater respect than in general they have now any right to claim for them. But let us hear Mr. Howitt's deposition. He says:—

We have seen tables often enough lifted by invisible power from the floor; seen them give answers to questions by rising and sinking in the air; we have seen them in the air keep time by their movements to a tune playing on a piano; seen them slide about the floor of a room, laying themselves down when touched, and refusing to do anything for a fortnight together, but thus to creep about the floor whenever touched. We have heard bells ring in the air, and seen them thus ringing move about a room; seen flowers broken from plants, and carried to different persons, without any visible hand; seen musical instruments play correct airs apparently of themselves, and even rise up, place themselves on a person's head, and there, just over it, but not touching it, play out a well-known air in fine style. We have heard remarkable predictions given through mediums, and which have come literally to pass; heard wonderful descriptions of scenes in the visible world made by persons in clairvoyant trance, which would require the highest imaginative genius to invent or embody in words; have seen writing done by pencils laid on paper in the middle of the floor, not within reach of any person present, and innumerable such things.

And in speaking of the drawings made by Madam Hauffé

under spirit-influence, hé takes occasion to make the following statement of his own experience as a spirit-medium :—

Having myself, who never had a single lesson in drawing, and never could draw in a normal condition, had a great number of circles struck through my hand under spirit influence, and these filled up by tracery of ever new invention, without a thought of my own, I, at once, recognise the truth of Kerner's statement. The drawings made by my hand have been seen by great numbers of persons, artists, as well as others, and remain to be seen, though the power is again gone from me. Giotto, or any pair of compasses, could not strike more perfect circles than I could under this influence, with nothing but a piece of paper and a pencil. No inventor of tracery or patterns could invent such original ones as were thrown out on the paper day after day, with almost lightning speed, except with long and studious labour, and by instrumental aid. At the same time the sketches given through me are not to be named with the drawings, both in pencil and colours, produced in this manner through others who are well known.

Mr. Howitt forcibly points out that those who have led the English onslaught on Spiritualism have either simply repeated the worn-out arguments urged by objectors in America after they had ceased doing duty there, or have pillaged—or if they prefer it, borrowed without acknowledgment, the weapons which the Pagan philosophers hurled against Christianity. And in doing this he also cuts at the root of a very popular fallacy. The press of this country, which for the most part cries out lustily against Spiritualism as an imposture, always assumes that its phenomena occur chiefly, or only, in the presence of professional mediums, against whom, as they are interested in producing them, there is always a *prima facie* case of suspicion, and on this pretence they strive to confound them with jugglers and conjurors' tricks. Let it then be understood that this assumption is wholly unwarranted and contrary to the facts; that though there are a few professional mediums, who being open to the public, are of course more widely known, yet that these are only a small fraction, probably much less than a hundredth-part of the number of persons who are consciously mediums, but whose mediumship is seen only at their own family and private circles, and among these, are some, like Mr. Howitt, of whom the public is not ignorant, and whom critics dare not treat otherwise than with respect. If then it comes to this—as it does on the showing of most adverse critics, that we are to believe that our friends, and the members of our own families; daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, brothers, and fathers, have suddenly, and from no motive, become cheats and liars; or else—that Spiritualism is true; we shall not be long making up our minds which horn of the dilemma to take. But to the quotation from Mr. Howitt, with which, and a hearty commendation of his book, this notice must conclude :—

How frequently have we had to listen to this class of borrowed arguments. Why, said the learned heathen, did not God come as God? Why, say the anti-Spiritualists now, do not His angels come openly as angels? Why do they

confine themselves to modes of communication as strange to the wise now, as Christ's mode of coming was to the wise then?

And all this time, in England, thousands and tens of thousands were daily sitting down in their families and circles of intimate friends, and were quietly, and as people of common sense, successfully testing those angels under their own mode of advent, and finding them real. And both in America and here, as well as in most of the continental nations, this private mode has been the great mode of enquiry and conviction. Not one man in a hundred has ever seen a *public* medium. Public mediums have, in reality, only inaugurated the movement: it has been, of necessity, carried on by private and family practice. In this domestic prosecution of Spiritualism, equally inaccessible to the vulgar sorcerer and the interested impostor—where every person was desirous only of truth, and many of them of deep religious truth—the second stage of spiritual development, the more interior and intellectual, has been reached by a very large community. For there is, indeed, a very large section of society who are sick of mere empty profession, or still more disgusted with the dreary cheat of scepticism, and who have been long yearning for some revelation of the immortal hopes of earlier years, in some substantial and unmistakeable form. They have found this in the daily visits of their departed friends, coming to them with all their old identities of soul, of taste, or common memory of glad or trusting incidents, of announcements of Christian truth, and of God's promised felicity. They have listened again and again to the words of their beloved ones, bidding them take courage, for there was no death, no place for darkness or death; but that around them walked their so-called departed, ready to aid them and comfort them in their earth's pilgrimage, and to receive them to immediate and far more glorious existence.

That great cry which has, at one time or other, ascended from the universal human heart, for positive and personal assurance of the reality of the Christian promises, and the reunion of beloved friends, had been going up from theirs; and they had felt how comparatively small is the value of all the evidences given to others, and especially to the ancient world, weighed against one such evidence *to themselves*. All human souls have felt this; all have cried, 'How long, O Lord, wilt Thou continue to me a God who hidest Thyself?' Mrs. Crawford, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*, in 1836, tells us that the then Lord Chedworth was a man who suffered deeply from doubts of the existence of the soul in another world; and that he had a friend, very dear to him, as sceptical as himself. Whilst one morning relating to his niece, Miss Wright, at breakfast, that his friend appeared to him the night before, exactly as he appeared in life, and told him that he died that night at eight o'clock, and that there was another world, and a righteous God who judgeth all—and whilst Miss Wright was ridiculing the idea of the apparition—a groom rode up the avenue bringing a letter announcing the fact of his friend's sudden death at the time stated by the spirit. Mrs. Crawford adds, 'The effect it had upon the mind of Lord Chedworth was as happy as it was permanent; all his doubts were at once removed, and for ever.'

To such a certainty, and comfort to a single mind tortured with doubts, what is the value of the finest sceptical writing that ever was written?

We had intended to say a few words on the treatment Mr. Howitt's book has received and is receiving from the press—from writers, most of whom it is evident have not given as many hours to the practical investigation of the phenomena as Mr. Howitt has years; but it all may be summed up in Cowper's well-known couplet—

"The owls and bats in full assembly find
On strictest search the keen-eyed eagle—blind."

We are not surprised at this result. No "respectable journal" *dare* accept the supernatural manifestations recorded in Mr Howitt's book as the present realities they claim to be. For

the press to receive any book making such affirmation with candid and intelligent appreciation, would be a greater miracle than any which Mr. Howitt has recorded. The reviewers generally approach every such work with a foregone conclusion against it, and seek only so to manipulate the case that it shall fit in with the verdict which in their own minds they have already pronounced. The scornful tone they assume is the natural expression of that state of mind which does not know and will not learn, and which breasts all facts novel to it, and which run counter to its prejudices, with a front of dogged stolid resistance. That despite of this Spiritualism holds its own, and makes headway, is due solely to its being based on facts, which "winna ding," let critics without knowledge, without investigation, and with no better guide than blind incredulity, wag their pens as they may. "Still it moves," and will move, and Mr. Howitt's book is one of many evidences that it does so. *Magna est veritas.*

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,"

And in this matter of Spiritualism it does err most egregiously.

Correspondence.

SOME CURIOUS INCIDENTS.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR, my dear grandfather was an Independent minister. He was one of the few whose spirit kept pace with the times, singularly free from bigotry, and narrow-mindedness, and to the last a most congenial friend and adviser of young men. I feel convinced, from many little incidents of his life, that he was a "medium," and had he been spared a few more years, when the subject of "Spiritualism" came more under public attention, that it would have found in him a deeply interested inquirer. Although my grandfather seldom introduced such subjects, I quite remember as a child feeling, from little remarks I had heard in conversation, that his belief in "spirits," or as we now call it "Spiritualism," was greater than that of most people in those days.

I was one day accompanying him in his round of pastoral visits, when my suspicions were confirmed to an unexpected degree, in the following conversation. "Do you believe in spirits, grandpapa?" I inquired. "Oh, yes!" he said, "indeed, I do!" and upon further questioning, he said, "I frequently see your uncle S——," referring to a son, who had also been an Independent minister, and had died from consumption, many years before the times I speak of. "He comes to me at night when I am alone, after the others are gone to bed, and stays with me, often an hour and more at a time, when we have long and most interesting conversations." "What about?" I inquired. "That," he replied, "I may not tell you, or any one, but, among other things, he frequently suggests subjects for my sermons." I asked if he had ever seen any of his other children, (of whom he had lost five in consumption, from the age of sixteen and upwards). He replied "Yes, I have seen and talked to M—— a few times, but not often."

J. R——, his eldest daughter, evidently inherited this mediumship, as several incidents of her life clearly revealed. I will relate two of the most remarkable, that now suggest themselves. In the year 1825, she was visiting some friends, at a distant city. One evening she retired to bed, when instead of rest, an indescribable, as it was unaccountable, feeling of dread came over her, and a conviction, improbable as it appeared, that R——, was endangering his life by fire. R——, it should be stated, was the gentleman to whom she was engaged to be married, and who had spent the previous evening with her. The feeling of the danger at length, became so vivid, that she aroused some one to whom she communicated her presentiments, as was to be expected however they were looked upon, as merely nervous agitation; it was nevertheless so great, she could not be left the remainder of the night. The morning came, and with it R—— made his appearance; her first words were, "Where have you been? I'm sure you have been in danger from fire!" His surprise may be imagined, for he had come to relate that, on his way home, on the previous evening, he had discovered a fire breaking out in an upholsterer's warehouse—belonging to a relative—when, with the assistance of some soldiers he sent for, he was the means of saving nearly the whole stock, though not before he had run considerable risk, once indeed, he had scarcely left a room, before the ceiling and one of the walls fell in, with a force which would probably have been fatal to him had it happened a few minutes before.

Another incident happened a few months afterwards of an equally remarkable character. On this occasion she was at home. All had retired to rest for the night, when about three o'clock in the morning, she rose with an indescribable feeling of anxiety, went into her parents' room, and told them she was sure R—— was coming, and that he was then in danger of being drowned. No reasoning could allay her feeling of restlessness, and at last she determined to get up and prepare breakfast for him. This she did. In less than an hour R—— knocked at the door, when, instead of an astonished enquirer to know who was there that time of night, as he had reason to expect, a voice called out, "I knew you were coming; I'm ready—I have lighted a fire, and water is nearly boiling. I saw you coming up the road and pass along a gate under which the flood was rushing—your foot slipped, and it is a wonder you were not drowned!" When R—— came in he found everything comfortable and cheerful, excepting only the faces; they were, however, soon made so by his safe arrival. It appeared that business had suddenly called him to London, when, as the coach passed within five miles of the house, he determined to spend a few hours there. As he was not expected, however, of course no conveyance was in waiting for him; he was, therefore, compelled to walk. When he had gone about three miles of the distance, he found the river swollen to such an extent as to make it almost impossible to trace the road, and at one part he was only able to do so by keeping close to and walking along some railings; while doing this his foot *had* slipped just in the manner and at the critical point, so minutely described by J. R——.

Yours truly,
F. J. T.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Wakefield, 4th February, 1863.

SIR,—I have just finished perusing the current number of your periodical, with regard to George Muller, of Bristol. Allow me to assure you that were I allowed to give you in detail *visible* instances of answer to prayer, I might mention many as having occurred to the religious community of Dominican nuns residing at Stone, Staffordshire, but a regard for the feeling of these ladies induces me to abstain from relating circumstances as extraordinary as those detailed by your correspondent, "T. S." However, I shall now give you two anecdotes connected with my own family, which you are at full liberty to publish. One of the earlier numbers of your magazine contained some instances of what is called *presentiment* of death. I was in hopes that these anecdotes would have been continued, and actuated by that desire, I give the following:—On the last Sunday in May, 1838, I was sitting with my eldest sister in the parlour; we had just read the evensong

of the Established Church, of which I was then a member; after remaining quiet for a few minutes, as if in deep thought, she exclaimed, "Oh, E—, I shall die this day week!" and left the room. As she was going upstairs she turned to me, and said, "When next I come down these stairs, it will be in my coffin." I enquired if she desired to see her usual medical attendant. "No," was her reply; "I am quite well, but I shall die at three o'clock next Sunday." The next morning her medical attendant was sent for, who laughed at her nervousness. However, as she had predicted, she died at three o'clock, p.m., on Sunday, 3rd June, 1838. The circumstances attending her death are narrated by one of her medical attendants.

The other incident occurred to myself:—Shortly after my reconciliation to the Church of Rome, I went on a visit to some of my relations at St. Servan. I was requested some time in the month of May, 1847, to lock the cellar door before coming upstairs to tea. On going to do so, I saw standing before me a figure of a woman dressed in black, in the cellar, with her hands stretched out. In my confusion I dropped the key, and while searching for it I still saw her standing in the same position. After locking the door I joined the family party at tea, and mentioned the matter casually, when some children exclaimed that "I had seen the ghost," and on requesting an explanation was informed that the house was said to be haunted. In the course of the evening I called on an Irish family, and while they were laughing at my narrative, I looked up and saw a lady, a perfect stranger to me—a friend of the family. I observed half jestingly, "Were I not sure of the contrary, I should be inclined to believe that you have been playing me a trick, as I never saw two persons more alike than you and my ghost." The effect of this innocent remark on my part acted as an electric shock on the lady in question, and she immediately fainted. As soon as she had been restored to consciousness, I learned that her sister had died suddenly in the house where I was staying, and that her *révenant* (ghost if you will) or spirit as I call it, was haunting the place. A few weeks after this, I accompanied a large party to the orphanage. On reaching the door I was informed by a clergyman, who was one of the party, and who is now, I believe, *vicaire* at St. Servan or its neighbourhood, that Madame D—'s child at the time of her death, an infant, was in the orphanage. On going into the *salle*, a room where there were about two hundred children, I pointed out little Marie D—, and enquired if she was not Madame —'s niece. I was answered in the affirmative. My reply in answer to the question how I recognized the child was, that I never saw any one so like the *révenant* I had seen (excepting her aunt) as this little child. The same apparition has been seen by many others, and if you like I shall be most happy to give you the names of parties who have seen the ghost. Enclosing my card and address.

Believe me to be, sir,

Your obedient servant,

AMICUS VERITATIS.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER,

Dated September 14th, 1859.

"Dear Robert, his last prayer was for peace and love. On Wednesday night, about one, he (my father) asked Victoria and me to sing to him; Victoria sang the 218th hymn. I could not help her—my tongue was palsied. Papa joined her, and sang the last line of each verse. Whilst they were singing, a bird came in at the window, and flew three times over their heads, and then went out.

"Papa said, he had found the true path, and told us to come where he was going. He died the same morning.

"R. H. C."

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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—JOHN PORDAGE:
JANE LEAD: THE COUNTESS OF ASSEBURGH.

A SOCIETY called the *Philadelphian Society*, spoken of by some writers as the *Angelical Brethren*, was formed near the close of the seventeenth century. It consisted of earnest, pious men and women who believed in Christ's second advent:—not in His outward visible appearance in nature, but, in the souls of those prepared to receive Him. They held that this time was at hand, and that the best preparation for it was a thorough reformation in heart and life. One of the leading members of this society was Dr. John Pordage, who practised as a physician, but who, more than forty years before the society was formed, had been ejected from his living in Bradfield, Berkshire, by a commission for ejecting scandalous and insufficient ministers. He was by this commission sentenced to the deprivation of his living on the charge of heresy, and of holding converse with angels and spirits. Four years before this he had been tried on these charges in an ecclesiastical court, and honourably acquitted; and he was, therefore, according to law, not liable to be tried on the same charges. But the commissioners were not to be hindered from their purpose by legal difficulties. One of them stated before the sentence of deprivation was passed, that "the commissioners might receive such evidence as had been given against him, as good and sufficient proof, though not esteemed so in courts of law; for that they were not tied by statutes and forms of law, but proceeded according to justice." Another, after expressing the concern of the court in passing sentence against him, said, "Though he did not think him guilty of maintaining those horrid tenets, yet they must proceed *secundum allegata et probata*."

According to the testimony of the witnesses brought against him, the apparitions and visions which gave rise to his prosecution, were neither sought after nor desired by the Doctor, but were an annoyance to him and his family. His servants deposed to their having seen lights and heard music produced by no

visible agency, several times; one of them added that she had never lived in such a pious family. In his defence, after replying to all the charges against him, *seriatim*, Pordage handed in a written protestation, in which he solemnly avows and protests "before the all-seeing eye of Almighty God," that he holds "all arts of necromancy and black magic, all communion or compacts with evil spirits, whether explicit or implicit, direct or indirect, unlawful; being against the Holy Scriptures, and never looked into or practised by me, but on the contrary, abominated, even as they are to be detested and abhorred, not only by all Christians, but by all mankind." He acknowledged that many wonderful apparitions were seen in his house, and asked, "What can this hurt me? Was not Job terrified through visions? Did not Zechariah see Satan stand at the right hand of Joshua? Did not John behold a red dragon in a vision? Was not Christ himself tempted of the Devil by voice and vision? Now the servant is not greater than his Lord, therefore not exempted from attempts of the Devil; neither is Bradfield, or any other place, exempted when God permits; and how can this render me scandalous, ignorant, or insufficient? It rather shows God hath blessed me with faith, and enabled me to overcome these trials by fasting and prayer. Could it be proved I used magic art, I ought to be punished, but it is hard to be prosecuted for the devil's malice." In reply to the article, "That he hath very frequent and familiar converse with angels," Dr. Pordage answered, "I do confess communion and converse with angels;" and he very pertinently inquired,—“Why may not God, for the support and comfort of some precious saints, who in humility, self-denial, and abstractedness of spirit, serve Him day and night, I say, why may He not afford such a sweet and heavenly converse with the holy angels? What Scripture is there that speaks against it? Is it not suitable to what He afforded the patriarchs, prophets, apostles, and the primitive Christians?”

That Pordage was an honest man, that he spoke nothing but what he believed to be true, is admitted by all; even his enemies could not impugn his veracity, and no fear of personal consequences could hinder him from affirming any important truth of which he felt fully assured.

Pordage, after being ejected from his living, vindicated himself in a work entitled *Innocence appearing through the Dark Mists of Pretended Guilt*. The account he gives in this work of his visions, of his temptations from evil spirits, and of the succour which he derived from good spirits and angels, especially during the autumn of 1649, when the worlds of both good and evil spirits were opened to him, presents so many points of interest, that though it may, perhaps, seem a little prolix, I here transcribe

it, and the rather, as few are likely to be hardy enough to dig it for themselves out of the scarce old folio in which it lies buried, while the excerpts from it hitherto usually given have been very incomplete.

"I do judge," says Pordage, "that God doth call me forth to make a free and open discovery of those wonderful apparitions, visions, and unusual things, which were seen and permitted by the Lord to be in my family, and if all that read this, can but receive and judge of it by that rule and principle from which I write it, they will be so far from judging me, as that they cannot but bless God for his favour and mercy to me, and the more admire his wonderful works, and the greatness of his power."

After this exordium, he thus proceeds with his narrative:—

In August, 1649, there appeared in my bed-chamber, about the middle of the night, a spirit in the shape of Everard (a reputed conjuror and sorcerer), with his wearing apparel, band, cuff, hat, &c., who after the sudden drawing of the bed curtains, seemed to walk once through the chamber easily and so disappeared. That night there was another appearance of one in the form of a giant, with a great sword in his hand, without a scabbard, which he seemed to flourish against me, having the figurative similitude of a great tree lying by him. After this had continued for the space of half-an-hour, it vanished; and there succeeded a third appearance which was very terrible, being in the shape of a great dragon, which seemed to take up most part of a large room, appearing with great teeth and open jaws, whence he oft ejected fire against me, which came with such a magical influence that it almost struck the breath out of my body, making me fall to the ground. Now you must know that these three were dreadful apparitions, and very terrible to the sensitive nature, and might have caused a great distemper in it, had I not been supported in an extraordinary way by the ministration of the holy angels, against the evil effects of those extraordinary, unusual apparitions, the last of which continued till the day began to dawn and then disappeared.

In the second place, there were two invisible principles opened and discovered to us, which may be called *Mundi Ideales*, being two spiritual worlds, extending and penetrating throughout this whole visible creation, in which many particular beings were discerned, suitable to the nature of these worlds. Now these two principles or worlds seemed very much different one from another, as having contrary qualities and operations, by which they work upon this visible creation, which we see distinguished and differenced into variety of creatures, some poisonous and noxious, others wholesome and harmless, according to the difference and contrariety of things in the internal worlds, upon which the external doth in some measure depend—as standing in them, or rather proceeding from them. Now these could not have been seen had not that inward spiritual eye which hath been locked up and shut by the fall, been opened in an extraordinary way in us. Besides, we had our other internal spiritual faculties of spiritual sensation opened to discern their various objects within these worlds, which objects by reason of their qualities, may be differenced into good and evil.

But I shall here first present the objects of that internal world which may be called *Mundus Tenebrosus*, or the *Dark World*, which objects by our correspondent inward faculties, or senses, were then discerned and made known to us.

Then as to the objects of that internal sight, when this principle or world was opened, we beheld innumerable multitudes of evil spirits or angels, presenting themselves in apparent distinctions of order and dignity, as powers, principalities, dignities; my meaning is, there seemed to be inferiority and superiority, governors and governed, the princes of this dark world and their subjects, which presented themselves as passing before our eyes in state and pomp; all the mighty ones appearing to be drawn in dark airy clouds, chariots with six or at least four beasts to every one, besides every figured similitude of a coach, was

attended with many inferior spirits, as servants to the princes. But concerning the shapes and figures of the spirits, you must know they were very monstrous terrible, and affrighting to the outer man. Those that drew the cloudy coaches, appearing in the shapes of lions, dragons, elephants, tigers, bears, and such like terrible beasts; besides, the princes and those that attended them, though all in the shape of men, yet represented themselves monstrously misshapen, as with ears like those of cats, cloven feet, ugly legs, and bodies, eyes fiery, sharp and piercing. Now, besides these appearances within, *the spirits made some wonderful impressions upon visible bodies without, as figures of men and beasts upon glass windows and the ceilings of the house, some of which yet remain. But what was most remarkable, was the whole invisible world, represented by the spirits upon the bricks of a chimney in the form of two half globes, as in the maps. After which upon other bricks of the same chimney, were figured a coach and four horses, with persons in it, and a footman attending, all seeming to be in motion, with many other such images, which were wonderfully exactly done. Now fearing lest there might be some danger in these images, through unknown conjuration and false magic, we endeavoured to wash them out with wet cloths, but could not, finding them engraven in the substance of the bricks; which, indeed, might have continued until this day had not our fear and suspicion of witchcraft, and some design of the devil against us caused us to deface and obliterate them with hammers.* Now, what the devil's end in the former apparitions, and these figurative representations was, the Lord knows; but it was certainly evil, even as it was against Christ, when he shewed him (in vision) the kingdoms and glory of the world, to make him fall down and worship him; but God's end in permitting it, was very good, even to bring us nearer to Himself in a stronger dependance upon His eternal power, and to make us more watchful against the subtlety and power of Satan. But to shut up this relation of the objects we saw in this dark world, I must add this: that were but the eyes of men opened to see the kingdom of the Dragon in this world with the multitudes of evil angels which are everywhere tempting and ensnaring men, they would be amazed, and not dare to be by themselves without good consciences, and a great assurance of the love and favour of God, in protecting them by the ministry of the holy angels.

As to the objects of the inward and outward smell, I must let you know, that within the three weeks space in which these wonders appeared, at several times the evil angels or spirits did raise up such noisome poisonous smells, that both the inward and outward part of those that were exercised with them, became much disturbed and offended, for through the sympathy betwixt the body and the soul, the sulphureous hellish smells, much exercised both, by magical tincturation. In reference to the objects of taste, you must know, that sometimes both in the day and night we were exercised with the loathsome hellish taste of sulphur, brimstone, soot and salt mixed together, which were so loathsome to our natures, as that they were ready to cause great distempers and nauseousness in our bodies; but the invisible power of Jehovah supported us beyond our strength.

In relation to our inward and outward touch, we were much exercised both in body and soul.* As to our souls we sometimes felt such strange magical wounds and piercings by the fiery darts of the devil, that none can express, but those that have been exercised in some measure as Job was, who felt the poison of those envenomed arrows which came upon him by the permission of the Almighty, which like the scorpions in the Revelations, sting and pierce those they touch. As to our bodies, we felt *material impressions* from the powers of darkness, very noxious in themselves to our natural spirits and life, but cheerfully borne by invisible support and quiet submission to the will of God.

But now I come to the other internal world, which we may term *Mundus Luminosus* or the *Light World*, which with its various objects, was then likewise opened to the inward senses.

There appeared then to our inward sight multitudes almost innumerable of pure angelical spirits, in figurative bodies, which were clear as the morning star,

* Pordage remarks here, in a marginal note:—"These things may be strange to those who do not know that the soul hath five faculties of spiritual sensation, which are natural and proper to its essence."

and transparent as crystal; these were *Mahanaim* or the *Lord's Host*, appearing all in manly forms, full of beauty and majesty sparkling like diamonds, and sending forth a tincture like the swift rays and hot beams of the sun, which we powerfully felt to the refreshing of our souls, and enlivening of our bodies. Now in the beholding the multiplicity, variety, and beauty of these spirits, with the various wonders and objects of this world, clothed in the purest tincture of light and colour, we could not but bless the God of heaven, who by the eyes of wisdom, and hand of power, brought such glorious creatures, and now shewed them in their several beauties to us in a time of trial and temptation.

In relation to our inward sense of hearing, there were many musical sounds and voices, like those which John heard upon Mount Sion, then heard by us, the sweetness, harmony, and pleasantness of which cannot be expressed, nor that spiritual joy and delight which by them was infused into our souls, uttered by the tongue, being ready to ravish our spirits into the high praises of eternal Jehovah.

In relation to the faculty of smelling, the tongue can hardly express those odours of paradise, and heavenly perfumes, which then were smelt, piercing into the very spirit with a cherishing tincture, besides that quickening virtue which by them was communicated and insinuated into the spirits of our outward bodies, which, like a cordial, had been able to have renewed the strength of our languishing nature.

Our sense or faculty of tasting was very pleasantly entertained with those invisible dews which were sweeter than honey or the honey-comb; and therefore deserve to be called the Dews of Heaven, with which, instead of food, we were many times wonderfully refreshed.

In relation to the sense of spiritual contact, that was also delighted with its heavenly objects, for none can utter that pleasing impression which the burning tincture of this *Light World* afforded us, coming like a hot cordial into the centre of our spirits, being sensibly felt in the inward parts, so as to cause much joy and heavenly pleasure, which penetrated through our souls, giving us occasion to bless, praise, and magnify the Lord.

Thus, for the space of three weeks or a month were we exercised inwardly and outwardly through that great conflict which was betwixt those two worlds and their inhabitants; the *Dark World* sometimes afflicting us with dreadful shapes, abominable smells, and loathsome tastes, with other operations of the evil angels; the *Light World* at other times opening, and relieving us with odoriferous perfumes, most sweet dews, glorious visions, and angelical harmony, which the Lord favoured us with to shew his extraordinary love in thus succouring us in extraordinary exercises and trials.

Thus much for those two internal worlds, spread throughout the visible world, in which the evil and good angels are more immediately than in this visible air, to which they cannot be commensurate, by reason of their spiritual natures; each of them abiding in their distinct principle, the one sort being in joy, the other being in torment; the one in light, the other in darkness, according to the Scripture.

But besides these two worlds, we had an opening of the eternal world, called in Scripture the World to come, from the futurity of its full and clear manifestation, and a precursory entrance into the most holy place, by a Divine transportation into the glory of the majesty, agreeable to that of John xvii, 24, "Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given me," &c. Here were seen, heard, and felt, the unutterable mysteries of that kingdom, which are not yet to be divulged, in regard of the pride, ignorance, prejudice, and envy of many in the world, being reserved for those humble, gracious spirits, which are waiting in silence for the second coming of the Son of Man.

After this, we began more clearly to see that straight and narrow way which leads to life eternal, which we call the virgin life, or the life of purity and righteousness in its perfection, being the life of fixed love; in anything short of which the perfection of the virgin life cannot consist. . . . And now for the space of this four years, ever since the time of these great manifestations, we, by the grace of God, have enjoyed the exercise of our spiritual senses, which never since have been shut, neither ever will be, except through voluntary

transgression and disobedience we apostatize and run back into the earthly nature, or turn aside to centre in something short of the pure life of virginity which calls us from the external, through the internal, into the eternal world, which is that kingdom prepared for us from the beginning of the world.

But after the extraordinary time of grace and mercy to us, we enjoyed not only a clear leading convicting light upon our understandings, but likewise received from the Lord a stamp and strong impression of power, moving our wills to follow this light through the death of all things, to come up into the perfect life and image of God, that so we might be transformed into that righteous nature which we so clearly beheld through divine light. Hence we came to live in a greater abstraction from our sensitive nature, in a more constant, watchful practice of the cross, in reference to all external and internal objects, which might, by entertaining our affections, hinder our progress to God. Hence also we came to live a more devoted, strict, dedicated life, sequestering ourselves from the world and worldly things, giving ourselves almost continually to prayer, fasting, and waiting upon God, in dying daily to all self-amusements, relations, and proprieties, in which most are entangled, to the great prejudice of their spirits; and in this way we have ever since continued, endeavouring to be wholly conformable to the death of Christ, in renouncing our own lives, and proper wills, as opposite to the life and will of God, experimenting those profound mysteries of the cross of Christ which are hidden to most in the world. But what joy, peace, life, power, divine pleasure, and heavenly communion the Lord has blessed us with in this our dying, resigning progress, I shall wrap up in silence, together with those blessed secrets of the kingdom which in these few last years past we have been acquainted with, to the comfort of our spirits in this sad time, when we are judged and condemned of the world, in the participation of Christ's sufferings.

Now, ye ministers and commissioners, my prosecutors . . . you have seen that I have declared those wonderful visions and exercises which have caused so many scandalous reports, together with the effects of them on our spirits, and I must tell you had I a thousand names, lives, liberties, and such livings as Bradfield is, I should rather sacrifice them all upon the altar of obedience, than being called to it, deny those great and wonderful things before declared, which the Lord permitted, and ordered for his glory and our good.

Besides this defence, Pordage published a work entitled *Theologica Mystica, or the Mystic Divinity of the Eternal Invisibles, viz:—the Archetypal Globe, or the Original Globe, or World of all Globes, Essences, Centres, Elements, Principles, and Creations whatsoever*. Other treatises of his were left in manuscript, some of which were translated into German, and published at Amsterdam, in 1698. The subjects of these treatises were *The Angelical World; The Dark Fire World; a Treatise on the Incarnation of Christ; On the Spirit of Eternity; Spiritual Discoveries, and Experimental Discoveries*. "In all these," says a recent writer, "he wrote not merely as one who had heard and seen what he relates, but as an actual participator of the misery of the kingdom of darkness, as well as of the bliss of the kingdom of light. Thus in his treatise on the Dark World, he says that some years after he had been ejected from his living at Bradfield, a terrible voice came to him saying, 'Take this unprofitable servant and cast him into outer darkness,' and that immediately he was carried away thither in spirit, and made to feel there the heavy strokes of divine justice, so as to be able thence to describe that world in the manner that he has done. He freely confesses his inability

to comprehend or express fully what was revealed to him in the spirit, and therefore he cautions others against confounding his own reasonings with the illuminations of the spirit. His state of continuance in the dark world was for some years, of course not continuously but at intervals during which he says heaven was closed to him."

Another member of the Philadelphian Society was Jane Lead, an aged widow lady of good family from Norfolk, and to whom, she having become blind, Pordage frequently acted as amanuensis. Her visions and spiritual experiences present so many points of agreement with those of Swedenborg in the following century, that the latter has by some been considered to have been much indebted to her for the ground-work of his spiritual relations and theological system; but more extended investigation we think would have led to the larger induction, that with great diversity in particulars and in the outward form of expression, there is necessarily much essential agreement in the revelations of all genuine seership, the closeness of agreement apparently depending mainly on the degree of approximation of their several states. In her *Revelation of Revelations*, Jane Lead seems in particular to have anticipated Swedenborg's *Apocalypse Explained*; at least, so far as in giving to all the Apocalyptic visions, and to every part of them, a spiritual interpretation, and in applying the mystic symbols, and their fulfilment, not to special periods and localities, but to the individual man and the collective church; though she also looked forward to a manifest spiritual accomplishment in the world at large.

The works of Jane Lead are now so rare, that out of fourteen separate treatises, two only are to be found in the library of the British Museum. One of these is entitled, *The Wonders of God's Creation, manifested in the variety of Eight Worlds. As they were made known experimentally to the Author*. In this work she declares, that it was revealed to her that besides this mortal visible world, there were seven regions or worlds of spirits. Of these there are three lower worlds, corresponding to the elements, air, water, fire; the lowest is called by her the *Fiery Dark World*. Then there are three spiritual worlds into which nothing of evil or sin can enter. "The first of these is the *Paradisaical World*, where there is a growing up to higher degrees of perfection, to complete us for the kingdom of *Mount Sion*, where Christ the Lord's kingdom is in great magnificence, with all the angelical principalities under him, and with the elders as patriarchs, prophets, and apostles. The third heavenly world is the royal and principal seat of God the Father, with the *Eternal Virgin Wisdom*, and the seven spirits. This bears the title of

the Great City, called the *New Jerusalem*, where the glassy sea doth encompass about. Then above this is that world called the *Still Eternity*, (the inmost place of purity) out of which were generated all of these worlds above mentioned, of all which I must give an account, according as I have had them shown and opened, from the deep centre and original being of them."

From the conclusion of this work, I take the following :—

THE STILL ETERNITY.

Sept. 13, 1695.—As I was considering the high and weighty work whereunto we are called, my spirit was immediately caught up into an high region, that was all calm and still, where I saw no figures or images: but there was a wonderful light, which flowed into me like a river. Then it was opened in me, that this was the creating light from whence all beings did proceed; and that what was now expected as a new creation, must be brought forth from the stillness of this light, with which the soul's essence must be mingled, and that from this union the variety of the wonders should be produced in the world.

It was further said to me, that I had been long driven to hit the furthest centre of all centres, but the plummet line of my spirit was too short to fathom that deep gulf, which was in a visionary figure some years ago shewn to me. This being led by the spirit to call to mind, there came before mine internal eye a deep abyss, that opened itself and streamed forth with such a commixture in all variety of colours of precious stones, so dreadfully sparkling and glorious, that no other but a simple and abstracted spirit could behold it, and much less enter into, and so be mingled with it, according as I was both times invited and called to.

This second time it was renewed to me by an *internal opening*, from which it was given me to understand that this Godhead-gulf was now broken up, for a streaming-forth with that high-mixed matter which would deify and tincture the soulish essence that had been under the depravity. Then it was said to me by the spirit, that this was the true and right baptism into the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by which the soul would return to its first original, and then would know itself to have power in God, as His Virgin Heart and Spouse—to do and act agreeable unto so high an unity. This is the summit of all depths that can be searched into. Do but study this, and the eternal abyssal world will from its stillness come to qualify with, and operate in you, in order to the wished-for transmutation.

Before quitting this work, let me present the reader with the following "memorable relation," as Swedenborg would call it. Mrs. Lead says :—

As I was, upon this 17th of October, in this present year, 1695, watching upon a deceased friend's account, after some time I found she had passed through the elementary regions. Then Paradise being opened, I searched for her, and after about two hours I found her in the third degree of the heavenly world, she appeared to me of a most lively and angelical countenance. As soon as I had met her, I congratulated her and said, "I have been a long while seeking to find you." To which she answered, "Very well you might; for I have been so taken up with the variety of the pleasures of this place, that I had forgotten all my mortal friends." Then she added, after a short pause, "O, my friend, the death which I feared and that kept me in bondage all my life long, has been my friend to set me free, and its sting that I dreaded, become nothing less than a living balsam, by which now in triumph I can say, 'mortality is swallowed up in joy and glory.'" To which I replied, "Did not I often tell you this, and that I would venture my own soul for yours as to the security of it?" Upon which she smiling said, "Now I find it so to be." And so, seeming to be unwilling to entertain any further discourse with me, as if thereby she was held from a better enjoyment, she left me. Upon which I was exercised in some meditation, and it was thus concluded. That persons who did live very circumspectly and watch-

fully, in all piety in their lifetime, as this person had done, though void of all sensible assurance and comfort of God's favour while they live, as if they did not live, but are estranged from this elementary body while they are in it, do, when they pass out of it, obtain a swift passage through the elements, which are not able to cleave to, or detain them long, but are swallowed up and changed into the Paradisaical body; which is a good motive to incite all persons to live above the earthly life, that so nothing may stick to them when they go out of this world.

Jane Lead makes frequent allusions to the "Virgin Wisdom," the full meaning of which will perhaps be better understood from the Preface to her work, *The Laws of Paradise, given forth by Wisdom to a translated Spirit*. The Preface is written by her son-in-law, the learned Dr. Francis Lee, also a member of the Philadelphian Society. He relates of her that one day, when in deep contemplation of the Paradisaical World, "there appeared in the midst of a bright cloud, a woman of a most sweet and majestic countenance, her face shining as the sun, and her vesture of transparent gold." This appearance spoke to her as "the Eternal Virgin Wisdom, whom she had been inquiring after;" and announced that she was to unseal to her "the treasures of God's deep Wisdom." This vision, at intervals, thrice returned. On the last occasion, "The virgin queen showed herself in most mighty majesty, being attended with a numberless train of virgin spirits, and with a very great army of angels. . . . Then said the divine Virgin, 'I shall cease to appear in a visible figure to thee, but I will not fail to transform myself in thy mind, and there open the spring of wisdom and understanding.'"

From this work on *The Laws of Paradise*, I quote—

THE CONCLUSION.

There is a *mystical* Paradise as well as a *local*, which opens from a pure magical centre, and is a wonderful state to know and witness. It chiefly stands in divine visions, revelations, ideas, presentations, manifestations in sounds, trumpets, voices, in speakings, in powers, raptures, joys, and sensible feelings. All which golden springs flow from out of the bowels of the New Paradisaical Earth, according as wisdom did some time afterwards declare.

To the question which, "by a noble and earnest inquirer was, upon his own experience sent to be resolved, *viz.*, 'Why such departed souls that are detained in the middle regions, do often attract, and draw their near relations and friends to be with them?'" she appends the following answer:—

This proceeds from a most intimate unity that was betwixt them while living, whence not having centred their loves higher than was elementary, the deceased may have much power to draw away the life of the body, of which kind some instances have been known. Let this therefore be a good caution to all dear and near relations to carry up their love to one another beyond what is but creaturely. . . . It hath been shewed to me also, that there is a great congruity betwixt the highest degrees of Saints, departed into the Mount Sion and Jerusalem principles, with such here as have attained to that high birth, which can reach their principle. Now this sort act quite after another kind,

they do not so much covet to draw them out of the body, as to *influence, and bring down their gifts and powers into manifestation, in and through those whom they stand in such love and unity with.* These perfect spirits in their separated order do well know and take notice who are most fitly qualified, though in bodies elementary, for immersement with them, and do thereby communicate and disperse the light of new revelations into this lower principle; that so the inhabitants herein may come hereby to be enlightened and transformed. For these blessed ones above, do with much longing wait for their kingdom to be opened, and spread among mortals, till immortality shall swallow up all in its own everlasting light and life.

In conclusion, I quote from her *Revelation of Revelations* a few passages relating to the restoration of spiritual gifts and open communication with spiritual beings.

Another rule is, the going forth in the prerogative royal of the will, that is immersed into and becomes one with the power of the Holy Ghost. We may remember that Christ the Lord, upon doing any great or marvellous cure, put forth the sovereignty of His will, as when He said to the leper, "*I will, be thou clean.*" And sometimes He put it to those, who, He perceived had faith in Him, saying, "What will ye that I should do unto you?" And no less was effected for them than they desired the Lord should do for them. These expressions of our Saviour may be a grand rule for us to follow, and ought well to be regarded by us, for *in the will is the highest magic, when it is united with the will of the Highest.* When these two wheels meet in one, they are the swift-running chariot which nothing can cross or stop, in which the bridegroom with his bride ride most triumphantly together over all things, *viz:—over rocks, mountains, and hills, which are all made a plain before them, and seas are dried up.* What is able to resist a will that is united with God's will, before which everything must stoop and bow! which will, whenever it goes forth, always accomplishes its enterprise. It is not a naked will that wants its garment of power, impregnable almightiness is with it, to pluck up, to plant, to kill, and to make alive, to bind and to loose, to save and to destroy . . . I know nothing more worthy for the single eye to look into, and contend for, than the magia of faith, which was once delivered unto, and exerted by the saints of former generations; and why we should give it up for lost now, I see no cause, but should be earnest for reviving of it, and calling it up from the dead* . . . Such as are first risen in the tabernacle body of God shall bind all evil spirits, and there shall go forth a virtual power from them to do as if Christ were in person there. They will be made as healing waters from out of the threshold of his sanctuary, that shall recover the dry and parched earth, to make it bud and flourish, as it did before the curse did overtake it;—take it inward as to spiritual fruitfulness, or otherwise as to the outward elementary state.

But now I shall come to describe the time and more certain way of divine openings and revelations; know then, where holy consecrations and special ministrations are, such may come to feel in themselves one essential birth of life to spring, which is not to be caught in by verbal comprehension, knowledge or understanding,—no such thing. But the Spirit of Truth and Revelation openeth itself in the fiery essence of the soul, in a sweet silent stillness, where all thoughts are excluded: then doth the light ray of the Deity rise, and overshadow and fill the temple of the mind with light and glory, then will the soul sink away deeper and deeper into the abyss of being, where the greatest of wisdom's secrets are to be known. When the spirits of the soul can after this manner steal and slide away from time and mortal day, then open stands that gate that gives

* "By union with the divine will," she says, "The ancient believers wrought their miracles. Faith has now the same prerogative: the will of the soul, wholly yielded to God, becomes a resistless power, can bind and loose, bless and bann throughout the universe. Had any considerable number among men a faith so strong, rebellious nature would be subdued by their holy spells, and paradise restored."—*Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics.*

entrance to behold the glorified beings, and to hear the languages of that Light World, which none else can hear but them that are got out of the noise of other hearings, into that still and silent deep, where most pleasant joyful voices and sounds are heard, which entering through the several organs as a fiery breath,* nothing of vocal words is either required or needed there. Now then by this you may judge, that pure and unadulterated revelation and vision of true sight is not so quickly rushed into, nor easily attained; it is a great and peculiar gift, and also requires great watchfulness and attendance upon it, if any would enjoy and hold it incorruptedly; and that there may be no deceit in this matter, when you come to try your own and other spirits, take this observation further with you;—if any one brings out a prophecy or revelation, take notice what defensive power and guard it hath upon it. The beloved John, when he had all those visions and revelations, gives an account how they were seen and heard by him; for saith he, I was in the spirit on the *Lord's day*, (and a good proof there was of it) as much as if he had said, that it was neither man nor mortal's day that did rise and enclose upon him, but the one everlasting day, or Ancient of Days, in whose light he had the glorious prospect of heavenly things themselves. Thus he was in the Spirit, which was his defensive power and guard, to keep out all other trifling spirits. Observe this further, it is a much different thing for the mind and spirit of the soul to be caught and taken up into the spirit pure and abstractedly, for then it is secured from mixtures; but when the Holy Spirit is come only into the property of our souls, giving forth lustrous light and revelation, it is liable to be twisted about by the self-promoting essence, that is ready and apt to dash in upon the divine inspiring, as soon as it arises from its own centre-deep. This I speak knowingly, having traced through the deep meanders, before I arrived to know the true and certain way of revelation, by which now I am put out of doubt concerning the true oracle speaking in my soul, as to my own particular; watching thereunto with heedfulness, for the keeping out of all fluttering spirits that have their birth and nourishment from the astral and elementary region, that can go in and out for proving till we are got beyond their kingdom.

To those that do question whether there be any spirit of prophesy or revelation given forth since the Apostles' decease, as believing all died with them. This would be a sad and deplorable thing, if God should since that age cut off the spring of revelation from its original, that so the sheep and lambs of Christ's flock should no more expect to be fed from the fresh springing pastures, where no footing hath been, as also to drink of those flowing rivers of life that renew daily from the fount of Godhead. Let such but call to mind and consider those many scripture-prophecies and promises concerning the continuation of this gift unto the very end-time, both in the Old and New Testament. I shall mention only some of the latter: John xiv. 16-18, 1 Cor. ii. 10-14, 1 John ii. 28, Heb. viii. 9-11. Many more than these Scriptures could I call up for confirmation of the continued run of the Spirit throughout all ages, Christ by His Spirit comforting us, saying, "Lo, I am with you to the end of the world." Now as from the Lord I beseech you, not to eclipse the light of the day-star (2 Peter 1-9) in your own souls, nor quench the Spirit, nor despise prophesying, then may the witness of Jesus rise in you, to confirm this most glorious ministration, as a burning lamp of revelation.

* Of the operation of this "*fire-breath*" as partially experienced by herself, she says, "Whilst these words were inspoken from the anointing, I felt a sensible rising and spreading over all my heart, head, and body, as if all were covered with a cloud of sun-heat, giving out light, by which I could see what was inwardly done, as well as feel it. Then it was further spoken in me, that I should take notice that this was also the bright garment of the sun. Such is the nature of this secret flaming matter, that it feeds, strengthens, and clarifies a naked spirit all at once. Then was I inquisitive to know the substance or the ground of it, but it was replied,—'Meddle thou not with that, only receive it passively, and co-operate with it when it ariseth, and then walk with, and draw in the feeding fire and air, and when it resteth in its own place, rest thou with it, and be assured it will not leave thee, till it have concentrated thee in the Deity.'"

There is much else of interest I feel tempted to quote, especially in relation to her views on the restitution of all things, which was with her a very deep conviction, and on which there is in her book much high discourse. But the length of the foregoing extracts, as well as my desire to avoid in these papers all doctrinal discussion, preclude my doing so. But of all her teachings, this was, perhaps, the most excepted to. Alas! and alas! that men should have so little faith in the love, and wisdom, and power of God; and that they should pervert the "Good News," proclaimed by the compassionate Saviour, into what, so far as a great portion of the human race is concerned, might in the words of an eminent living preacher be called, "a Gospel of Damnation."

I may here perhaps fitly introduce a short account of the Countess of Asseburgh, born in 1672, and who, it is affirmed, was "endowed by GOD, with singular and very supernatural gifts of the Spirit." From the time that she was seven years old, she had, as she averred, visions of the Saviour, and revelations from him. A full account of these will be found in *A Letter to some Divines, concerning the question, "Whether God, since Christ's ascension, doth any more reveal Himself to mankind by the means of divine apparitions; with an exact account of what God hath bestowed on a noble maid, from her seventh year, until now, M.DCXCII."* By Rev. John Peterson, D.D. "Set forth in English," with a Preface, by Dr. Francis Lee.

We learn from Dr. Lee that Dr. Peterson held episcopal authority in the diocese of Lunenburg, in Hanover; that he was a man of most strict integrity, and of considerable learning and ability, and that he examined carefully into what was related by this young person concerning her experience, "with all opportunities to try the truth of what she asserted," and that he found her relation agree in all its parts, and supported by many concurring circumstances. We are told by Dr. Peterson, that her revelations were written *verbatim*, and that her pen was guided in setting it down, when she was hardly able to write or spell. She was of a very humble, pious, and submissive disposition. Her confessor having intimated his fears that what she regarded as the Saviour, might be the Devil transformed as an angel of light, she with her mother and sisters prayed earnestly, that if it were so, he might be put to silence, but if it was the true Saviour, that he would continue to appear and speak as heretofore. In reply, she received encouraging and comforting assurances, confirming to her the truth of what she had received. "This passed in the fifteenth year of her age, and from that time to this present day (1691) our Saviour has

been pleased to manifest Himself very gloriously to her and by her, and has confirmed her in her soul, and fully assured her that this was not from melancholy, or the Devil; but that it was the Son of God Himself, who spoke with her, as one friend speaks with another friend." He goes on to say:—

Notwithstanding all the contradiction and opposition of men, she doth, without the least mixture of doubt or fear, believe in pure simplicity and child-like confidence, that whatever the Lord hath told, or shall according to the expectations of her faith hereafter tell her, shall be punctually fulfilled both in herself and others. . . . She says and maintains, "Nobody can make me doubtful of that which I have seen and heard. Nobody knows the New Name but he that receives it."

But that you may understand the method in which these revelations pass, and how this maid doth not see with her gross and corporeal eyes, but doth see and hear the Lord in spirit; and how she doth from time to time write down from His sweet mouth the words which she thus hears, I will here import a testimony (spiritual communication) which was given her on the 12th of November, 1688, the Lord Himself dictating the same as she wrote, to the end that if any were desirous to be informed concerning the manner of the revelation, she might be able to answer him in His own words, which are these:—

"Peace be with you, the friends of our Jesus, the saints blessed and beloved. I speak with you as one friend speaks with another. I speak at this time with the mouth of truth, that I may be heard, yet not outwardly by the body, but inwardly by the spiritual ear, which is a thousand times more delicate than the outward one. I speak to you by myself, as true God and true man, and cause myself to be seen, not by the eyes of the body, but by the internal eyes—the eyes of the spirit, of such a spirit naturally as is united and betrothed most strictly to me. And this manner of sight is real though it be hidden and subtle. This, I know, will seem strange to you who do not yet understand my mysteries and my wonders; yet I tell it you that you may be able to discourse of it properly, according to my inspiration; for so, and by this means, have I spoken to you all those sweet words which you have hitherto written. I have this further in love to speak and say to you, Rejoice ye for your great glory and honour, since you are rendered so bright through my righteousness as to become white as the snow, to be cleansed and purged from all sin; yea, to be one heart with me, and to be my temple and holy habitation. Keep now the house of your heart clean; and let it be mine; neither suffer your corrupt sinful will, nor the love of the creatures to lord it therein. So will I sink down very deeply into you, and then will arise up again in you, and such a purifying will I make within you, that you shall praise me both with heart and mouth. My dear little children, rejoice ye for my sake, and be of good courage, for I am with you; lay yourselves now to rest in my holy will and pursue it, that I may make you the instruments of my graces and gifts."

Dr. Peterson relates the following circumstance:—

My wife and I, in company with the blessed maid, and with her mother and sisters, whom we could not leave alone in the house, took a journey to Lubeck, to set in order all my affairs, in which by the decease of my father I came to be involved. But not being able to be long absent from hence by reason of my holy function, I left my wife and those good friends at Lubeck, and returned hither by post. I arrived here upon Sunday, and the very same evening at six o'clock I was filled with such a divine joy, that came upon me as an armed man, as in all my life I had never felt the like, though my dear Heavenly Father by the sweet call of his mouth, has oftentimes put into me life and gladness. In this joy I had a foretaste of the glory of the world to come, and saw in a moment that which God hath prepared for those that love Him; by the means whereof my heart was so enlarged that I thought myself strong enough to throw down walls and pillars, but there happening to be some strangers then at the table, I concealed this joy as much as ever I could, till that it was impossible to hide it

longer, and then I began with a voice of jubilee to sing—"Sion heard the watchman sing; her heart springeth for joy," &c. . . .

My whole family observed this joy in me with astonishment, and my son's tutor said there must certainly some great thing have passed at Lubeck at this very time, and that we were now in the communion of their joy. This adventure the next day I sent by the ordinary post to my dear wife, and the very same day, being Monday, she writ also to me, by a good friend, what had passed with them at Lubeck, in that very same hour when I was seized with so extraordinary a joy; which letter I broke open in the presence of two pious young ladies, who were come thither from Staden, on purpose to visit this dear blessed maid, and having but a minute before related to them that which had happened to me upon the Sunday evening, I read to them these words of the said letter:—

"Child, prithee write to me, how thou didst find thyself upon Sunday at six o'clock in the afternoon, and whether thou didst not then feel in thy heart a certain joy; for about that time the Lord spake to thee with so much affection, and so stirred thee up as is not by me expressible; of which thou mayest best judge from the testimony [spiritual communication] that is here sent thee."

On one occasion, an officer of distinction delivered to the "blessed maid" a sealed letter, which he said came from a person of quality, whom he named, and requested her to propose the same as from the said person to the Lord. The "Testimony" in answer to this, commenced as follows:—

I, the Lord of Hosts, who come upon a cherub, who destroy all falsehood, and root out all deceitfulness, even I it is who speak here. Who is it that persecuteth me? And who is it that is not discovered before me? I say unto thee, repent, awake, for it is high time, and I am coming to thee; yea, I come speedily.

It was subsequently discovered that the letter was intended only as a trap, and the name given as that of the sender of it, was a mere pretence and falsehood. "A little while after," says our author,—

The aforesaid officer sent a letter sealed in his own name, which the blessed maid received, thinking that he had inquired something of the Lord, from a remorse of conscience. And this I thought, too, forasmuch as he had frequently said to me, that he wished to discourse with me about God, and in what manner one might advance in piety. And hence I could not but conclude that the Lord would give him a gracious answer. But we were struck with a mighty astonishment, when we read the Lord's fierce answer, which behold:—

"I, the Lord, have in abhorrence the bloodguilty and the false, and he that is wicked shall not stand before me. Therefore, take away the evil from before mine eyes, that this my word may not become to thee a terrible judgment, in the day of my wrath; for I am a consuming fire."

The elect virgin made a difficulty of sending him presently this dreadful testimony. Wherefore, she sent him back his letter *sealed, without having opened it*, and wrote to him at the same time, that she had received a very harsh answer, which startled her, the which if he desired to see he might send for, which he did the next day. After some few days he came to visit us, and speaking about the matter of the letter, he told us what had been in it, which was such a question, as at which he might for ever blush. But he confessed he had not done well in it; however, he endeavoured to excuse himself with this, that in the first letter, among other religious questions, he had demanded something concerning the word *Sacrament*, which having not been exactly answered to, he did not think it was the Lord who spake by her. And this he said was the reason why he had put such sort of questions into the second letter; which, notwithstanding, he wished he had never done. He also confessed, that the first letter was written by himself, and not by a person of quality, as he had

before pretended. As we then read over again the first answer, we saw clearly that it agreed exactly to him, containing an express mention of deceit and falsehood, as also that one ought not to resist the Lord, to whom all things are discovered, and from whom nothing is hid. Lastly, that he should take care not to be mistaken, so as to mislead himself; nor to do anything which might not succeed well with him, or lead him into evil. So that in the first, the Lord would answer him not to his questions, but to his heart. And in the last, He hath given him very sharp, menacing words, that so he might not persist to kick against the prickles. God grant that these testimonies may pierce into his heart, that he may be converted and do true repentance.

Like other mediums and spiritual persons, this lady was not free from the persecution of evil spirits, who at divers times appeared to her with horrid countenances, and as if they would lay hold on her, but "were driven away by the holy angels whom God had sent for her defence and rescue." These "Testimonies" and visions were not made public till they had continued twelve years; and only then to correct calumnious reports that had got abroad, and in order that the truth might be known. It seems clear that there was manifested an intelligent and controlling will—addressing itself to the internal senses and faculties, reading the secrets of the heart, and producing and taking cognizance of corresponding internal states in those sympathetically united, though locally separated; and which "foretold particulars which came to pass accordingly."

Dr. Peterson presents many considerations from Scripture; from the personal character of the "elect virgin," or medium; from the earnest prayers offered by herself and family, that in this matter they might be rightly guided; from the nature of the "Testimonies," their agreement with the Divine Word, and the light they cast upon many difficulties in the Scriptures; and from many other concurring circumstances, to show that these testimonies were what they claimed to be—immediate manifestations of the Saviour. On this point I offer no opinion. Much that they contain may be so far identified with the tone of thought and opinion of those to whom they were immediately addressed as to favour the presumption that their minds, however unconsciously, in some way, actively or passively, influenced in some respects the form and colouring in which these testimonies appear; as indeed seems to be more or less the case in all instances of communication from the invisible world. But whether Dr. Peterson be right or not in this instance, I see no reason why, if Christ after His ascension revealed Himself to men in the first century, He should not in like manner, and on fit occasions, reveal Himself in the seventeenth or the nineteenth century; if to Jews, why should it be deemed impossible that He should manifest Himself also to Germans, or Americans, or Englishmen? Is it for us to limit and determine the time, place, mode, and cir-

cumstances under which alone He shall appear and His testimony be received. Are we to set up our petty theories as the rule and measure of all things natural or Divine? Let us indeed cultivate a manly understanding, discouraging all foolish credulity and blind following of every lo here! and lo there! but intellectual processes cannot meet the wants of the soul, or supply adequate guidance concerning spiritual possibilities and truths. It may be that the disposition of humble obedience to the Divine Will, and the child-like trusting heart of faith, rather than amplitude of knowledge or of mental capacity, are the most fitting media for the manifestations of a Divine presence and the communication of a love and wisdom transcending that of earth. T. S.

LETTERS FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

THE PHYSICAL MANIFESTATIONS—SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPHS.

“New York, March 8th, 1863.

“The time has somewhat gone by with us for accounts of mere physical phenomena; ten or twelve years ago we had very many. They did their work. Since then we have had so many mediums, and hundreds of thousands of our people have had the opportunity of witnessing such manifestations, that they have become an old story. Hence there is not now one hundredth part of the desire to *witness* the phenomena, that there was ten or twelve years ago, and there is still less desire to *read* of them.

“We are in a singular state of mind in this country just now. It will not be until we have further passed through the ordeal than we have yet, and endured far more than we have yet of the suffering which it is to entail upon us, that the bulk of our people will be prepared to turn their attention to spiritual matters, and then it will be not to the mere fact of spiritual intercourse, and the evidence to prove it, but to the great truths which that intercourse will teach.

“We have had in this country an overflowing abundance of proof, and the demand when it comes will be for the great truths of the spirit life beyond the grave. Even now inquirers seek for instruction on those truths, far more than they do for the proof of the reality of the intercourse, and this desire is all the more on the increase. I pray you understand me. I do not mean to convey the idea that there is less interest in the subject among us than there was ten or twelve years ago. It is quite otherwise. The interest is abiding and increasing among our

people, and particularly among the better educated and more intelligent classes. New mediums are all the time being developed, and through their means whole families are brought into the faith, and we see its influence all around us—in art, science, literature, theology, politics, &c., &c., and growing in strength daily. But that interest is not so much in the physical manifestations as it was—the great body of our people have got past that—they are ready to receive the intercourse as a fact, and are asking—What then?

“When in 1853 I avowed myself a believer and published my experience, the effect even then was not so much to cause people to believe because of my testimony, as to send them by scores to see for themselves, and nothing that I could write now could produce even that effect, because that which it was then desirable to prove, is now received as an established fact.

“Ten years ago when it was announced that Judge Edmonds was a Spiritualist, men held up their hands in astonishment, and his impeachment because of his insanity was seriously considered. Now it is announced that President Lincoln is a Spiritualist, and it scarcely excites a remark. The thing is so common that it no longer awakens surprise. But in that universality is found the strong evidence of the continued spread of our faith, and among the more intelligent classes, and mainly by the humble and unobtrusive instrumentality of our countless private circles, at which they get glimpses here and there of the higher truths to which the ‘intercourse’ is but the ministering servant.

“J. W. EDMONDS.”

“New York, March 15, 1863.

“I have received the *Magazine* for March, and in reading it, I was sorry to see the attempted explanation of the spirit photographs, in these words,—‘The believers in Spiritualism explain the matter thus; spirits themselves cannot impress their own image on a sensitive plate, but they can mould into form some of those higher principles of matter, and this matter though invisible to our naked eyes, can reflect the chemical rays of light and thus impress the plate.’* ”

“Now, in these remarks, there are, in my view, several objectionable features. 1. ‘The believers in Spiritualism do not explain the matter thus. Some of them may, but there is nothing in my knowledge that warrants the imputation upon us all. Yet the language is ‘*The believers*,’ as if we all agreed in the explanation. 2. The explanation displays great ignorance

* This explanation is not ours, but forms part of the letter from the American correspondent of the *British Journal of Photography*.—Ed.

of the phenomenon of spirit-seeing, and to those who are familiar with that phenomenon it is simply ridiculous. 3. It is in a great degree unintelligible, and so far as it is understandable, it makes a greater draft on our credulity than do the photographs. And here arises a great difficulty, that we have had to encounter from the beginning. We blame such men as Faraday and Brewster, *et id omne genus*, for the absurdity of their solutions of the phenomena, and for the amount of credulity which their solutions demand. Yet we are all the time doing the same thing. We complain that they jump to conclusions without taking pains to become acquainted with all the facts. Like Faraday's explanation of the table-tipping, as produced by the action of the super-imposed hand, and which was utterly refuted by the fact that the table tipped without mortal contact. And yet the advocates of our belief are all the time doing the same thing, and hurting the cause by explanations, which only a little more knowledge would at once show to be absurd. Zealous converts seem to think that they *must* explain the phenomena to have their account of them credited. Early in my investigations I was often disgusted, and sometimes almost driven away by explanations, which even my limited knowledge of science at once disproved. I asked myself then, and I still ask, why cannot you be content to state the fact, of which from knowledge you can speak, and confess what is true as to the cause of the fact, that you do not know anything about it? Now, we *know* that the rappings are a reality, and not either collusion or delusion; but we do *not* know how they are produced. So we *know* as to the table-tippings, the strange fact that inanimate matter moves without mortal contact, and displays intelligence; but we do *not* know the *causa causans* or even the *causa sine quâ non*. So as to the spirit photographs, we have reason to believe that pictures have been and can be taken of persons who are dead, and of whom there is no likeness on earth, but we do *not* know *how* this is done, and it is not wise to assert that "the believers in Spiritualism" assume that they do know. It is far more discreet and certainly more honest, to confess our ignorance frankly, and not to fetter truth in her progress with unnecessary absurdities.

"The believers in 'Spiritualism' do not know the causes of the raps, or of the table-tippings or the spirit photographs, but they are taught and believe that they are in accordance with laws that may yet be discovered by us, and that they will be thus discovered as soon as facts enough are gathered, to enable a sound opinion to be formed by instructed and scientific minds. But facts enough are not yet gathered for that purpose, and it is far more becoming for us to pause before we hazard what at best must be mere conjecture.

"The conjecture of your correspondent, and which he announces as the explanation of 'the believers,' is as easily refuted as Faraday's solution of the table-tipping was, and he would know that, if he had any intimate knowledge of spirit-seeing. Ordinarily, spirits are not seen by the external visual organs, for they can be as well seen in the dark or with eyes shut as in the broad daylight and with the eyes open. I have tried this often; but this is not always so. They are sometimes seen by the usual organs of vision, as we see a horse, or a house. Just as tables are moved without mortal contact as well as with it. Now, I desire to know why, under such circumstances, any one will venture to say that 'spirits cannot impress their own image on a sensitive plate;' and what authority we have for saying that that which can be made visible to us in either of the modes of seeing that I have mentioned, cannot be thus impressed on the camera?

"In modern times, we know a good deal more of light than they did in days of yore; but there is a vast deal yet to learn, and until more is learned, we cannot venture on these explanations without real danger. See how many questions are yet to be answered before we can thus venture. For instance: By what light is it that the spirits see when they revisit the earth? It is not by the light of our sun, our gas, our fires or our lamps. We know that that light embarrasses rather than aids them. I have tried many experiments on that subject. I once ascertained that of two pictures hanging side by side on my wall, the spirit saw one and not the other. Of course I asked why this was so, when my gas was throwing its light equally upon both. So I have ascertained, that at times, the spirit communing with me, has seen nothing at all, though my room was at the time well lighted. So I have known them not to see the spirit standing at their side at the time of talking with me, and who was yet visible to me. So when, as we are told, they at times go to an immeasurable distance from us, far beyond the reach of our sun, or our fabricated light. By what light do they see? And are our sun and our fires the only source of light in the vastitude of creation? And, if such is the only source, do we yet know what the power of that light is? These are questions of most profound interest, and it is necessary that we should have an answer to them, before we can pretend to explain the facts we witness. They have occupied my attention a good while, and I have collected many facts bearing upon their solution. I have never given these facts to the world, because I had not enough to warrant a conclusion, and because my knowledge of science was so scanty. But I have earnestly desired to enlist men of science in the investigation. I have, therefore, often in my publications urged—but in vain—upon scientific men that

they should investigate. And it has been to me, one of the strangest features of this whole matter, that men, who claim to lead in matters of science, like your Faraday and Brewster, and our professors of the Buffalo College and the Harvard University, should refuse to investigate, and yet venture to condemn without investigation. It seems to be as true now as it was of old, that it is out of the mouths of children that we are to receive wisdom, and not from the great or the learned of the earth.

"This subject of spirit likenesses, is not a novelty with us, though now for the first time attracting public attention. Three or four years ago I received from the vicinity of the Mississippi, several daguerreotypes purporting to be spirit likenesses. They were very crude, and anything but attractive; but they were interesting as a beginning. The parties who took them were directed to send them to me, and I was told by the spirits that they were first efforts of the spirits at a result which they were confident they would be able to attain. I waited with patience for that result, and it seems now to have come. If it has in reality come—and I see no cause for our being in a hurry to say that it has—then it is of vast importance. For if we can thus take the likeness of him who has passed through death, it is stronger evidence that we do indeed live beyond the grave, than all the reasoning that has ever yet been presented to man. You may ask, Why under such circumstances I have been so silent on the subject? I wanted first to be sure of my facts. I saw so much credulity and fanaticism among believers that I was warned to be cautious. I found that spirits often in their zeal promised what they could not perform. And I was confident in the result, if I would but wait; for, from the beginning I have seen that this whole movement was guided by an intelligence and wisdom, far beyond what this earth could produce; for what earthly intellect could ever have devised a scheme, whereby in one short decade, millions of people could have been brought into the reception of a new faith.

"What we want most now, and have all along craved, is an investigation by instructed and scientific men, and it seems to me that such a course would be far more worthy of them, than that to which they are so wedded, of rashly indulging in speculations, at which even the children among us, in their superior knowledge of the facts, smile in derision.

"There is another topic connected with Spiritualism, on which, also, we require the aid of scientific investigation. I allude to what may be termed a Spiritual Telegraph, whereby I can sit in my room in New York, and converse with people in Boston; or whereby I can receive news of a shipwreck at sea, several days ahead of the ordinary means of communication; or whereby sitting in my room here, I can receive information of

events occurring at Sebastopol, which thirty-five days afterwards the usual channel of news confirmed to have been correct.

"These things have occurred, and that within my own knowledge, and they show that it is possible to have such a mode of intercommunication. It is not more extraordinary than the magnetic telegraph, and all that is wanting is what that mode of intercourse obtained, namely, a wise and considerate examination of the facts and of their consequences. This cannot be accomplished by any one mind. It requires the aid of many, and to have very many observations recorded. How many interesting discoveries have been made in astronomy within the last hundred years by this very mode of directing many minds to the subject! In the meantime, let those of us who have knowledge enough upon this subject, to believe that these things are possible, be content with and faithful to our part of the work, that is, to observe cautiously what occurs, and to record fearlessly what we behold, and leave the result to time, without retarding that result by speculations, which at most but display our ignorance, and deter others from joining in the pursuit of knowledge. I say these things to you, because your columns impute to 'the believers in Spiritualism' a notion on this subject, which I for one do not entertain, and which seems to my knowledge of the subject to be very absurd, and cannot but be injurious. We have thus far got along very well with the assaults of unbelievers. Let us now beware lest we get wounded in the house of our friends.

"When the subject of spirit photographs was first spoken of here, an article appeared in one of our most influential journals professing to solve the mystery. In an answer, within a few words, I shewed that the solution did not touch the mystery; and I stated what the true question was, and asked a solution of that. I never received a word of answer. I then went to the artist who professed to have hit upon that solution, and asked him, as I have asked several others engaged in the same business, two questions, which, in my view, are very pertinent. First, the spirit image in these pictures always appears to be transparent. We see material objects through the image. Material objects which are behind what professes to be the spirit are impressed upon the picture as well as the spirit is. It is thus that spirits always appear when seen by us. They are transparent and we see material objects through them. Now my first question to the artists has been, 'Have you ever done that?' 'No,' is the answer. 'Can you do it?' They have answered me that they thought they could. I have learned from some of them that they have tried to do it, but I have never yet been able to hear of an instance in which the thing has been done, except in the genuine article.

"My second question has been, 'Can you produce the picture of a person who is dead and of whom there is no picture on earth?' That is what this Spirit Photography professes to do. That is the real marvel of this whole matter. And I have never yet met an artist, of whom I have asked the question, 'Can you do that?' that has not answered, 'No, nor can any one else.' Thus the whole thing is resolved into a question of fact, in respect to which every one will form his own opinion upon the evidence before him. If, guided by prepossession of any kind, a man will not look at the evidence, his opinion is not worth much to himself or any one else. If he cannot receive the evidence, he is to be pitied, for he is verging on insanity—and the strongest evidence of the presence of that mental malady is always the inability to receive and to weigh evidence. If the evidence comes too imperfectly to be able to work conviction, we have but to wait till more shall arrive, and it will most assuredly arrive in due time if it be a truth. And it becomes us all, to beware how we jump too hastily to a conclusion, and how we indulge in explanations which cannot bear the test of the closest scrutiny. There is one thing that is as true of Spiritualism now, as it has been from the time of its first advent among us, and that is, that it demands and deserves the utmost scrutiny to which the human intellect can subject it.

"J. W. EDMONDS."

A CLERGYMAN'S VIEW OF SPIRITUALISM.

I AM a clergyman of thirty-eight years' standing in the Established Church, and have been a firm believer in what is commonly, though most incorrectly, called the supernatural. I have that firm faith simply because I believe the Bible; and how any one, professing to reverence that sacred book can deny, as so many do, the possibility of any spirit manifestation, or spirit agency in human affairs, has ever been to me matter of profound astonishment. At the same time I am not what you would call a "Spiritualist," for I have doubts—strong doubts—of the lawfulness of seeking (at least habitually) those manifestations, now so common; especially by means which to me seem very like incantations. I confess, however, I have felt my "spirit stirred within me" at the way in which this highly interesting and solemn subject is treated by certain reviewers, and I often ask myself, "Are these men Christians or heathens? or, can the sacred name be allowed to them in any—even the lowest sense?" I do not like to answer such

questions in the way I think and feel, lest I should appear uncharitable; but of this I am persuaded, that if those writers only knew the contempt and disgust with which their profane scoffs and witless jests are regarded by the thoughtful portion of their readers, they would, at least, be more careful and choice in their modes of expression.

Though not a "Spiritualist" (in the modern sense of the word) I can, I trust, discern what is really good in those from whom I am obliged conscientiously to differ; and that "Spiritualism" so called, both has done, and is doing a vast amount of good I most readily and gratefully acknowledge. What I say now, I have not hesitated to say many times from the pulpit—"I infinitely prefer the credulity (if we must so term it) of the honest and earnest Spiritualist, to the hard, dry, contemptuous self-sufficiency of the Materialist. For the one there is hope—he has the 'root of the matter' in him, and he may be led on to better things, and guided unto the *whole* truth. But for the other there is no hope, save in the miraculous efficacy of that grace which he so ungratefully derides."

My doubts, if you will kindly allow me to speak plainly in your pages, of the tendency of Spiritualism, as well as of the lawfulness of habitually seeking its manifestations, have been increased by the too evident ignoring (not to say denial) by its advocates of some of the cardinal doctrines of our faith. I instance, for example, the doctrine of the Resurrection, which, I perceive, is very slightly spoken of in many of their publications; and yet how prominent a doctrine of the New Testament it is, I need hardly say.*

The "spiritual body" is another instance. It seems to be looked for by "Spiritualists" as to be received immediately at death (or what we call death), and as being the common property of all, both good and bad alike. Whereas no one of candid mind can read the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians without perceiving that the "spiritual body" is not to be until the Resurrection; and

* [The motto on our title-page should tell better what we are inquiring into, and of which the physical manifestations form so small and comparatively unimportant a part. We do not *seek* these manifestations, either habitually or otherwise, nor do we recommend others to *seek* them, excepting for the purpose of observation and experiment. As to the doctrine of the resurrection at some distant day, with an abeyance of rottenness in the grave, the manifestations shew clearly that there is no such abeyance, and that the departed spirit is fully alive and in possession of its spiritual body, and of all its faculties and identity, and in no need of the distributed gases which once formed its earthly covering. This is a matter of fact, which we respect above doctrines. And so of the spiritual body and its eternal life or immortality. We know that there is a spiritual body for all, from the very nature of the external body, which derives its form and force from it, but we cannot prove the question of its immortality until the end of eternity, or until its life shall have sooner ceased. The *life* spoken of in John does not mean existence, but the true life which is holiness.—ED.]

that it is the peculiar privilege of those only who are Christ's: "Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming." (1 Cor., xv., 23). Also, I observe in all your books, that the fact of the soul surviving the body (a fact we knew already from Scripture) is universally taken as full proof of its immortality. But this is a manifest *non sequitur*; it by no means follows that because the soul outlives the body, it must therefore live for ever. Such is not the doctrine of the Bible, which everywhere sets forth "eternal life" as the special "gift of God" to those that believe and obey His Son, and to no others. "He that hath the Son, hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God, hath not life." (1 John, v., 12). For these, and other such like reasons, I have strong doubts of those spirit manifestations, and am disposed to view them as inevitably leading to that "demon worship," which, as I read my Bible, is to characterize the Apostacy of the last days (1 Tim., iv. 1, and Rev. xvi., 13, 14). But of the facts of those manifestations—as detailed by so many highly respectable and credible witnesses—I entertain not a shadow of doubt. I am therefore, so far as the facts are concerned, an impartial witness; for, if I have any prejudice, it is against and not for the manifestations in question; though, I trust, in a very different spirit, and on widely different grounds from the profane scribblers above alluded to.

If this should fall into the hands of any of my brethren of the same ministry, I respectfully and earnestly intreat them to beware how they speak and act in this matter. We are in the actual presence of a tremendous power, which is surely and rapidly developing itself in our midst. It is our special duty to ascertain what and whence that power is, to thoroughly investigate those alleged manifestations, and if there be good in them, to make free use of that good in our ministrations; if there be evil, to point out wherein that evil lies, and guard our flocks against it. I have done this myself, and if you deem it worth insertion, I subjoin a brief account of my own experience, for the guidance of others of my brethren, who may be disposed to follow my example. For obvious reasons I withhold my name from the public, but give you free permission to reveal it (though in truth little known and of no weight) to any serious enquirer. A reference to the *Clergy List*, will satisfy them of my identity.

Some years ago, I read the pamphlets of Mr. Godfrey of Wortley, near Leeds, and having an opportunity, I tried the same experiments with similar results. I must say, however, that I entirely repudiate the harsh spirit in which his experiments appear to have been conducted. Even the *fallen* angels should not, I think, be addressed with the stern and harsh severity, with which he accosted those wretched spirits, whom he

seems to have summoned into his presence. I bethink me, that even "Michael the archangel when contending with the devil, he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing accusation, but said, The Lord rebuke thee." (Jude ix.)

I happened very lately to mention these former experiments of mine to a brother clergyman, and he replied that he did not doubt my word, but that he could not (was not able to) believe unless they were witnessed by himself personally. We agreed to test the matter, and, in company with a respectable neighbour (a layman), we did test it—three of us, alone, in the retirement of my own study. We began by reading a chapter in the Bible, and some serious conversation. We then laid our hands upon the table; and, in a few moments it began to move, bowing gently and gracefully (if I may so speak) to each of us in succession. This we were told was by way of salutation or embrace, and that the spirit influencing the table was that of my dear deceased wife, whose portrait hung immediately over the spot on which we were standing; for our experiments were, for the most part, tried standing, with the tips of our fingers barely touching the table. Various movements—most irregular and extraordinary—then took place, and the table lowered itself very gently, but very decidedly, to the floor, and slid along on its side, feet foremost, to the door of the room—actually clawing at it like a thing of life, as if wanting to climb up to the door handle. We removed it back to its former position, but it did the same thing again, and repeated it several times. We could not in the least conjecture what this was for at the time; but I am now aware of the reason, and a very curious, and let me add, a very affecting reason it was—though being of a private nature, I do not choose to reveal it thus publicly. Our respective ages—known only to ourselves individually—were rapped out, and in each case correctly, even to the month. The alphabet was called for, and to shew that there was no deception, the stranger, for a considerable portion of time, was seated at a distance apart, and at another table—there remaining at the table operated upon only my brother clergyman and myself, when the answers went on just the same as before. I was directed (by the raps) to take pencil and paper, and, with those and my hand and arm resting on the table, there was spelt out the name of another very near and very dear relative of my own, and also one of my friend's relations. I can only say that I felt the pulsations of the table, under my arm resting upon it, as plainly as I could feel anything, and that there neither was nor could be any trick, deception, or delusion. The answers, in the case of my friend, were most curious. The name spelt out he could not at first remember; but he did at length recollect that he had a near

relative of that name residing abroad. He requested me to ask where, and I, not knowing, did. The answer, "India," was correct. My friend then requested me to ask in what Presidency; and accordingly I (knowing nothing whatever of the individual or his history) was answered "Bengal." This also was correct. Various other questions likewise, respecting the same individual and his family, were correctly answered. *All* these particulars were confirmed *a few days after* (that is last week), by a letter from India received by my friend. We were also informed that he would arrive safely in England, which yet remains to be seen.

In fairness, I should state that the table moved as freely with the Bible on it as when not thereon; and that when questioned whether love was felt for the sacred volume, the table—or whatever it was by which the table was moved—replied most energetically in the affirmative. But I must also add that when tested by 1 John, iv., 1—3, "Do you believe that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh?" the answer was "No."* I feel bound, however, to say that I was not so well satisfied of the distinctness of this last answer as of the others. I may have mistaken it, and therefore I intend to try again when I can get an opportunity. I may mention that we were told by the table that these movements were made by electricity, that is, as I understood it, by means of electricity. If this be so, and that the electricity or *vis vitæ* (or whatever else it may be called) is on such occasions abstracted from the operators, I can confirm it by my own experience, for I know that I felt most unusually and unaccountably depressed, and weak as a child, for several days after.

Many other very extraordinary things occurred upon this occasion, but these are enough for my present purpose, which is chiefly to warn my brethren in the ministry to beware in what spirit, and on what grounds they oppose themselves to this movement; for if they join in the senseless outcry of "humbug," "delusion," and "imposture," then assuredly they, of all other people in the world, will be most answerable for its onward progress. On it will go in spite of all such foolish and senseless outcries, if not all the speedier on their account; and, whether it be for good or for evil, all those official instructors of the people who now hark in with such opposers, will be driven ere long and altogether, from the office of teachers by being left without any one to teach.

Though still myself of the same opinion as to the ultimate results to which the whole movement is tending, I must honestly

* [The true translation is, "And every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus is the Christ come in the flesh." The most evil spirit might confess the plain fact that Jesus Christ came in the flesh. There is a great and obvious distinction.—ED.]

confess that from my own recent experience, as well as from that beautiful and exquisitely touching chapter, "In Memoriam," of Mr. Home's book, I think much more favourably of it than I did before. Whilst the movement remains under the guidance of such leaders as it appears to have, there is every hope that it will continue to do good; but so soon as the leadership passes into other and rash hands—as it inevitably must, and is indeed passing at this moment (witness the so-called "expurgated" edition of the Scriptures, now being put forth by the Nottingham "spiritual circle"*) it will, I greatly fear, wholly change its character and degenerate, as I said before, into "demon worship." So far as the movement goes to overthrow the hateful tyranny of Materialism, and the "profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so called," spoken of by St. Paul (1 Tim., vi., 20), I, for one, heartily wish it all possible success.

I believe I may add with truth, that the number of thoughtful persons—both lay and clerical—who would as heartily join with me in that wish, is vastly greater than is at all supposed; only they are withheld, by false shame and fear of ridicule, from expressing their real sentiments.

X. Y. Z.

MR. HOME AND THE CRITICS.

A LONG notice of Mr. Home's book appeared in *The Times* of the 9th April, and which is in strong contrast with the foolish bigotry of the *Athenæum* and other papers. Of course, being a commercial paper, *The Times* recurred, though gently, to its old wish to ascertain, through a medium, the price of consols a month hence, in order that it might be thereby enabled to pick the pockets of those of not so advanced a faith as themselves; but with this exception, the article was a fair criticism of the outside of the physical manifestations. As to the real nature and value of the enquiry into spiritual laws, neither *The Times*, nor any of the other papers appears to have any idea, but it is noteworthy that the whole discussion has been made to turn, aye, or nay, upon the question of the lowest forms of physical manifestations. This is a sufficient proof of the extreme ignorance of the literary and scientific world, even in its own domain; because not only literature is full of spiritual instances, but also the modern facts being of constant occurrence, science ought not to be able or

* [This insanity has nothing to do with Spiritualism, and has no influence or importance excepting to the persons concerned. As to "demon worship," we insist on nothing so strongly as that nothing should be received excepting on its own intrinsic merits and truth, and that spirits out of the flesh should not be more believed than spirits in the flesh. The worship of either class is ridiculous. ED.]

willing to deny them with such abhorrence as it foolishly shews. Mr. Howitt's work covers the literary side of the question, and Mr. Home's the physical side, and the press has been equally furious and ignorant about both. Well, we must quietly labour on till they are convinced or silent. The most prominent are having their falsehoods quickly exposed. Mr. Hepworth Dixon's Florentine tales and reminiscences are put down by Mr. Trollope's letter, which he was obliged to publish in his own columns. Mr. Holt Hutton, the editor of the *Spectator*, having attacked the date of the wonderful story of Gregoire, in Mr. Home's book, as a means of getting rid of the astounding facts narrated in it, was answered by Mr. Home, in a letter which passed to him through the hands of the gentleman to whom the facts occurred; but this fact Mr. Holt Hutton found it convenient to conceal from his readers. Mr. Lowe, of the *Critic*, after his recent exposure in having wantonly denied that he applied to Mr. Hall, of Bow-street and of Scotland-yard, against Foster, does not require any further notice from us. Mr. Dickens and *Punch* both steer ominously wide of the fact of their own sons, Dickens and Evans, having witnessed and been not only satisfied with but much frightened at the manifestations. We invite again the parents not to ignore this fact which makes it a matter of character for them, as truthful persons, to face with frankness and honour. Mr. Oxenford, of *The Times*, is the author of the silly burlesque, called *Twenty Minutes with a Medium*, now being performed by Mr. Yates and Mr. Power, and on Good Friday last he and Mr. Dickens attended the private rehearsal, and pronounced their verdict of "Very good," upon their own work. The public has pronounced that it is "very bad;" but it is curious that Mr. Oxenford, who was gulled by both Bly and Foster, and came out on both occasions with sensation articles in *The Times*, which it became our duty to expose, should have now appeared on the other side, with our friend, Mr. Dickens, as the writer of a burlesque, to be played by Mr. Yates and Mr. Power. If Mr. Power be questioned by them he could give very convincing testimony that it is not all a burlesque. This we happen to know; and it shows how dangerous is the ground on which these literary gentlemen are treading. A review appeared in the *Morning Herald*, and in the morning and evening editions of the *Standard*, of the 4th April, which is remarkable for its fairness and moderation. It is the most favourable, perhaps, which has ever appeared in our Press, and shows a honest appreciation of the facts, and a desire for further knowledge.

Mr. Home having left England for the south of France, has addressed the following letter to *The Times*:—

"SIR,—Allow me to thank you for the generous criticism of

my book which appeared in your columns on the 9th of April. I do not censure any one for a want of belief in the strange phenomena which occur in my presence; but I do consider it unfair when the critics write to condemn a book which they have not even taken the trouble to read. One writer kills my child, another my father, and a third calls me an American. The *Spectator*, as you justly say, discovers a mistake in the dates as I gave them. I at once wrote to the editor, giving him the name and address of the gentleman to whom the incident occurred, that he might ascertain how the mistake had arisen. I then wrote to say that I had seen the gentleman, who had just returned from the continent, and was ill, but at the same time explained the error as being entirely mine, inasmuch as the fact alluded to actually transpired in the autumn of 1856, and was all the more singular as coming at a time when the strange power had left me. This, also, I explained by saying that the young officer alluded to as the friend of 'Gregoire' became a medium, and this singular faculty remained with him many months. I inclose you, also, the name and address of the gentleman, and only request they may not be published. Still I know Mr. — will favour you with any information you may require, and that he will willingly testify to, not only the entire truthfulness of what I related, but will say that I did not make the story nearly as wonderful as it was in reality.

"As regards the other story 'which requires explanation,' I am in the very same position as yourself, and will be only too pleased that it should be 'verified or explained,' I have heard the same story told in so many different forms, and still always related as having occurred to Mr. Monckton Milnes, that I would fain know where such wilful misrepresentation could commence. The incident was a very simple one to begin with. Mr. Monckton Milnes was present at a *séance* where there were seven or eight ladies and gentlemen. I was seated the furthest from him at the table, and during a part of the *séance*, which was in a darkened room, I felt something tangibly material pass over my face. I put up my hand to retain whatever it might be, but it eluded my grasp. This I told to those who were present, and on some one saying, 'I have just been touched also,' I replied, 'Well, why did you not do as I did, Sir, and try to retain it?' Mr. Monckton Milnes then said, 'I have been touched several times, and now I have taken whatever it was. Oh, it is a pocket handkerchief.' The question then became general as to whose it might be, there being two or three either on the laps of the ladies or else on the table, but we could not then ascertain to whom the handkerchief belonged. The *séance* continued at least half an hour after this, and when the lights came the handkerchief chanced to be mine. Now

I would like to have it explained how, by any possibility, I could have stretched out my arms sufficiently to enable me to touch Mr. Monckton Milnes, he being, as I before said, the furthest from me at the table; and, even if I did, why could I not as well have taken one of the handkerchiefs which were on the table, instead of taking my own? the simple fact of the handkerchief being mine proves nothing to my way of thinking. How did it get over his head when the slightest movement I made could not have failed to be observed by those seated next to me? It has not been my lot to have to deal either with fools or mad people, and if, after 13 years of public life, the greater part of which time I have spent with those who watched my every action suspiciously, anxiously hoping to discover some material means whereby all these things could be accomplished,—if after all this, any persons will come forward and state an instance where they, and those present with them, proved me to be an impostor, I will abide by their decision. It must not be by any *one* person, for the simple reason that my experience has been peculiar in this respect. I have found people who, to sustain a preconceived idea, would not hesitate at the most gross untruths in vindication of their ideas. To prove this I have only to allude to a story told in the *Critic* of this month, where it is related of me as arguing that a purported message from a spirit could not be otherwise than true, as it was my father's spirit who was speaking. My father is alive and well, and the whole story is without even a syllable of truth. Why does the 'gentleman (?)' who related that story to the *Critic* not come out and give us his name?

"These things are too serious to be treated otherwise than with candour. The mere fact of calling a man hard names does not prove him to be deserving of them. Let every man prove his position, and if 500 names of men of rank, men of good and sound judgment, and men well known for their truthfulness,—I say if these can be taken, then is my position proved, at least as being guiltless of ever having deceived them. There must be no 'conjectural' imposition, for these conjectures carry men too far from simple truth. The newspaper reports of my having made a large fortune by my powers are simple fabrications or 'conjectures.'

"The only good I have ever derived from 'the gift' is the knowledge that many who had never believed in a future existence are now happy in the certitude of 'the life to come.'

I have the honour to be Sir, yours most obediently,

D. D. HOME.

Château Laroche, par St. Astier, Dordogne,
France, April, 13."

MR. TROLLOPE'S TESTIMONY.

THE following is the letter written by Mr. Trollope to the *Athenæum*, in answer to the infidel article of Mr. Hepworth Dixon. It contains a quiet rebuke which Mr. Dixon well merits, and we hope he will be more careful in what he says on this subject for the future.

“ Florence, March 21, 1863.

“ I have not seen Mr. Home's book entitled *Incidents in my Life*, but having read in the *Athenæum* for March 14, that I am named as one of ‘the godfathers who appear in these pages to accredit his proceedings,’ and considering that this leaves me and the readers of the *Athenæum* in uncertainty as to what the facts are to which I am called to bear evidence, I think it well to state, with the utmost possible brevity, what I can testify, and the limits to which I wish to confine my testimony.

“ I have been present at very many ‘sittings’ of Mr. Home in England, many in my own house in Florence, some in the house of a friend in Florence. I should have been present at other sittings in the house of that friend had it not been that I was requested by Mr. Home to withdraw and absent myself for the future, in consequence of having expressed doubt and incredulity respecting a certain ‘manifestation,’ the details of which are curious, and would be worth giving were it not that they would occupy too much space to be permissible in this letter.

“ I divide for brevity sake, all the phenomena into *physical* and *metaphysical*,—a division which, if not strictly philosophical, will be sufficiently understood by those who have been present at any of these or similar sittings.

“ My testimony then is this. I have seen and felt physical facts wholly and utterly inexplicable, as I believe, by any known and generally received physical laws. I unhesitatingly reject the theory which considers such facts to be produced by means familiar to the best professors of legerdemain. I have witnessed also many *very surprising and extraordinary* metaphysical manifestations. But I cannot say that *any* of those have been such as *wholly* to exclude the *possibility* of their being deceptive,—and indeed to use the honest word required by the circumstances, fraudulent.

“ This is my testimony reduced to its briefest possible expression.

“ If it be asked what impression, on the whole, has been left on my mind by all that I have witnessed in this matter, I answer, one of perplexed doubt, shaping itself into only one conviction that deserves the name of an opinion, namely, that *quite sufficient cause has been shown to demand further patient*

and careful enquiry from those who have the opportunity and the qualifications needed for prosecuting it; that the facts alleged and the number and character of the persons testifying to them are such that real seekers for truth cannot satisfy themselves by merely pooh-poohing them.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE."

"P.S. I may add, to prevent erroneous inferences, that I never saw anything of what, for brevity, may be termed professedly supernatural (so to speak) substances, such as 'hands' or the like but only professedly supernatural movements of natural substances.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the round of the press, which would be amusing had it not become almost a painful task to expose the falsehoods with which the editors are so constantly hoaxed, if even they do not manufacture them for themselves from other motives. In many of the recent reviews there are as broad statements of facts by the reviewers, and which are as entirely false as the following:—

"MR. HOME AND PROFESSOR MAURY.

"Mr. Home made another trial of his skill lately at the Tuileries, at which Professor Maury was present. None but the male portion of the Emperor's guests were present at the *séance*. His Majesty, who has been busily studying the question for some time past, had noted down several questions to propound to the mighty magician. In no one case were the proofs of power successful, and the result of the sitting was unsatisfactory enough to give, for the moment, entire *gain de cause* to Maury, who professed to have discovered the secret. The table rose, the candelabra flew from one end of the room to the other, the ponderous Chinese Joss of solid bronze slid, as it did once before, across the carpet as though it were skating on ice, and yet the experiment upon it in the latter case was conclusive enough of the immobility of the figure, and the deception practised on the eyes alone. [fudge]

"As soon as the displacement of the Joss was proposed by the Emperor, Professor Maury slid beneath it a page from his *calpin*, which must of necessity have moved had the weighty bronze but stirred one line. After the monster had been seen to slide across the carpet and regained its place, Professor Maury drew the page from beneath it—unsullied, uncrushed, exactly as he had inserted it but a minute before. And yet he declares that he himself was among those who beheld, and with the most amazement too, the steady progress of the bronze towards the fireplace, and even now cannot get over the perplexity he

experienced on beholding it turn around on reaching the fender and slide back to its place behind the door. Home, they say, has no idea himself of the power by which he acts, and experiences quite as much perplexity as vexation at beholding the new obstacle thrown by the erudition of Professor Maury in the road to success he was treading so gallantly a little while ago. [fudge]

THE HEALING POWER.—DR. J. R. NEWTON.

THE article in the March number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, giving an account of the wonderful cures made by the excellent curate of Ars, finds a parallel to-day in our country, and I presume in England also, in persons of strong physical and magnetic powers, especially when refined and elevated by pure morals, and a proper observance of the physical laws. I have met with several whose experiences are exceedingly interesting, as illustrating the laws of life and health and the wonderful power which one human being exercises over another. One of the most remarkable of these persons is Dr. J. R. Newton, of Newport, Rhode Island: his history would furnish a most interesting biography. The doctor was born in Newport in 1810, his early education was limited, but he was noted for possessing strong mental and physical powers. He engaged early in life in mercantile pursuits, and was successful in acquiring, and equally so, as he declares, in losing considerable fortunes at three different times.

Being naturally of a benevolent character, he was led to seek to relieve suffering, and thus he discovered that he possessed a peculiar power for removing pain, and curing disease.

In 1858 he was induced to devote most of his time and attention to the subject of healing. He found that many things which were done by the medical profession were injurious, and he says that sometimes it is only necessary to reverse their practice in order to obtain success: thus, for instance, in rubbing the limbs they direct the movements to be made towards the extremities; he invariably reverses this, especially in cases of weakness and paralysis, and gives as a reason that the circulation is already feeble, and that by the former process you impede it still more, whilst by friction towards the body the venous and capillary circulation may be much accelerated. Instead of applying cold to the head and other parts of the body, he usually directs warm applications.

I find, on an examination of his system, and witnessing its effects as applied to more than a thousand patients, that he embodies three systems that are more or less common; first, psychology, or the influence of the mind over the body and other physical substances; second, magnetism, which he possesses in

a very great degree; and third, the system of Ling, of Sweden, known as the Movement Cure. The doctor is a graduate of the Penn Medical College of Philadelphia; he has been practising in several of our large cities, and in little more than four years has treated more than seventy thousand patients.

It is not the peculiar system alone of any physician that gives success—a man may have all the learning in the world, he may have graduated with the highest honours, and still fail at the bedside. All successful practitioners become more or less routinists, they find that certain simple remedies in their hands are adapted to a large class of cases. It is not the medicine alone, but the man, and the manner in which it is used, that is the secret of success.

Dr. Newton has been peculiarly successful among those cases which seemed to be incurable, such as paralysis, curved spine, hip-joint disease, dropsy, &c. Everywhere his rooms are crowded with patients, eager to receive his treatment. He has in his office, several hundred crutches, a great number of old spectacles, and splints and bandages of various kinds, that have been left with him by those whom he has cured.

The Doctor is a short stout man, with a large and very evenly balanced head, and an exceedingly strong and well developed muscular system; and he manifests great energy and activity, combined with a high degree of sensitiveness. He has a peculiarity of being able to detect many diseases as soon as he comes into the presence of a patient, and in these cases he will tell both the disease, and the peculiar habits of the individual. A singular instance of this occurred a short time since, in this city. A poor woman brought to him a child afflicted with epilepsy. Before laying his hands upon it, he remarked to her, "I perceive that a chicken has had something to do with this child's disease, before its birth." The mother burst into tears, and said, "That is true; just before my poor child was born, I went down to the cellar, and was very much alarmed by a chicken which had got there; it flew at me, and I was so frightened that I fainted away; and when this child was born, it was deformed as you see. It has a very narrow chest, and it has always had fits, in which it moves about very much like the fluttering of a chicken." The woman was a stranger to the Doctor. The child, I am happy to say, was much relieved by his treatment.

The Doctor has received many testimonials from his patients. I send herewith a few cases that I know of, and his photograph.

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

634, Race Street, Philadelphia.

March, 1863.

[Dr. Child appends a list of seventeen cases, attested by the affirmations of the patients. Some of them appear to be of almost a miraculous character.—ED.]

NEW CONNEXION SPIRITUALISM.

IN the *Methodist New Connexion Magazine*, edited by Dr. Cooke, for last month, at page 265, we find an interesting case reported by T. Mills. It forms part of an obituary notice of Mrs. Thomas Burley of Wolverhampton, who is stated to have been "converted in her youth during a revival."

"Sometimes during her long illness Mrs. Burley was for periods of thirty or forty minutes in a state of insensibility to the outward world, resembling sleep, but from which she could not be awakened. At such times she often spoke as if conversing with her deceased mother, and as though her mother were in heaven, and desired that she should rejoice her; and gave utterance to many ecstatic expressions. Upon the return of consciousness she was often vehement in her praises, and would call upon her husband to be a helper of her gratitude and joy. She rejoiced daily and hourly in the full assurance of hope. Her joy was full." Her biographer adds in a postscript:—"After much hesitation, I have resolved to make an addition to the above brief account of our late friend, Mrs. T. Burley, by stating a circumstance which has deeply affected many in this place. On the morning of Mrs. Burley's death, a youthful nephew of Mrs. B., together with a youth of about his own age, in the employment of his father (a leader, local preacher, and circuit steward), having foolishly resolved to leave their homes and go to sea, set off at a very early hour for Liverpool. They walked to Wellington—a distance of about twenty miles, and stayed there for the night. Several hours after their departure she died; but they had no idea when they departed of her death being so near, or, indeed, that she was in a dying state. At about two o'clock of the following morning, our young friend startled his bed-fellow, and the family of the house in which they slept, with loud cries of alarm and distress, persisting that he must instantly return home. This, however, was prudently forbidden, at such an untimely hour; but the statements of the youthful wanderer excited every one, as, if believed, they well might. It appears that as he lay, Mrs. Burley, his aunt, appeared to him. Whether he was awake or asleep, he cannot say; but he was conscious of being partly surrounded with bed-curtains. She presented a most radiant appearance to him—the curtains were turned aside, and she stood before him robed in white, with folded arms, and smiling. She addressed him, and said that she was dead; that she was in heaven, though some might doubt that; that her body would be buried in the cemetery at the foot of his sister's grave; that he must return home and attend her funeral; that he must prepare to follow her to heaven; and thereupon

raised her hand, and with pointed finger, and admonitory look, said, 'Remember!' This vision or dream, began with a brightening light until his aunt appeared. Then other forms of life and glory became distinct, one of whom held a crown or coronet, on a white staff over her head; other winged beings were around, and among them the spirit of the late Mr. Haynes—a deeply pious local preacher, who died about two years ago, appeared in silence, but looking on with a beaming and blissful countenance. The room was full of light, and the very walls seemed to have, as by reflection, a pearly brightness. The scene gradually faded, and she who was the first to appear was the last to disappear.

"This is wonderful, if true; and its truth resolves itself into a question of credibility. Of that none are so competent to judge as those who thoroughly knew the youth, and the effect which has been produced by the event on his mind and character. His aunt had died unknown to him, and she was buried at the very spot indicated, the sexton indicating that spot as one where a grave could be had. The excessive weeping of the youth, his swooning, when the event has been the topic of conversation, his earnestness in seeking the Lord, his allusions to it during the long and dangerous illness which he has since had, together with other corroborations, not necessary to be stated here, have convinced all parties that there was something more than is common in this vision of the night."

HOW SOMNAMBULISM IS TREATED BY LEARNED PROFESSORS.

THE following curious circumstances are related by M. Rhodocanakis in the *Notes and Queries* for March 28, 1863 (No. 65, pp. 244, 245) and I think them well worthy of further publication in the *Spiritual Magazine*, both from their inherent interest and from the way in which somnambulism was treated by the learned professors.

"When in 1856," writes M. Rhodocanakis, "I was studying in a college at Athens, there was in the same class with me a young student from an island of the Greek Archipelago, who, though extremely stupid and unable to learn any lesson by heart, was yet making the best Latin exercises, and solving the most difficult problems of geometry and algebra, which our professors gave to us to make and solve for the day. The professors, though astonished at the correctness of his themes and problems, for a long time forebore to inquire how they could be the productions of a mind apparently so dull. At last, however, the director of the college, suspecting that somebody of a higher

class was doing his work for him, locked him, for experiment, one night, in a room adjoining his own, and told him that he should visit him very early next morning, in order to see if he had solved his geometrical problem. Next morning, according to his promise, the director went to the room of the unhappy imprisoned scholar, and asked him if he had done his task. He answered, 'Yes, but how I cannot explain. Last night, after trying for many hours to solve it, and not being able, I slept, and when in the morning I awoke, and was sorry beyond expression, thinking of the punishment I should receive, O, wonder! as I approached my writing table, I found it already solved, and in my own handwriting.' The director, greatly surprised, immediately communicated the affair to the doctor of the college, who, thinking that the boy might be subject to somnambulism, and that under its influence he was solving the problems and making the exercises, decided to watch his proceedings during the next night. Accordingly, as soon as the young man locked his door, and after reading for an hour, went to bed, he walked into his room from a secret door, and took his seat. After waiting for nearly three hours, and when he was on the point of leaving the room, the boy awoke, lit his candle, began to write, and after half an hour's labour extinguished his candle, and again went to bed. The doctor, after that, retired to his room, and in the morning narrated his discovery to the director and the other professors, who *immediately commenced debating how to prevent the same thing occurring again*. They resolved at last to make known the incident to the *patient* himself; and that not having the desired effect, they decided to put wet clothes on the floor round his bed, in such a manner that when he should arise in the night and walk the room, the cold might awake him. This, *after many experiments*, had the desired effect, and the young man was at length *completely cured*; but he continued to be stupid as formerly, and when anybody asked him afterwards if he ever suspected that, under the effects of somnambulism, he was solving his problems during his sleep, when he found them ready in the morning, he answered that he never believed it, for he was certain that his dead mother, pitying him, and not wishing him to be punished by his professors, came every night while he was sleeping, and solved his problems and wrote his themes, imitating his handwriting in order not to be detected by his professors. This he *still believes*, nor can he be persuaded that he was ever a somnambulist."

Premising that the italics are mine, I proceed to the consideration—first, of the phenomenon itself, which I have understood to be more general than hitherto suspected; second, of the conduct of the professors; and third, of the *cure*, and its probability.

That the surexcitation of the brain is not uncommon, and that

during sleep the mental faculties are found more or less in action, is so widely known that I need not dwell at any length upon the circumstance. That the student, fatigued with his useless endeavours to fulfil his task, retired hopelessly to bed, and, physically fatigued, slept, while the wearied brain continued to labour at the problem, in contemplation of the penalty attached to its non-solution, is credible enough. Also that the phlegmatic constitution of the lad slumbered on, and by the rest thus enjoyed gave temporary vigour and clearness to the brain to carry out the task imposed, is not at all incredible; as we are aware of what singular variations of mental strength both wakers and sleepers are susceptible—many an editor slumbering most comfortably through his leaders and criticisms. Who has not at some time in his life thrown up an investigation as hopeless for the time, with a feeling that at a future time—“*when not thinking of it*”—the correct solution of his problem “*would come?*” Thus much for the facts related. I merely wish to note at the same time that it does not seem that otherwise the student suffered ill effects upon his health from this frequent trance-study.

Readers will have noticed how characteristically the professors “immediately commenced debating how to prevent the same thing occurring again.” Such a fact did not, it would seem, fit into their philosophy or theory of humanity. It might be said that the lad was inflicting an injustice upon his class-mates by this abnormal mode of study; but this objection is easily met by the simple remark that such a mode of producing school exercises could hardly be regarded as competitive. The professors, however, seem to have grown uneasy at such weird wisdom, and so resolved instead of further studying this peculiar phase of mental science, to “scotch the snake,” if not kill it.

How to prevent it happening again! Student must be reduced to dead level of opacity natural to his benighted soul. So wet cloths are spread to damp his feet and rouse him. Independently of their want of wisdom and want of interest in the matter, there is a considerable display of ignorance and cruelty in this proceeding. Had they known anything of the laws of somnambulism as observed by various persons, they never would have attempted a mode of arousing the *patient*, (why *patient?*) which in so many instances has proved fatal to the reason or life of somnambulists. Even wet cloths do not seem to have had an immediate effect, for many *experiments* are mentioned, which though ultimating in the eradication of the faculty, never succeeded in convincing the *patient* himself. Marvellous! though *completely cured*, (*cured*, pray of what?) he continued and continues to assign a different cause for the phenomenon.

Now, as to the *cure*, what harm did the exercise of the faculty

do the student? Would it not have been more profitable to have watched carefully its course, and perhaps utilized it by constantly suggesting more and more difficult problems, until a practical benefit to science might have been attained? This would have been less *cruel* than suddenly rousing the unhappy student into consciousness, (if that ever occurred) and the professors would have done a real service to man's knowledge of the mind's action, and shown themselves tolerant and unprejudiced men. But no! the phenomenon was so strange and weird, that it being fatal to learned professors' theories to account for it, it must be shuffled out of the way, and got rid of.

Is not this a famous illustration of the truth of the observation in the *Count of Gabalis* (edition, 1680)? "Such is the deplorable blindness of this unjust age, that men do still besot themselves with a vulgar report, and will not suffer themselves to be undeceived. A philosopher would have a worthy task to take a survey of all the absurd falsities and chymæras which have been forged, and to give manifest proofs against them. For whatsoever experience, or whatsoever solid reason he might employ, should there but come a man in a square cap and write underneath, *This is false*; experience and demonstration have no more force; and it is no more in the power of truth to re-establish its empire: men will believe this square cap before their own eyes."

Down upon your knees, intelligent public, and perform *Kowtoo* as befits your place in the scheme of society! K. R. H. M.

HERMOTIMUS.

HERMOTIMUS, or, as Plutarch names him,* Hermodorus of Clazomene, is said to have possessed, like Epimenides, the marvellous power of quitting his body, and returning to it again, as often, and for as long a time as he pleased. In these absences his disembodied spirit would visit what places he thought proper, observe everything that was going on, and, when he returned to his fleshy tabernacle, make a minute relation of what he had seen. Hermotimus had enemies, who, one time when his body had lain unanimated unusually long, beguiled his wife, made her believe that he was certainly dead, and that it was disrespectful and indecent to keep him so long in that state. The woman therefore placed her husband on the funeral pyre, and consumed him to ashes; so that, continues the philosopher, when the soul of Hermotimus came back again, it no longer found its customary receptacle to retire into.

* *Plutarch de genio Socratis. Lucian Muscæ, Encomium. Plinius, Lib. VII., c. 52.*

“A FACT FOR MATERIAL SCIENCE TO EXPLAIN.”

UNDER this heading, the *Herald of Progress* gives the following letter of N. P. Tallmadge, late United States senator and governor of Wisconsin, and known to many of our readers from his being associated with Judge Edmonds in his investigations of Spiritualism. Similar facts to those here related by him are by no means uncommon; and if our friends, the doctors in philosophy who eschew all belief in spiritual agency, can give us a scientific and rational explanation of these and a few other kindred phenomena, puzzling to simple folk, we shall be ready to give them every attention:—

“I have been stopping at Georgetown, D.C., for a few weeks, with a friend, Mr. Raymond. On the first day of January a servant girl, named Catharine, complained of being unwell. She was not confined to her room, but too sick to work. On Sunday, the 5th inst., whilst Mrs. Raymond was in the dining-room, at about nine a.m., the clock commenced striking very slowly, and sounding as much like the tolling of a bell as a clock could be made to imitate it. After it had continued in this way for about thirty minutes, Mrs. Raymond called in her husband. He listened and observed it for a few minutes, and then stopped the vibration of the pendulum. The clock continued striking, or tolling, as before—in all about one hour. Catharine, hearing it from her room, supposed the children were at some mischief with it, and came down to see. As she entered the room the tolling ceased, and the clock, since that time, has only struck the regular hours. From this time forward Catharine grew worse. At three different times Mrs. Raymond heard tottering footsteps on the stairs, and she supposed Catharine was coming down; but going each time immediately to the stairs, she saw no one. Repeatedly, during her sickness, Mrs. Raymond heard the street door-bell ring, but found no one there; and repeatedly heard raps at her own door, but no one there. Catharine now sank rapidly, and died on the 16th inst.

N. P. TALLMADGE.

Georgetown, Jan. 20th, 1862.

The above statement is correct of our own knowledge.

J. T. RAYMOND.

R. E. RAYMOND.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.

THE facts of what I have termed impressibility are so varied and remarkable, that I despair of doing even slight justice to the subject in the limits I propose to myself. The touch of a person or thing is not only baneful or blessed to an impressible person, but often reveals a series of facts: these facts may be of the mind, or of the physical condition of others; and they may run into the past and into the future. Of the first portion of the subject, the baneful or beneficent impression of persons or things, I will first speak. I do not irreverently associate with these, the handkerchiefs and aprons brought from the persons of the apostles; the venerated relics of saints; and articles worn, used, or otherwise associated with the persons of the departed. Is it not possible that these things constitute a material basis, through which those who have impressed them while living here in the earth life, can more readily approach and influence those who possess them, or are in contact with them, or who lovingly wear them?

The writer of this has made a careful examination of spiritual phenomena, in company with a learned Roman Catholic Doctor of Divinity. There were two mediums, one a Catholic convert, who became such through Spiritualism, the other an honest man, who supposed himself under the immediate influence of George Fox. This D.D. had a distinguished Jesuit for his director, and of course acted with his permission in the matter. The Jesuit father said that "no well-informed person could refer the phenomena of Spiritualism to diabolic influence." He and others considered communicating spirits to be good at times, and at times bad; in fact, they took the common sense view that prevails among those who have faith in the supernatural, that as it takes all kinds of people to make this world, so it takes all kinds of spirits to make up the spiritual world. The diabolic theory of spiritual manifestations, was started among American Roman Catholics, and it had its run like a fashion. O. A. Brownson was one of its fathers. Persons who came into the Romish Church by the instruction of spirits, were abused by *soi disant* Catholics, who seemed, some of them, to have the same right and place in it that the dog had in the manger. This is a condition of things that has now happily passed away with many Catholics, and with many others it has never existed; but so general among them at one time was the opinion that *all* spiritual manifestation among non-Catholics were diabolic, that Protestants have generally supposed that there was no other opinion entertained in the Romish Church. It is now six years since I heard a distinguished Roman Catholic bishop of one of the Federal States of America, express the opinion that Spiritualism was the mighty means that God had

begun, and would continue to use for the conversion of the multitudes who had come to a state of entire unbelief in the Christian faith. Six years ago, I heard a Catholic priest say burning words to those who held the theory of diabolism.—“If devils can communicate,” said he, “will our Lord leave himself without witnesses? Will you limit the power of our Father, and give over these manifestations to demons? I tell you, God will work by these means, and you will yet be obliged to confess that these phenomena are for his glory, and the good of souls.” The care of every Christian to avoid evil spiritual manifestations, should only be equalled by his charity toward those who are coming to faith, and consequently to all good, through these means.

“Coming events cast their shadows before,” may be deemed an expression of poetical license, but facts show an amount of prescience in impressible persons, that fully justifies the poet. A friend of mine, a man of the most entire probity, was twice warned by an interior voice and impression to leave a ship in which he had embarked. He felt compelled in both instances to leave, and against great difficulties. Both these vessels were lost, and only two persons were saved from them. He says, “internal monitions, powerful and vivid impressions caused me to leave these vessels, and to do many things which proved to me by their results, that I was in the guardianship of some higher power. I had no proof to offer to others but these facts, but it was present to my own consciousness that there were spirits or spiritual influences around me, although I was poorly able to form any just idea of their peculiar nature and offices in the economy of life.” I give the experience of this gentleman, because I can vouch for his honesty and truthfulness, as for my own. Though infidels have decided that there is no such thing as special providence and the guardianship of angels and spirits, that it is in fact unworthy of an Omnipotent Being to attend to the wants of poor, ignorant, and not very useful persons; I would like to present facts and deductions, that may cause them to reverse their decision. The first need of these unbelievers is to be convinced of the continued existence of the human soul after the death of the body, then they will see that a human soul out of the body, is as much a human being (perhaps a good deal more so) as when in this world. If change of place to spirits is effected by volition, if they can see our thoughts, purposes, and conditions, then they may see danger near or remote, and if possessed of the to us mysterious power of prevision or prophecy, then they may have still more power to aid us. When the unbeliever is convinced of this, he can see in part the material for special providences. To complete the chain, it may be necessary

that we be so consciously joined to these spirits, that they can impress and direct us, and save us from evil. As proof of this impression upon my friend, and of foresight on the part of his invisible guardians, and also of special providence, I give the following:—August 10th, 1858, he took passage in the cars on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, in the United States of America. He says, “I had entered a car with my sister, and proceeded to the end toward the engine, where we found seats in a good draught of air. I had the *New York Herald* in my hand, and before the cars started, I settled myself to read. I was startled by a mist and darkness before my eyes. The letters all ran together, and I could not read. At the same instant an interior voice said, ‘Leave this seat.’ I looked around—all sat quietly, and I thought I would not be foolish, and I settled myself to read again. The darkness again half veiled my eyes; the letters ran together, and again the voice said, ‘Leave this seat.’ I rose quickly, and said to my sister, ‘Come.’ I was impelled to go back to the last seat in a rear car, where we took our seats, and I felt sure we should be safe. In seven minutes after the car started, our train came in collision with another train. The car in front of us was driven back into ours, like the shutting of an opera glass; four persons were killed in the car in which we first took our seats; the car that was driven into ours stopped within six inches of the seat on which we sat. Every person in our car was killed or wounded, except ourselves; we escaped unharmed.” My friend remarked upon this event:—“If any are foolish enough to believe that there was no guardian care, no special providence in this matter, I must suppose that they will be too foolish to heed the impressions of their guardian angels, and thus have little part in the benefits they confer.”

In giving instances of spirit manifestations through mediums, I must repeat the trite remark, that mediums are like musical instruments; they are good, bad, and indifferent. They are in tune, and out of tune. If a wicked person is a medium, we may expect him or her to be the instrument for bad spirits. With this world and another, our associations must be according to the quality of our own lives. The best mediums, except in rare instances, are hidden from the world. They wish to escape odium and persecution, for they know that though people are not now burnt alive, they may have their reputations terribly roasted, for diverging from generally received opinions and popular sovereignty.

Unreasonable and unbelieving persons often derange the conditions for communication, so that though physical manifestations may continue, nothing valuable or truthful can be obtained. These persons have no idea that certain conditions are necessary

to worthful and convincing communications. They go into circles, demanding impossibilities. If a telegraph wire is broken, we do not expect any message, and a storm may derange the order of the wires. Everybody knows that we cannot breathe freely when choked, that our blood cannot circulate against a ligature, and that the brain cannot be used to think, when a part of the skull is depressed upon it.

A great mistake is made by many persons in supposing that spirits are wiser or better than mortals, simply because they are spirits. This notion is as false as its counterpart, that all communicating spirits are devils. We seek company in this world according to the quality of our own life and character. In the same manner we are associated with spirits. If we are patient, and humble, and obedient to the truth we know, we come into relation with good spirits, by a law of life. The conditions for an orderly circle are too often neglected, and the end in view is often defeated in this way. A medium of a high order is sensitive to conditions, and can form a circle as the leader of a band arranges his musicians to produce the best effect. The introduction of an improper person into a circle, gives great pain to an impressible medium. No outward propriety or seeming goodness avails. There is a sense in the medium that detects an unworthy or improper person for the circle, as readily and as surely as rue or wormwood are known by smell or taste. Such persons do not so readily hinder or derange manifestations of a physical kind, but they often cause false communications, and their presence is always more or less prejudicial. We have the testimony of worthy mediums, that there is a feeling of interior rest and satisfaction attending spiritual communications of a worthful character, and that the reverse of this is true with false and evil communications. But to resume my narrative of facts.—I remember a gentleman enquiring in a circle, if there was any news from his home. The answer was, "Your child is ill, and will not recover." He then asked, "How long will it live?" and was answered, "Six days." He learned afterwards that the child was that day taken ill, and at the end of the sixth day it died. I may here remark, that so far as my enquiries have extended, they go to prove that though instances of prevision or prophecy among spirits, are more frequent than in this world, they are still rare. An experienced physician might have judged rightly that this child would die, he might have formed this judgment from unfailing symptoms; but the interior vision possessed by spirits, must, I conceive, be more certain as a rule to arrive at the truth. Perhaps, then, this was a case of judgment on the part of spirits, and not strictly of prophecy.

There are certain prophetic impressions that seem to be

without any data or law known to us: I remember an instance. I had just become settled in a city at much trouble and expense, when it was forcibly brought to my mind, that I would leave the home where I was established in about three weeks. I went to the priest who was my confessor, and told him the prophecy. He said, "Certainly you will do no such thing. You will not have the folly to break up a home, and relinquish a business like yours, when you have just got established." I said, "I am convinced that all this will come to pass, with no action of mine, in three weeks; and you will be one of those who will be most anxious to have me leave." "Will you promise not to go without my consent?" he asked. I replied, "Certainly; you will be the one to urge me to go." Everything turned out exactly according to the prevision.

I could give many instances of prevision both in and out of circle, but so far as my own observation extends, those which have occurred to the individual alone, have been most surely and exactly fulfilled.

I was sitting one day in New York, with a friend of mine who was a medium of great and varied powers. It was just after the loss of the steamer Arctic. A gentleman and a lady came in. The lady seated herself at the medium's table, when a message was spelled out to her by raps, indicating letters of the alphabet, and the name of her husband was given or signed to it. He was an officer on board the Arctic, and had been lost with that vessel a short time previous. She had heard of the loss of the vessel, but clung to the hope that her husband was saved. As his spirit assured her of his death, she shrieked in agony and ran out of the room. Her brother, who had accompanied her, persuaded her to return, when consoling messages and wise advice and directions were given her by her husband, and the clearest prevision was shown as to affairs of business, and directions how to meet each case as it should occur were given the wife. She was instructed and consoled by her interview, and left with a conviction of the reality of life and immortality that she had never before possessed.

In considering impressibility, I have spoken of prevision, which to many may seem distinct from it. To me they are one: to me the soul has primarily one sense, that of feeling, as all rays of light are contained in the white ray. Prophecy, a sense of the presence of spirits produced either by sight, touch, or hearing, or by simple consciousness; the imparting of information, or the infusion of wisdom or power, I consider as all belonging to impressibility. A world of facts of a mysterious character are crowded into many lives. The record of those that have occurred in my own experience, and that of my intimate friends, may have

less interest than many others that might be made; but these are the ones I am able to give. I am of opinion that it is my duty to to cast my mite into the treasury. Let those to whom Providence has given greater riches, give more liberal contributions.

M. N.

THE SPECTRE DRAMA OF THE POLYTECHNIC.

From a Correspondent of the "Daily News."

A SOURCE of great popular attraction has been discovered by the managers of the Polytechnic; but the scientific and educational claims of this institution to public respect are somewhat inconsistent with the unnecessary mystery observed by Mr. Pepper about the *modus operandi* of his spectral effects. It is true the principle upon which they are produced, by concave mirrors, is explained in most treatises on optics, but Polytechnic audiences are not generally composed of persons familiar with such treatises, and much dissatisfaction has been expressed that the lecturer, after touching upon various matters which do not directly relate to the subject, leaves his hearers completely in the dark upon the laws of reflection and the peculiar arrangement of the mirrors concealed behind his foot-lights, upon which his "illusions" depend.

This calls for the more notice because Mr. Pepper takes credit to himself for demolishing the "Spiritualists," without apparently being aware that some among them adduce the very facts upon which he relies in support of their case, and as lying at the bottom of mysteries above the reach of science. He admits that the testimony may be believed of trustworthy persons, who tell us that they see spectral images, invisible to others, because it is now known to physiologists that such phenomena are a frequent result of disease; and so says Mr. Robert Dale Owen; adding only that we know too little of the influence of mind upon mind to be justified in asserting that a derangement of the physical functions is the only possible cause of such impressions. Mr. Pepper takes another step in the same direction, and demonstrates (what used to be denied) that an apparition with an objective reality, so fairly external to the eye that hundreds may perceive it from different parts of the same room, may be produced as projected in the air, and not as thrown on a screen. This he shows may be done by means of an impalpable, ethereal element, the vibrations of which he supposes to occasion light. Dr. Phipson leads us to infer that what may also be called "apparitions," in the case of the *ignis fatuus* and globular lightning, may be produced by an analogous element called phosphorescence; and so say the friends of Mr. Home; adding only that higher intelligences than Messrs. Dircks and Pepper, in making use of a similar medium, would perhaps employ a different process of manipulation to that which these gentlemen have patented.

Scientifically, and apart from all questions of "spirit manifestations," the ghosts of the Polytechnic are of some interest, as reviving a subject of discussion which has never been properly followed up by physicists since the publication of Berkeley's celebrated "Theory of Vision." Is it strictly right to call any image an "illusion," which has a distinct objective reality? Is, for example, the image of the sun an illusion when at daybreak we see it rising, and yet know, astronomically, that the distant orb the image represents is still below the horizon? And are all images, subject in like manner to refraction (and they include all the appearances of nature), illusions? A gentleman present at the Wednesday's lecture asked Mr. Pepper whether his spectres could not be photographed. The reply was of course in the affirmative. But it is very curious, and highly suggestive of the fact that of the real essence of things we perceive nothing, that a spectral image should produce, chemically, the same action on a sensitive plate as the living form.

And this leads us to observe that Mr. Pepper, in alluding to what he describes as the triumph of the modern theory of undulating waves of light, over that of Sir Isaac Newton, who supposed an actual emission of luminous particles, would do well to inform his hearers how the new art of photography accords with this

triumph. When a fleeting image produced by light is caught and fixed on a negative, what is caught and fixed? And is it, or is it not, a contradiction in terms to talk of fixing undulations?

Again, in reference to the theory of persistence, which the professor illustrates with the photodrome, invented by Mr. T. Rose, of Glasgow, some inquirers would be thankful to Mr. Pepper for the evidence on which he assumes that while the impression of luminous rays is persistent for an infinitesimal fraction of time on such a membrane as the retina, the same rays do not produce an equally persistent impression on the atmospheric medium through which they pass. Admitting that when we swing round a lighted taper and produce a luminous circle, the taper cannot be in all parts of the circle at once, where is the proof that the light emanating from the taper does not leave behind it (as a phosphorescent body would do) a luminous track? Certainly the photodrome exhibited affords no such proof. It proves rather the contrary; that the eye really sees, but sees only, the luminous particles permitted to reach it. The organ of sight furnished us by our Creator is not a deceptive instrument. It is one which faithfully copies whatever is presented to it, but it copies only images; and when we are led to connect them with wrong associations, it is our judgment that is misled, and not the eye.—*Daily News*, April, 1863.

A MIDNIGHT VISION.

Once I had a midnight vision
 Of the glorious home Elysian
 Of the heroes, bards, and sages,
 Famed in old historic pages,—
 Great artist-spirits all aglow
 With Heaven's own inspirations; lo!
 Raphael and Michael Angelo;
 Great Shakespeare's self, and he who sung
 Man's primal fall—whose lyre was strung
 By angel-hands; many a seer
 Of heaven's deep mysteries made clear;
 With all of great, or good, or fair—
 Earth's kingliest spirits all were there.
 It seem'd unto my spirit-sight
 Their forms exhaled a living light,
 Flooding the heaven's vast expanse;
 And, list'ning, in that mystic trance
 Was borne unto my ravish'd ears
 Such music from those angel-spheres,
 That with th' excess of rapture, tears
 Outburst: I tried in vain to speak—
 All power of utterance was too weak.
 Silent, to God my prayer ascended:
 I saw no more—the vision ended.

T. S.

THE MAGNETIC SOCIETY OF FLORENCE.

The following are the rules of this Society now in course of formation, and which have been sent to us for publication :—

The object of the Society is to aid in the study and application of animal magnetism, and of all that is connected with it.

The Society does not wish to occupy itself in persuading the incredulous, in exposing theories, or in polemical discussions. It only offers a *practical field* where each one may verify and produce for himself the well-known phenomena of magnetism, and apply them gratuitously to the moral and physical relief of mankind. Assembling without any ambition, and under the form of simple conversation, it will not have any permanent officer, excepting a general secretary to keep the minutes of the association, to direct the correspondence, and to receive subscriptions.

The subscription will be two livres, Italian money, per month for each member, leaving him free to continue, to suspend, or to renew his subscription.

The persons who subscribe by the year in advance will pay twenty livres instead of twenty-four.

The subscription is payable the first of every month.

In each week two meetings will be held, the first exclusively for the study and application of magnetism, the second for the study and development of so-called Spiritualism by the help of all that occurs in magnetism.

Those who desire instruction in the practice of magnetism will have it under the direction of an experienced magnetizer.

When they have acquired the necessary power to exercise it freely, a certificate to that effect will be given by a committee to be appointed for the purpose.

All who wish for consultation, or to seek a cure by means of magnetism under the direction of a medical man chosen by themselves, will have gratuitous attendance. As soon as there shall be a sufficient number of members, the Society will be formed, and each will receive a letter of invitation for the first meeting.

All demands for admission and for further information must be directed per letter, post free, to "La Società Magnetica di Firenze."

Notices of Books.

Clairvoyance Hygienic and Medical. By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.L.
Second Edition. Caudwell, Strand. Price 1s.

It is gratifying to find that this useful treatise has reached a second edition. Clairvoyance, as a means of attaining a correct diagnosis of disease, and of indicating its treatment, is not yet so generally appreciated as it deserves to be. Both the facts and the philosophy of the subject are handled by Dr. Dixon with much ability and with freedom from unnecessary technicalities. Besides the medical aspects of clairvoyance, some interesting experiments are detailed in which a clairvoyante distinguished and described the various metals and their several properties, though the metals were covered from the natural sight. The *resumé* given of clairvoyance as it was known and practised by the ancients, and the vicissitudes of its subsequent history presents in brief compass an historical sketch, carefully compiled, and in which the reader, desirous of further investigation, is directed to the best authorities. Not only from the medical point of view, but to all who are interested in learning of those interior and wonderful faculties which in most of us remain in a latent and undeveloped condition, we commend this little book as one from which, with little expenditure of time and money, they will gain instruction and pleasant reading. It is a work which any Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge would do well to circulate. This second edition, we should mention, contains several additional cases that have come under the author's observation.

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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA.

IT is only within the last quarter of a century that the name of Girolamo Savonarola has become to any considerable extent familiar to readers of English literature. The little that was previously known of him was mainly derived from very imperfect and untrustworthy sources; chiefly, indeed, from the garbled account of his proceedings given by Roscoe, in his *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*. One reason for this absence of interest in and intelligent appreciation of the character and influence of Savonarola may be found in the circumstance that the cause for which he laboured was not, like Luther's, crowned with great and immediate success, and the world, which looks only at outward and obvious results, cares little for defeated men, be they cast in ever so divine a mould. Nor is the name of Savonarola that of the head of a sect, or of a separatist movement. He lived and died in the church endeared to him by sacred associations, though none laboured more fearlessly and earnestly than he for its reformation; and in the political, social, moral and religious regeneration of the age in which he lived.

In Italy and Germany many distinguished writers, and especially Pasquale Villari, Professor of History in the University of Pisa, have drawn attention to the illustrious Florentine, and the influence of their works has begun to percolate the strata of English literature. The political and religious awakening of Italy and the resuscitation of its national life has done still more to direct the thoughts and pens of English writers to that country and its distinguished men. The authoress of *Agnes of Sorrento*, and the authoress of *Romola*, and the recent translation of Villari's *History of Savonarola and his Times*, by Mr. Horner, have called out in particular a deeper interest in the life and character of that great and gifted man. Would that in this brief sketch of him I could present a more full and worthy image of that

noble soul, so tender, so true, so full of courage and inspiration; and with such marvellous faculty of insight and vision, and intimate *rapport* with that diviner world of invisible intelligence and purity of which he felt himself to be an instrument and medium!

Savonarola was born at Ferrara, in 1452. From childhood he was noted as thoughtful and devout; he was conspicuously diligent and successful in his studies, and was a liberal independent thinker for his time, with strong sympathies for the poor and suffering, and with equally strong indignation against corruption, injustice, and every form of meanness and vice. Not a sickly student, but every way a strong man: he had a robust physical constitution that enabled him to bear labour and fatigue beyond the capacity of most men. His sensitive and pious nature, shocked with the licentiousness and wickedness of that corrupt age:—sensual, ferocious, and degraded, beyond, perhaps, any since the Christian era, predisposed him to a religious life; continually did he pray that God would shew him the path in which He would have him to walk. His purpose of retiring from worldly society was confirmed by some expressions in a sermon by an Augustine monk whom he heard preach on a visit to Siena in 1474, and by what he believed to be a divine intimation, conveyed to him in a dream. Accordingly, in his twenty-third year, he entered the Dominican Order, and applied himself to the works of the fathers and the study of the Scriptures. He remained seven years at the Convent in Bologna, which he spent in fasting and privation, in study, and in prayer. The superiors were not long in discovering his learning and the rare qualities with which he was gifted; and instead of allowing him to be employed in the menial offices, to which, with singular humility, it was his wish to be devoted, they appointed him to instruct the novices. Soon after, he was appointed to preach, but as he had neither the graceful delivery nor the scholastic style of preaching then in vogue, he had but few hearers. But even at this time, his affectionate earnestness sometimes gave to his speech a more impressive effect than any studied rhetoric could have produced, of which the following, related by his contemporary, Burlamacchi, is one instance out of many recorded by his biographers. Going one day from Ferrara to Mantua in a small vessel, in which were thirteen soldiers, who, regardless of his presence, were gaming and indulging in ribaldry and profanity, he solicited and obtained their permission to say a few words to them, and addressed them with such effect that eleven of them fell on their knees, and with tears confessed their sins and begged forgiveness.

In 1482, war threatening Ferrara, where Savonarola had been sent to preach, many of the monks were sent away, and

Savonarola being directed to Florence, went straight to the convent of St. Mark, in which he was destined to pass the most brilliant and the most unhappy days of his life. Lorenzo the Magnificent was then in the zenith of his fame and power; and such was at that time the fanaticism in favour of the great authors of antiquity, that even in the pulpit Aristotle and Plato were quoted far more frequently than either the Old or the New Testament. Cardinal Bembo warns a friend not to study the Epistles of St. Paul lest their barbarous Latin should corrupt his taste; and choice language and harmonious cadences were the chief recommendation of a preacher to popular favour. Savonarola in his preaching launched forth vehemently against the vices and irreligion of both the clergy and laity, condemned as absurd this mania for the heathen poets and philosophers, and never quoted any other book than the Bible; hence it happened that while when a certain Gennezano preached, the church of Santo Spirito was not large enough to hold the crowd that flocked to it, there were never more than five-and-twenty persons to listen to Savonarola.

About this time (1483) many and various visions began to appear before him, and he heard voices encouraging him to continue in the path upon which he had entered. One day, as he was conversing with a brother monk, the heavens seemed to open all at once, and place before his eyes the future calamities of the church, and a voice commanded him to declare them in the face of the people. He was sent to preach during Lent, 1484-5, at San Geminiano, near Siena, among a small thriving community, neither so refined nor so sophisticated and corrupt as that of Florence. Here he preached with unwonted power and effect; and pronounced those words which were to become his war-cry in his life-battle with the evils of his time:—"The church will be scourged, then regenerated, and this quickly." In 1486, he was sent to preach in different cities of Lombardy, and chiefly in Brescia. He there gave an exposition of the Book of Revelations. Professor Villari, says:—"His language was very earnest, his manner commanding, and he spoke with a voice of thunder. He charged the people with their sins, arraigned the whole of Italy, and threatened all with the wrath of God. He figured to them the twenty-four elders, and imagined one of them rising to declare the future calamities of the Brescian people—that the city would become the prey of furious enemies, and would see rivers of blood flowing through her streets; that wives would be torn from their husbands, and virgins violated; that children would be murdered before the faces of their mothers; that the whole surrounding country would be in a state of terror at the sight of blood and conflagration."

This sermon "made a deep impression on the people: the voice of the preacher seemed to them to resound as from another world, and his threatenings struck them with terror. When, in the year 1512, the city was unable to resist the ferocious soldiers of Gaston de Foix, when nearly six thousand persons were slaughtered in the streets; the Brescians called to mind the Elders of the Apocalypse, and the preacher of Ferrara." His companion, Father Sebastian, of Brescia, affirmed to all, that Savonarola, while praying, was frequently in a trance, and that sometimes his head appeared surrounded with light. Fra Angelo, of Brescia, relates of him, that on Christmas night, he remained in an ecstasy for the space of five hours, his head surrounded by a bright light, as was seen also by other friars; and he adds, that while Savonarola was celebrating mass, he had several times seen his face beaming with light, and his senses apparently entranced in a wonderful manner in a rapture, on which account it was his custom to celebrate the mass in a place in the church not exposed to observation, solely in the presence of the person who served.

In 1490, on the urgent request of Lorenzo, Savonarola was recalled to Florence. He wished to devote himself here to the instruction of the novices in the convent of St. Mark, but by this time he had begun to be famous, and at the urgent entreaties of his friends, he reluctantly allowed a few others to attend his lectures. The number daily increased as he began to expound the Apocalypse, and at length, in the month of August, he addressed them from the pulpit. His words had such an effect that they seemed to the multitude something more than human; and even the learned for the moment laid Plato aside to discuss the merits of the Christian preacher. In this sermon, he told the people, "I will preach in this church to-morrow, and I will continue thus to do for the space of eight years." A prediction that was only too exactly verified. Soon the church of St. Mark became too small for the crowds that flocked thither, and Savonarola preached in the cathedral, the number and enthusiasm of his hearers continually increasing. This, and the boldness of his preaching, began to excite the displeasure of Lorenzo. One day, five of the principal citizens of Florence were sent to him to represent the dangers he was incurring to himself and to his convent, and to advise him to be more moderate. Savonarola soon interrupted their address, saying to them, "I am quite aware that you have not come here of your own accord, but have been sent by Lorenzo. Tell him to prepare to repent of his sins, for the Lord spares no one, and has no fear of the princes of the earth." When warned that he ran the risk of being exiled, he replied, "Although I am but a stranger, and

Lorenzo is not only a citizen, but the first among them, it is I who will remain, and he who shall leave the city." About the same time he, in the presence of many persons, affirmed that a change in the affairs of Italy would speedily take place, and that Lorenzo, the Pope, and the King of Naples, were near their last days.

Finding that there was an increasing ill-will to him on the part of the Medici and other persons of influence, he began to think it would be better to keep back, at least for a time, his prophetic denunciations, warnings, and visions; but he struggled in vain. In his *Compendio di Revelazioni*, he tells us:—"Everything that kept me back from my first design soon became irksome to me. . . . I remember well that upon one occasion, in the year 1491, when I was preaching in the Duomo, and having composed my sermon entirely upon those visions, I determined to abstain from all allusion to them, and in future to adhere to this resolution. God is my witness that the whole of Saturday, and the whole of the succeeding night I lay awake, and could see no other course, no other doctrine. At daybreak, worn out and depressed, by the many hours I had lain awake, while I was praying, I heard a voice that said to me: 'Fool that thou art, dost thou not see that it is God's will that thou shouldst keep to the same path.'"

In July, 1491, he was chosen prior of the convent of St. Mark, a position which increased his responsibility and his feeling of independence. His first step was a refusal to comply with a custom that had been introduced for a prior on his election to pay homage to the Magnificent. "I regard my election as coming from God alone, and to Him I shall pay obeisance," said Savonarola. In vain Lorenzo after hearing mass at St. Mark's walked in the garden of the convent, Savonarola would not leave off his studies to bear him company; and when soon afterwards he found in the poor's box a large amount of gold coin, that could have come from no one else than Lorenzo, he sent it to a charitable institution to be distributed among the poor, saying that copper and silver were quite enough for all the wants of the convent. The attempt of Lorenzo to check his influence by a rival preacher, Gennezano, whose choice rhetoric had formerly tickled the ears of the Florentines, equally failed. The fact is, Savonarola regarded Lorenzo as a tyrant, the destroyer of the people's liberties, and the great enemy of public morals and Christian character. Between the polished but corrupt prince and the austere monk, there was a great gulf, which neither intimidation, flattery, nor bribes could bridge over. When Lorenzo, in 1492, was on his death-bed, his sins rose black and threatening before him, and the last offices of religion

afforded no alleviation of his terror; he could not persuade himself that any one would dare to refuse him absolution:—"No one ever ventured to utter a resolute NO to me," he said to himself. All at once, however, the stern aspect of Savonarola recurred to his mind—he remembered that that man had never yielded either to his threats or his flatteries: "I know no honest friar but him," he said; and desired him to be sent for to receive his confession. When Savonarola came, and Lorenzo expressed his desire to make confession and receive absolution; Savonarola said:—"Three things are required of you." And what are they, father?" replied Lorenzo. Savonarola's countenance became grave: "First, it is necessary that you should have a full and lively faith in the mercy of God." "That I have most fully."—"Secondly, it is necessary to restore that which you have unjustly taken, or enjoin your sons to restore it for you." This requirement appeared to cause him surprise and grief; however, with an effort he gave his consent, by a nod of his head. Savonarola then rose up, and while the dying prince shrank with terror in his bed, the confessor seemed to rise above himself when saying,—“Lastly, you must restore liberty to the people of Florence.” His countenance was solemn, his voice almost terrible, his eyes, as if to read the answer, remained fixed intently on those of Lorenzo, who, collecting all the strength that nature had left him, turned his back on him scornfully, without uttering a word. And thus Savonarola left him without giving him absolution; and the Magnificent, lacerated by remorse, soon after breathed his last, on the 8th of April, 1492. On the 25th of the same month died Pope Innocent VIII., who was at once succeeded by the still more infamous Roderigo Borgia, known as Alexander VI.

In the night of the last Advent Sunday of this year, Savonarola had a vision, in which, as he relates, he saw in the heavens a hand with a drawn sword, on which was written, "*Gladius Domini super terrane cito et velociter*" ("The sword of the Lord upon the earth, soon and sudden.") He heard clearly and distinctly voices, promising mercy to the good, and threatening punishment to the wicked, and proclaiming that the anger of God was at hand. All of a sudden, the sword turned towards the earth, the air became dark, showers of swords, and arrows, and fire descended, and fearful thunders were heard; whilst the whole earth became a prey to wars, famines, and pestilences. The vision disappeared with a command to Savonarola to threaten men with these punishments to inspire them with fear of God, and to induce them to pray to the Lord that he would send to the Church just pastors who would take care of the souls that had wandered from the right path. This vision was afterwards

represented in engravings and medals, which were widely circulated.

In 1493, he was sent to preach at Bologna, where, having by the freedom and boldness of his reproof in preaching greatly offended the haughty Princess of Bologna, he narrowly escaped being assassinated. Two soldiers were sent by her to assassinate him in the very pulpit, but courage to perpetrate such an enormity failed them. Two others of her satellites were then sent to him in his cell, but he received them with such undaunted courage and spoke to them with such composure and resolution that they went away confounded. Lent being over, he took leave of the people, but before doing so, to shew that he was not to be intimidated from performing his duty, he said publicly, from the pulpit:—"This evening, I shall set out for Florence, with my walking-stick and wooden flask, and shall sleep at Pianoro. If any one has anything to say to me, let him come before the hour of my departure. Know that my death is not to be celebrated at Bologna." On his way to Florence, meditating on the growing difficulties and discouragements he would have to meet, "he was so overcome by fatigue, that he had not strength to continue his journey, nor could he take any food. When lo! there came to his help the vision of an unknown man, who restored his strength and courage, and who, after accompanying him to the St. Gallo Gate, said to him, 'Remember that thou dost that for which thou hast been sent by God,' and having said this, disappeared." Signor Villari, in giving this relation, reminds his readers that such narratives are a part of the history of the times, that men of the strongest minds believed in them; and he quotes from Libri's *Histoire des Sciences Mathematiques*, a letter of Christopher Columbus, in which he describes a similar vision which he saw in America; where being abandoned by all his companions, there came a voice from heaven encouraging him to continue his undertaking. Libri considers that letter one of the most eloquent in literature.

On returning to Florence, Savonarola with great difficulty obtained for his convent a restoration of that independence it had formerly enjoyed, a measure highly important, as it made him free from subjection to orders from his superiors in Lombardy or Rome, by which he had hitherto been liable to removal from the scene of his labours. He soon began to reform the discipline of the convent. He enforced the practice of poverty, he set his monks to labour for their living, he established schools for the study of the Scriptures, and of Greek, Hebrew, and other oriental languages, as well as painting, sculpture, architecture, and the art of copying and illuminating manuscripts. These

reforms were the more readily effected, as it was seen that the prior was a living model of the principles he inculcated. To correct evil habits, to rekindle faith, to reform the church, were the objects of his life; and he carried these principles into practice, in the first instance, in the sphere of his own more immediate influence.

The invasion of Italy by Charles VIII., of France, which Savonarola had predicted in 1784, in a sermon, in which he said the French King would cross the mountains, and without bloodshed, take possession of all Italy in a few days, took place as foretold, in 1494. The princes of Italy were wholly unprepared to meet it. Men's minds were filled with terror. "The multitude ran to Savonarola, as if to implore his help. All his words had come true; the princes whose deaths he had foretold were in their graves; the sword of the Lord had descended upon the earth; the scourge had begun. He alone had predicted these evils, and had seen them approaching; he alone knew the remedy for such a misfortune. His name, therefore, spread all over Italy; all eyes were turned towards him, who thus, by force of circumstances, found himself in the position of a statesman." And Savonarola proved himself fully equal to the crisis. In the stormy days that followed in the city of Florence, no excess of any kind was committed:—a new miracle in the history of Florence, and one, says his biographer, "which all the writers of the time ascribe to the beneficial ascendancy that Savonarola had been able to acquire over the minds of the people."

Savonarola, with two of its most distinguished citizens were appointed ambassadors from Florence to King Charles. His colleagues set out immediately for Lucca, where they hoped to meet the king, while Savonarola, as was his wont, travelled on foot. The two ambassadors did not succeed in their mission, they could obtain no terms from the king. "But," says Villari, "when the ambassadors failed, the friar of St. Mark went alone to the French camp, and, passing through a multitude of armed men, he found himself in the presence of the King, sitting among his generals. Meeting with a courteous reception, he without much preamble commenced a short sermon, which he delivered with a loud voice, and in an almost commanding tone:—'Most Christian king, thou art an instrument in the hands of the Lord, who sends thee to deliver Italy from her afflictions, as for many years before now, I have predicted, and sends thee to reform the church, which lies prostrate in the dust. But if thou be not just and merciful, if thou pay not respect to the city of Florence, to its women, its citizens, its liberty, if thou dost forget the work for which the Lord sends thee, He will then select another to fulfil it, and will let the hand of His wrath fall upon thee, and will punish thee with

awful scourges. These things I say to thee in the name of the Lord.' " *

A noble sermon, worthy of a prophet! And it had its effect; the king had conceived an almost religious veneration for the prophet-friar; he and his generals listened with attention and awe to his menacing words, and the king received them with most earnest faith. He resolved to behave honourably to the Florentines, and entered into a treaty by which Florence remained a free and independent Republic.

From this time till his death, the history of Savonarola is identified with that of the Republic. He was the living and speaking impersonation of its liberties: the head and soul of the popular party. He had no wish to enter into the strife of politics; gladly would he have kept aloof from it, but he was impelled onward, outwardly, by the inevitable course of events, and inwardly, by a secret power which he could neither explain nor control; and which was indeed the secret of the wonderful effect of all his preaching. In the last sermon that he preached, March 18th, 1448, he observes:—"Sometimes, on coming down from the pulpit, I have on reflection said to myself, I will no longer speak of nor preach on those things, but will abstain from them, and leave the rest to God. But when I again stood up in the pulpit, I could not contain myself, nor do otherwise than I have done. To speak of the Lord has become to me like a consuming fire shut up in my bones and in my heart; and I found it impossible to restrain myself nor cease from speaking out, for I felt my whole being, as it were, on fire, and that I was inflamed by the spirit of the Lord. But when I come down, I say to myself, I will no more speak of those things; and yet, when I have again stood up in this place, I can no longer curb my tongue, nor refrain from uttering these sentiments."

Savonarola knew that the government of the Medici was not only itself corrupt, but that it had greatly corrupted the morals of the community, and in reconstructing the government, his chief aim was moral reformation, having its root in religious principle. He used politics only as instrumental to this end. "He wished for liberty in order to secure the triumph of religion. . . . He viewed the new government in no other light than as the first step in the regeneration of morals and the Church."

"Your reform," he said to the Florentines, "must begin with things spiritual, which are superior to all that are material, which

* "Charles VIII. had died at Amboise (April, 1498). His end had been a miserable one, as Savonarola had often predicted it would be, because of his having abandoned the work of the Lord. Having had a stroke of apoplexy he was carried into a place full of all kinds of filthy rubbish, and there, upon a bed of straw, the king of France drew his last breath."—*Villari*.

constitute the rule of life, and are life itself; and all that is temporal ought to be subservient to morals and to religion, on which it depends." As the ground-work of a new government he laid down this principle:—"That no individual shall have any benefit but what is general, and the people alone must have the power of choosing the magistrates, and of approving the laws." Into the laws and government framed and organized by him I cannot here enter, Villari pronounces the whole plan of the government "admirable in all its parts;" and he adds, "all the greatest historians and political writers of Italy have declared it to be the best, or rather, the only good form of government that Florence had enjoyed through its long and much disturbed history." In a single year the freedom of a whole people was established, taxation was reformed, usury was abolished, the administration of justice was amended, disorderly assemblies were no longer held, and an amnesty was passed:—all this without bloodshed and without riot, and that too in Florence, the city of riots.

Savonarola's labours were incessant, he preached daily, and his influence over the people was like a miracle. "The appearance of the city was totally changed, the women gave up their rich ornaments, dressed with simplicity, and walked demurely; licentious young men became, as if by enchantment, modest and religious; instead of carnival songs, religious hymns were chanted. During the hours of mid-day rest, tradesmen were seen seated in their shop reading the Bible, or some work of the friar; habits of prayer were resumed, the churches were well attended, and alms were freely given. But the most wonderful thing of all was to find bankers and merchants refunding, from scruples of conscience, sums of money amounting sometimes to thousands of florins, which they had unrighteously acquired."

In 1496, and again in 1497, there was a "bonfire of vanities." This was accomplished by means of the children, who went from house to house asking for "vanities;" these consisted of indecent books, songs, and pictures; cards, dice, masques, &c. These were collected in an immense pile and burned as an *auto da fe* of the vanities of Florence on the last day of the carnival, with processions and sacred lauds, some composed by Savonarola himself. The money collected by the children during carnival, instead of being spent in feasting and extravagance was given to the poor.

But to so sudden and entire a revolution as had been wrought in the lives and habits of the people, there was sure to be a reaction. And it came but too soon. The partisans of the Medici and of the princes of Italy, the abandoned women, the violent and dissolute youth of Florence, all the elements of a rotten and corrupt society, though subdued and awed for the

time, soon rallied and combined against the new order of things. The influences of wealth and position, and all the artillery of profane wit were levelled against the friar, his visions, and his revelations. Several times was his life attempted by poison and assassination. His friends found it necessary for his protection to surround him on his passing from his convent to the cathedral, and on his return. But of all his enemies, the Pope became the most bitter, and his hate and rage the most implacable. Borgia had obtained the Papal chair by open simony. He was not only the worst of the bad Popes, but perhaps the worst man of that bad time. By dissimulation and smooth words, and by various artifices, Alexander sought to inveigle Savonarola into his power at Rome, where he would have had no difficulty in disposing of him. This not succeeding, he tried to win him over by flatteries and the offer of a cardinal's hat, but this only increased the indignation of the honest friar, who thundered more vehemently than ever against the abominations of Rome. The Pope then forbade him to preach, and laboured to raise the Signory of Florence against him. For a time the Signory stoutly defended Savonarola, and even procured a revocation of the brief which prohibited his preaching. But when the Pope found that Savonarola was labouring, and in actual correspondence with the French king to convoke a General Council for the reformation of the church, which probably would have proclaimed his own election null and void by reason of simony, as it was afterwards proclaimed to be by Pope Julius the Second, his fury against the friar became inflamed and knew no bounds. He launched against Savonarola the excommunication, and threatened Florence with an interdict. A new Signory had just been elected, in which the party opposed to Savonarola had obtained the majority. Further, the new Signory was unwilling to come to extremities with the Pope, as it hoped to obtain his assent to a tax on ecclesiastical property, and to gain his assistance to subjugate Pisa, then in rebellion, all which the Pope readily promised if they would only be obedient in the matter of Savonarola. And so, his death was resolved on, and a plot, favoured by the Signory, was soon contrived for the purpose. A riot was got up, the Convent of St. Mark was attacked, and Savonarola and two companions surrendered themselves on a written order from the Signory, who assured them of their personal safety.

Savonarola was now in the hands of his enemies, who at once proceeded against him, appointing those who were notoriously hostile to him as his examiners, among them, one Doffo Spini, the chief author of all the plots against him, and who it was well known had not only hired men to assassinate him, but had attempted the murder with his own hands. This man was

now one of his judges. From the very outset, the violation of all law and justice was so apparent, that even one of the examiners indignantly refused to continue to act, saying, that he would not be present at such homicide. Under authority of this commission, Savonarola was subjected to repeated, continuous, and most cruel torture, but even though they falsified the minutes of the examinations, they could establish nothing against him. The torture continued eleven days, at the end of which, the Signory in writing to the Pope were constrained to say:—"Notwithstanding a long and most careful interrogatory, and with all the help of torture, we could scarcely extract anything out of him which he wished to conceal from us, although we laid open almost the inmost recesses of his mind." This, however, made no difference to the Pope, who sent two commissioners who were "charged to get him put to death were he even a St. John the Baptist." Nor did they make any secret of it, one of them, Romolino, on his arrival boasted to the magistrates—"We shall make a famous blaze; I have the sentence already prepared." Again was Savonarola put to the most severe torture, but "Romolino now saw that nothing could be got out of him, that neither tortures nor the cleverness of the notaries had been able to elicit answers that could justify him in condemning the friar, and that it was useless to lose more time." And so the matter was soon settled, one of his judges indeed advised that he should not be put to death, but kept in prison, and supplied with writing materials, that the world might not lose the fruits of his genius; but he was angrily reminded that perhaps the next Signory might set Savonarola at liberty, who would soon regain his ascendancy over the minds of the people, and it was added significantly—"A dead enemy makes no more wars." The tragedy was soon completed. On the 23rd of May, 1498, in the forty-fifth year of his age, the body of Savonarola and those of his two companions were hanged in chains and burnt in the great square of Florence, in presence of a multitude, many of whom had hung delighted on his lips; and in a few days after his ashes were thrown into the Arno.

Such, in brief, is the history of one whom God evidently raised up to do a great work in the century which closed the middle ages and heralded the new civilization. Never, surely, in all the Christian ages was there a man more full of the divine spirit. No prophet of ancient Israel was better attested than he, or more worthily fulfilled his mission. He lived the life, and he died the death of a prophet—even that of a martyr. His martyrdom came not to him as a surprise, he clearly foresaw and foretold it when he was yet the idol of the people; he saw the end, and he saw beyond it.

Burlamacchi, who was an eye-witness of the last days of Savonarola, relates of him, that he was distinctly seen suspended in the air, several feet above the floor of his dungeon, apparently absorbed in prayer—a phenomenon recorded of many pious persons of both the Roman Catholic and Protestant Churches, and one which, with certain persons in our own day, especially Mr. Home, is known to be of frequent occurrence, and to have been seen by many witnesses.

Some writers have represented Savonarola as holding religious views similar to those of the leaders of the Protestant Reformation. But in this they are in error. He wished for no alteration of dogmas. His own declarations on this point are explicit and decisive. He sought reform within the church not separation from it: he condemned all departure from its doctrines, but he at the same time maintained the rights of reason and the liberty of conscience, and condemned the temporal power of the church as the cause of its corruption, and as lowering its spiritual authority. To him, charity was a universal law, and conscience a supreme rule. He yielded a ready obedience to his ecclesiastical superiors in all things else; but, “This I maintain,” he says:—“When it clearly appears that the commands of our superiors are contrary to those of God, and especially to what charity demands, no one, in such a case, ought to obey him, for it is written:—‘We ought rather to obey God than man.’ If, however, the case be not self-evident, if there be the slightest doubt, then we ought always to obey.” To correct the universal corruption of Christendom, something more than ecclesiastical reformation was needed, even to re-awaken faith in the minds of men, and restore youth to their hearts, and re-kindle their spiritual powers and perceptions that they might in very truth know and feel heaven to be around them and within them, even as it had been to apostles and holy men of old.

Like many other eminent Christian seers, Savonarola believed the Bible to contain other and deeper meanings than that of the merely literal and verbal sense. It was to him “A living and speaking world, a world without limits, in which he found the revelations of the past and of the future, . . . the microcosm of the whole universe, the allegory of the history of the human race.” In his exegesis of Scripture, besides the literal sense, there was also the *spiritual*, the *moral*, the *allegorical*, and the *anagogical*. Thus, in the first verse of Genesis in the *spiritual* sense, Heaven and Earth signifies soul and body; in the *moral* sense, reason and instinct; in the *allegorical* sense there was a double meaning, in the first it signified Adam and Eve, and these “corresponded,” as Swedenborg would say, to the Hebrew church and the Christian church; the *anagogical* sense refers to the church triumphant, and

hence Heaven and Earth signify Angels and Men. Professor Villari presents in a tabular form Savonarola's interpretation of the seven days of the creation. I give that of the first day :—

LITERAL INTERPRETATION. <i>First Day:—</i> Heaven, Earth, Light.	SPIRITUAL INTERPRETATION. Soul, Body, Action, Intellect.
ALLEGORICAL INTERPRETATION. <i>With reference to the Old Testament.</i> Adam, Eve, The Light of Grace.	ALLEGORICAL INTERPRETATION. <i>With reference to the New Testament.</i> Hebrew People, Gentiles, Jesus Christ.
MORAL INTERPRETATION. Soul, Body (in the sense of reason and instinct), Light of Grace.	ANAGOGICAL INTERPRETATION. Angels, Men, Visions of God.

Professor Villari, whose *History* I have mainly followed, devotes an entire chapter to "The Prophecies and Prophetic Writings of Savonarola." The prophecies and visions of Savonarola are a sad trouble to his learned biographer. He can't deny them, and he knows not what to make of them. On the whole, besides the natural tendency of a nervous temperament, religious fervour, and excited feelings, he is inclined to attribute them to excessive study, especially of the Old Testament and the Apocalypse. He tells us the dreams and visions to which Savonarola had been subject from his childhood, multiplied upon him in his public career. "They crowded round his mind, and in the night he may be said to have been haunted by them. When he afterwards found that, by reading the Bible and the fathers, by his prayers and night watches, they increased upon him, he began to believe them to be inspirations from God, which came to him through the intervention of angels, in the manner that St. Thomas Aquinas says the prophets were inspired. And truly nature, chance, study, prayer, and everything else, seem to have contributed to goad him on, as if against his will to these dangerous propensities." He continues to twaddle about its being a "subject of profound and philosophical meditation. It is a truly solemn sight to contemplate how signally Providence humbles the greatest of men by uniting faculties almost divine with such weaknesses as to remind us that they are still simple mortals." Not surely such "simple mortals," as their learned critics, who regard the exercise of man's spiritual senses and gifts as a "dangerous propensity," and a fit subject for their enlightened commiseration.

We may be sure then the Professor of History in the University of Pisa does not at all exaggerate this "weakness" in the man whose faculties he regards as "almost divine;" and he tells us: "It is not possible to describe the blind faith Savonarola lent at this time (1498) to those visions, nor the extent to which he had become their slave. . . . They were the object of his constant study, and of his serious meditations: he spent many long hours in showing in what manner the angels produce visions in the mind of man; how supernatural voices may be heard and so forth." Again, he tells us that in those moments of which Savonarola used to say, "An inward fire consumes my bones and forces me to speak out." He "was carried away by a kind of ecstasy in which the future seemed to open up before him. When this followed him into the solitude of his cell, he remained a long time the victim of visions, and was kept awake whole nights, until sleep, getting the better of him, brought refreshment to his wearied body. But on the other hand, when this state of ecstasy took possession of him in the pulpit, in the presence of the whole people, there were no bounds to his exultation; it exceeded all that words can describe; he became as it were the master over all his hearers, and carried them along with him in the same degree of excitement. Men and women of all ages and conditions, artizans, poets, philosophers, sobbed aloud, so that the walls of the church echoed the wailings. The individual who was taking down the words of the preacher, having had to stop, wrote: 'At this place I was so overcome by weeping that I could not go on.'" Professor Villari naively admits "that marvellous instinct, or, as we might call it, divination of the future, which no one can deny that Savonarola possessed." He says, "Setting aside all the specialties and accessories that attached to his many predictions, we cannot fail to be surprised, that almost all the prophecies should have come to pass. . . . That ever-present presentiment of his own violent death he announced with a firmness of conviction altogether inexplicable and truly miraculous. . . . And when at a later period, we find him describing, even to minuteness, the future calamities of Italy, and with such remarkable accuracy; when we see him worked up into a state of exaltation, throwing himself into such an agitation, and delirium of grief, in describing them, it is impossible for us to give any explanation of the facts; but still they are facts, and they are of a kind the most extraordinary. The man sees the sad and mournful future of his country, and its sorrows present themselves to him with such a semblance of truth, that he himself already endures the affliction."

Philip de Comines, the shrewd ambassador of the French king, in passing through Florence on his way to Naples, called

at the convent of St. Mark to become personally acquainted with Savonarola, and to gain a clear conception of the man who had filled Europe with his fame. He was astonished at his thorough and intimate knowledge of events. Comines says:—"He spoke to me of the *Grande Assemblée*, which the Venetians had brought together much better than I could have done, who had just come from it. . . . I do not pretend to judge of his revelations; but it is most certain that he predicted things, both to myself and to the king, which no one believed at the time, but which all came to pass. . . . I believe him to be a good man, and that he has revealed things that no one in Florence could have told him."

Among the many works written by Savonarola are two on the subject of prophecy, *Dialogo della Verita Profetica*, and *Compendium Revelationum*. I present the following extract:—

"He who now is called a prophet, formerly was called a seer. He is properly named a prophet who sees things afar off, and not within the scope of the natural knowledge of any human creature. It comes to pass that the prophet also learns, by the medium of the light of prophecy, many things which are not far removed from the scope of human knowledge, because that light can be extended to all things, human as well as divine. Far removed from the scope of human knowledge of every creature are future contingent events—chiefly those which are dependent on free will, which in themselves cannot be known by men, nor by any other created beings, because they are only present to the Eternal, whose knowledge embraces all times. Their future contingency cannot be known by any natural light, but solely by God, who knows them in the eternity of His light, and by Him only are the things communicated to those to whom He deigns to reveal them. In such revelations there are two things done:—one is, that God infuses a supernatural light into the mind of the prophet, which light is a certain degree of participation of His eternity. By such participation, the prophet judges of that which is revealed to him—that the revelation is true and that it comes from God. And of such efficacy is this light, that the prophet is made as certain of those two things above mentioned, as the natural light makes philosophers certain of the first principles of science, and as people are made certain that two and two make four. The other thing that God does in those revelations is, that He propounds distinctly to the prophet that which He wishes him to know and to declare, and that he does in various ways, as it is written, 'I have spoken by the prophets and multiplied vision, and I have used similitudes by the ministry of the prophets.' Sometimes that which the prophet has to declare is infused into his mind without any vision of the imagination, but in the way in which wisdom was infused into the mind of Solomon; and in this way it was the prophet Daniel gave utterance to prophecy. Sometimes there arises in the imagination various figures and visions of phantasy, which signify that which the prophet has to understand and to declare; and he by the light so infused, understands the signification of such visions, otherwise he could not be called a prophet. Hence it is written in Daniel, chap. x., 'There is need of understanding in a vision.' And many times in those visions different words spoken by various persons are inwardly thought to be heard, or are so represented to the mind. And those words are understood by means of the light that proceeds from God, *by the ministry of the angels*. Sometimes God offers to the exterior senses, chiefly to the sight, types of things which are to be manifested, as we read in Daniel, in the fifth chapter, of the hand that wrote on the wall before the eyes of Belshazzar—'*Mene, Tekel, Phares*.' Which words Daniel the prophet saw with the external organs of vision, and interpreted by the internal light. It is to be observed that those external apparitions, and even those of the phantasy, are from God, and manifested by the ministry of angels, as St. Dionysius says in the first book of the Celestial Hierarchy, because every work

of apostolic agency, that is of God, is ordered wisely. And in the order of his wisdom, infinite things are accomplished by mediate agents, and mediate things by the ministry of Christ. *The angels being mediate agents between God and man, the prophetic illumination comes from God by means of angelic spirits*, who not only illuminate the interior mind, but cause divers apparitions to appear to the phantasy. But they also speak inwardly to the prophets; and to them they likewise appear many times in human form, and announce future things to them and admonish them of many things they have to do. And by the divine light, the prophets clearly know these apparitions to be angelic, and that which is spoken to them to be true. *In these three ways I have attained and known future things:—some in one way some in another. Moreover in each of these modes I have attained to the knowledge of them, and always have been certified of the truth by the aforesaid light.*”

Soon and bitterly did the people of Florence repent of the madness which had deprived them of their best friend, the most wise and courageous champion of their liberties. When they saw the country laid waste by sackings, by the sword, and by conflagrations; when Clement VII. ascended the pontifical throne, “when the armies of Charles V. besieged and sacked the Eternal City, when churches were converted into stables for horses, and into suttlng houses for soldiers, then it seemed, indeed, even to the most incredulous, that the predictions of the friar had been verified to the letter. His last prophecy—that which he had made to Nicolini (“Bear in mind that a time will come when you will have a pope called Clement”) was brought forward; it was published and read with the utmost wonder, and got into the hands of all. His sermons were again read, and numerous passages in them were pointed out, in which events that had occurred had been again and again foretold. The party of the Piagnoni, as if by a miracle, again found themselves masters; the Medici, getting no aid from without, and surrounded by internal enemies, took to flight. The Republic was again proclaimed. Christ was again chosen King of Florence; a civic militia was enrolled; and all were, this time, prepared to defend their re-acquired liberty, or die in a manner worthy of it. The new Republic sustained numerous assaults; and every one knows it was fated soon to fall; but defended by the genius of Michael Angelo, by the right hand of Feruccio, and by the heart of a whole people, it had a glorious end, equal to its best days, when in its most flourishing condition. And in this marvellous effort, St. Mark’s became the centre of the most faithful friends of their native land and of liberty. The disciples of the friar, his prophecies, his sermons, his very pictures, inspired those valiant and magnanimous citizens to defend their Republic to the last hour. Thus, the history of the true followers of Savonarola terminated only with the liberty of Florence.”

But more than this, the labours of Savonarola had prepared the minds of men for the great Reformation, which before that

generation passed away began to spread over Christendom; and soon the incubus that had weighed upon the nations was thrown off, and the re-awakened intellect of Europe put forth powers that have made a new era in Christian civilization. Sacrifice—the sacrifice of the best and noblest, has hitherto been the condition of all progress—the means by which alone any great good for humanity has been achieved. And where, since Christ was crucified, shall we find a nobler sacrifice than that of the reformer, prophet, saint, and martyr, Girolamo Savonarola?

T. S.

INTRODUCTION BY JUDGE EDMONDS TO THE AMERICAN EDITION OF MR. HOME'S BOOK.

It is now about 15 years since there occurred at Rochester, in the State of New York, some incidents of so unusual a character as to excite a very lively attention. They happened in a family consisting of a mother and three daughters, of limited means and education, and in a humble condition of life:—simple, innocent, and well-intentioned, and enjoying a good reputation. Those incidents were the locomotion of ponderable objects without any perceivable mortal agency, and the creation of sounds without any discoverable human origin, and through their instrumentality such an intelligence was displayed as enabled conversation to be carried on with the unseen power that was acting thus strangely in their midst. Through the conversation thus opened, it was professed that these things were done by the spirits of those who had once lived on the earth, and that the object was to open a communion between the living and the dead. Such a claim was received by an almost universal disbelief, by vehement condemnation of the impiety or unsparing ridicule of the credulity which could receive or avow it. Still the story went on, and, impelled by curiosity or the love of the marvellous, people began to investigate, and as investigation progressed, the belief in the spiritual origin of the phenomena spread, until in a short time, people of all classes and positions in society and of all conditions of intelligence and education inquired, and most of those who inquired believed. Confined originally to one locality, it soon spread to other parts of that state and to adjoining states. Limited at first to three young girls, as the “mediums” through whom these things were done, the power was soon manifested through others, of different sexes and ages.

The ordinary newspaper press of the day was alive with the details and discussion of the incidents and their origin. Periodical papers were established, devoted to the topic, and numerous

volumes were published with the same purpose. The whole matter was subjected, both as to the facts and their sources, to the severest scrutiny which ingenuity and acuteness could devise; solutions of the mystery, professing to be satisfactory, put forth even under the auspices of such men as Sir David Brewster and Professors Faraday and Agassiz, were of frequent occurrence, and the press and the pulpit seemed to unite in one voice of denunciation of the monstrous fraud and delusion. Still the thing moved steadily on, until before the expiration of the first decade after its advent, the instruments through whom the things were done were counted by thousands in this country, and the believers by millions, and kindred manifestations were breaking out throughout the world, and appearing on different continents, among people of diverse nations and language simultaneously, without any missionary effort on our part, and apparently without preconcert with us or between themselves.

Thus at length, through this instrumentality, and by the testimony of these hosts of witnesses, was established in this country the marvellous fact of *inanimate matter moving without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence, and that intelligence so great as to "speak in many tongues," and to read the inmost unuttered thoughts of man.*

Among the early instruments used to bring about such a result in this country, was Mr. D. D. Home, whose experience is given in the ensuing pages. He was of a mild and gentle disposition, sincere and simple-minded, yet of a passive rather than an affirmative character, with a strong devotional tendency. He was not known much in this country as a medium. His powers were not more remarkable than those of many others, who were in daily use at that time, and during a good part of the time that elapsed between the development of his powers and his departure for Europe, his mediumship was confined to a very small circle, consisting of gentlemen of education, and of means, who were through him thoroughly investigating the subject.

Such an investigation by men of science, of learning, of intelligence, and of standing, was earnestly sought and repeatedly urged by the educated among those who on witnessing the phenomena found in it a profound mystery. It was often said to that class of men whom we were wont to regard as our teachers and leaders in knowledge, "Here is something that we cannot fathom, come ye to our aid! Here are incidents for which we can find no origin in the laws of nature known to us, which we are told are not supernatural, but in conformity with nature; come ye, and discover this unknown and extraordinary power which thus tends to lead us into the domain of the magical and the miraculous! Here is an intelligence displayed by inanimate matter,

which professes to be that of the dead; come ye to our rescue and unfold to us, if it be possible, some other theory than the spiritual, as explanatory of these uncommon events; for if that cannot be done, and this thing is what it professes to be—a communion with the spirits of the departed—the importance of this new phase of human life cannot be exaggerated.” To such appeals the response was often favourable, and such investigations were held in different parts of this country, which resulted not so much in the discovery of the nature of this new power, as in establishing to all who would expend a thought on the subject, the reality of its existence, and in some degree what it was capable of achieving.

As soon as this end was attained in this country, demonstrations of that character almost wholly ceased among us, and spirit communion assumed a new and most interesting phase. Meanwhile, Europe lagged behind the celerity of our movement, and as we were beginning to read in this New Testament from God to man, we could occasionally hear that other people were just entering on their A B C. So that when Mr. Home arrived in England in possession of a power then quite common in this country, but almost unknown there, he at once attracted great attention, and it will be seen in the following pages how widespread and earnest was that attention among the higher classes, as well on the Continent as in England. The same lively interest in these the primary steps of this communion, was displayed there that had been seen here some ten years before. That interest still continues there. I will mention as an instance of this, that some time ago I received a letter from Mr. Home, requesting leave to send me the advanced sheets of his forthcoming work, in order to their publication here, and when I received those sheets, they came to me not from him, but from a friend, because he had been sent for by the Emperor of the French, and had departed for Paris.

The office which his book will perform in Europe will be somewhat different from that which it will perform with us. There it will be mainly to establish the fact of spiritual intercourse; with us we have an abundance of testimony on that point, not only in the oft-recorded experience of the past, but in the great number of private circles now scattered all over our land, where every one may see and judge for himself. To many in this country, too, that will be the object of this book; but to very many it will be different, and the book will find its chief interest in the plain, simple, and direct detail of the fact, and the great accumulation of testimony in support of that detail, and in the fact, that it is a clear delineation of the first step of many which have been taken within the last fifteen years. That first step

has been pretty thoroughly investigated in Europe and America, until a great revolution has been wrought in the public mind as to its actuality. The next thing, and we are prepared for that now in this country, is to obtain for the subsequent steps the same thorough and searching scrutiny.

And it is the object of this Introduction to bespeak for those subsequent steps the closest investigation that science, education, and acuteness can give. It is impossible for any one mind or any small number of minds to do that wisely and well. It requires very many minds, and numerous observations, and a gathering together of the results of very many enquiries, before a satisfactory conclusion can be arrived at, and every possible objection be foreclosed. Just as in astronomy, the discoveries of the last hundred years have exceeded those of any prior equal period, because of the largely increased number of observers and improved means of observation. It may be the same in spiritual intercourse. Many things now obscure may be rendered clear; many things now in conflict may be reconciled; many things deemed impossible may be shown to be possible; and many things which to the uninstructed mind may be terrifying may be rendered at once attractive and salutary. All that is wanted is patient, persistent investigation.

This appeal of mine would, however, be incomplete if I should omit to define more particularly what are the topics for which I supplicate a scrutiny, and so I proceed to mention them.

First.—If it be true that the spirits of the dead can commune with us, then it must be that they can reveal to us what is the state of existence into which they were ushered on dying, and what is the mode of life they are leading there. This they profess to do, and this seems to me to be the primary and main object of this whole movement. I have myself received a great deal of information on this subject, some of which I have already given to the world, but there is a great deal more that I have not. I am ready to give it as soon as I find the world ready to receive it; not amid the fervour of superabundant wealth, with all the selfishness, luxury, and extravagance which follow in its train, nor amid the evil passions which civil war engenders, but bye-and-bye, when the afflictions which God is bringing upon us shall have performed their destined office of softening our hearts, and opening them to the entrance of the gentle voices which are now coming to us, in ever-increasing tones from beyond the grave.

As the life on earth is never exactly alike in any two persons, so life in the spirit-world is never alike to any two immortals. Behold then! how many spirits must commune with us, and how many mortals must engage in that communion, before enough can be obtained for us to be able to say and to feel that we know what is the life beyond the grave.

As in astronomy, it took the observations of very many persons for several thousand years to enable us to arrive at the truth in regard to our planetary system, so this far more momentous truth must come to us in the same way, as the result of many observations by many persons. What can one man or even a score do in this respect? The question is easily answered. How few have ever read or believed what I have published in regard to the spirit world! Yet let the inquirer be convinced of what this book of Mr. Home's teaches, *viz.*, that there is such a thing as direct communion with departed spirits, and he can himself make his own inquiries, and receive direct answers to himself, and, thus, from personal observation, he may come to believe that which he finds it so hard to receive through me. Others and others again doing the same thing, the result would be such an accumulation of testimony, that there would be as little doubt upon this subject, as there is now of the actual existence of spiritual intercourse. And when that time shall come, when a rational knowledge of what the great change—the mortal putting on immortality—actually is, shall be substituted for the dreadful fear of death, which now so often frightens man from his propriety, and enslaves his mind with a worse than Egyptian bondage, what imagination can picture the vast increase that will flow to the happiness, the wisdom, and the purity of man!

Second:—Another topic, on which much evidence has already been received, but much more is necessary to a full understanding, is involved in the question:—In what manner and to what extent are we, in the mortal life, surrounded and affected by the spirits of the departed?

There is abundant evidence to show that we are ever surrounded by them, and much to induce us to believe that every mood of mind has its kindred spirit: whence it would seem to follow, that we are ever liable to be influenced for good or evil by our unseen companions. But many important questions arising out of these facts are yet unsolved. For instance: To what extent and under what circumstances can the attendant spirits influence us? And what is our protection against the evil of this influence? Can we ourselves control it by controlling our mood of mind? And, if we need help, can we obtain it, and how? Here perhaps will be found the solution to the oft-disputed proposition of the efficacy of prayer. Here perchance we may learn, that as God always works through his instruments, so the mood of mind, which prompts us to pray, may drive evil far from us, and draw closely around us the ministering spirits who may be charged with the function of answering our petitions, and who might not otherwise be able to approach and do for us that, which they see as well as we do, is needful for us. And here too, perchance, may

be found the solution of many mental conditions, which ignorant doctors are apt to treat as incurable insanity. I have seen a good many such cases myself, and several where the physicians had been appealed to in vain. The ability to cure consisted in the ability to learn the cause of the disease.

It is not long since that I was invited by one of our medical societies to attend the reading of a paper on insanity by a German Doctor. In some remarks I made on that paper, I took occasion to call the attention of the faculty to this subject, and detailed to them several of the cases which I had cured; and I did so in the hope that they would investigate for themselves, and see whether there was not something in it. Unhappily, in their publication of the report of my remarks, they omitted this part, and with it an enquiry, which I cannot but think highly pertinent:—"Whether the medical profession might not find in these and cognate cases, something worthy of their most careful investigation?"

And now, in this connection I may repeat the question already asked. If the enquirer believe in the communion announced in these pages of Mr. Home, and he can, by availing himself of that communion, learn the cause and the cure of any number of cases of insanity, be they many or few, why not investigate? Does mere investigation hurt? It never hurts anything but error, and sometimes perchance, the first propounder of the truth, but the truth itself it never hurts.

Third.:—Another deeply interesting topic, on which some revelation has been had, and more may be, is, "What is the soul? and how is it connected with the body? What form or covering does it assume, when corruption puts on incorruption? And what are its relative powers before and after death?"

In this topic are embraced the phenonema of sleep and dreams—of clairvoyance (long a subject of dispute, but now received as a fact, though involved in profound mystery)—of the spirit photographs—of a spiritual telegraph, and the philosophy and explanation of spirit communion. On all these subjects many facts and principles have already been learned, and many more may be. Enough, however, has been learned to show us that we need not remain in ignorance any longer. For instance: One winter, four or five years ago, I tried some very interesting experiments. Two *séances* were held at the same time (allowing ten minutes for the difference of longitude), in New York and Boston, careful records of what occurred at each place were preserved; and, upon comparing them, it was found that the two parties, although 250 miles asunder, conversed with each other as if present, face to face. The *modus operandi* was shown to me and many explanations given. The experiments were continued

for several weeks, but it was found that they were attended with danger, and they were abandoned. The cause of that danger was discovered, and it was found that in due time it could be obviated. Since those experiments, I have made no continued efforts in that direction ; but I have experienced many incidents calculated to show the practicability of such a communion among us, even in this earth-life.

Another instance will be found to be in the spirit photographs, which profess to be likenesses of the departed as they now live in the spirit life. Several years ago I received from the far west—Illinois, I think—some crude specimens of this feat, and was informed what was intended and what it was hoped would be attained. Now a more matured form of it has appeared in Boston, and many pictures have been taken, which there is every reason to believe are likenesses of the departed as they exist now. Time and repeated observation will shew how this is, and if it should become a well-established fact, surely every one will see at a glance how powerful is the evidence thus given of an existence beyond the grave. Connected with this subject, is the power of seeing and delineating scenes and objects in the spirit life. I have received much evidence in this regard, and have in my collection some interesting specimens, all of which tend to show the feasibility and the need of further investigation to develop the power.

Fourth.:—I will refer to one other topic and close, and that is the power of foretelling future events. I have in my library a book published in London in 1707, in which is detailed a prophecy, given through just such a spiritual intercourse as we are now experiencing, that the Bourbon family would be expelled from the throne of France, and the reason was given, to wit, its general profligacy, and its persecution of the freedom of religious opinion. The last time I lectured to the Spiritualists in New York, which was in May, 1861, I read two papers, one given eleven years and the other about five years ago, in which our present civil war was foretold—in one of the papers somewhat blindly, until the events made it clear, but in the other most explicit and distinct. These all related to public events, where the prophecies were published to the world before the events happened ; but I have had a great many instances within my own observation where private events were truly foretold.

Five years ago I published a tract on this subject, with a view of calling attention to it. I have seen nothing since to change my views, but much, very much to confirm them and to show me that there is a power capable of being understood and improved by us and of being made available to us. These four topics are all that I deem it advisable to refer to now. But they are by no means all that is connected with spiritual intercourse that is of

deep and abiding interest, in which some knowledge has already been obtained, and more may be by proper inquiries. It is, as I understand it, only through the instrumentality of spiritual intercourse that that knowledge can be obtained. No man certainly will use that instrumentality who does not believe in its reality or regards it as a fraud or a delusion. And in this, it seems to me lies the chief value of Mr. Home's book and the lesson which it teaches. If the book does no more than merely work conviction in some minds of the reality of communion with the departed, it will be of some value, for it will carry consolation to many a heart now suffering under a load of doubt, or affliction. But if it goes further and leads intelligent and instructed minds into an investigation of the higher truths connected with the subject, it will be a great good indeed.

For my part, I do not believe that we have yet "attained the end of our knowledge of either the works or the word of God."

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, March 29th, 1863.

TWO HONEST LETTERS.

THE writer of the following earnest exposition of his ideas deserves to have a larger audience than the individual, Mr. Home, to whom the letter is addressed. Mr. Barge is evidently zealous in putting forward his views. His letter is written in a good bold hand, and leads to the conclusion that he must have received some education in his youth, which has sufficed for him up to the present time. We do not know of what age he may now be:—

"Beech Mount, Higher Broughton,

"Manchester, 9th April, 1863.

"SIR,—May I ask you in all kindness, if you consider the world as 'daft,' as the Scotch say? What can you imagine to be the real condition of our minds and understanding, when you audaciously thrust a book before the public, called *Incidents of my Life*? I cast it from me with the utmost contempt; and if it finds one reader who believes it, I would point thus ~~at~~ to the asylum, and select his keepers. It is of no use mincing the matter; the book is saturated with humbug!—double-distilled humbug! And for 'Mrs. Hall receiving a lock of hair from a spirit's hand,' it is *rather* 'de trop,' and makes one's honest indignation rise to boiling point! For grandmammas, imbeciles, nurses, and children, such balderdash might tell; but to thrust it under one's nose as an incontestible fact, as you have done, makes the exclamation of Hamlet still more forcible, of 'To what base uses may we not return, Horatio.' I have the pleasure of knowing the talented Mr. Hall,—I respect him; but his *swallow* must be indeed large, if he can take in such a piece of double-distilled humbug as this! I hate anonymous letters, and hence affix my name.

"I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

"THOS. BARGE.

"D. D. Home, Esq., &c., &c."

The Manchester Barges, judging from this specimen, are evidently similar to those with which we are so well acquainted in London—strong, broad-bottomed, adapted for carrying heavy goods and rubbish of all kinds, and exceedingly useful in their way, but not at all fit for a yacht race, or for any purposes in which swift sailing or beauty of outline are required.

The same post which brought the above letter to Mr. Home also conveyed to him the following from the Honorable Colonel Wilbraham, well known in the neighbourhood from which the Barge letter comes, as well as in the wider world of London, not only by his own high character, but as the brother of the Countess of Derby. The contrast between his ideas founded on repeated observation, and those of Mr. Barge founded on his ignorance, is striking and complete, and as we have an opinion that Mr. Barge is as honest as he is ignorant, which is saying a great deal for him, we commend this second letter to his special attention:—

“46, Brook-street, April 14, 1863.

“DEAR MR. HOME,—I have much pleasure in stating that I have attended several *séances*, in your presence, at the houses of two of my intimate friends and at my own, where I have witnessed phenomena similar to some of those described in your book, which, I feel certain, could not have been produced by any trick or collusion whatever. The rooms in which they occurred were always perfectly lighted; and it was impossible for me to disbelieve the evidence of my own senses.

“Believe me, yours very truly,

“D. D. Home, Esq.”

“E. B. WILBRAHAM.

We should be glad if others who have witnessed the phenomena of Spiritualism, either in the presence of Mr. Home, or of other mediums, would, like Colonel Wilbraham, come forward in the same bold and frank manner to assist in removing the ignorance and incredulity which are still so prevalent.

SPIRITUALISM AT MALVERN.

A CONTROVERSY on Spiritualism has been carried on recently in the *Malvern Advertiser*, which has had at least the good effect of bringing to the surface the opinions of the Rev. John Lumb, one of the Church of England ministers there. He has written a long letter to the editor, and has since published it (price 2*d.* each, or 1*s.* 6*d.* per dozen). He brings out the usual texts from Deuteronomy, and Leviticus, and urges the duty of following them out as part of the Mosaic law, without being at all aware of there having since appeared the spiritual revelation of the New Testament, which being suited to a new condition of men, abrogated much of the old Jewish law. If the Mosaic law were to hold in its integrity, we should be obliged, as being still under it, to do and to

refrain from doing many things, that would be entirely incongruous in this age of the human mind. We eat the unclean animals, and whilst we contend through our bishops for the essential and abiding truth of the revelation of every word in the Old Testament, even down to the hare of Bishop Colenso, we, in our professed belief of its being necessary to salvation to accept, as infallible, what is said about its chewing the cud, shew our entire disregard of its value as a law, by eating the very hare about which we are quarrelling. If the verse be eternally infallible that the hare chews the cud, that is simply a collateral reason given for not eating it. The eating it is the thing forbidden, and that is precisely what we are daily doing, though violently contending, at the very moment, for the infallible physiological reason given in the verse, for why it should not be eaten. The Mosaic law is thus dealt with in nearly all its essential particulars, and it is reduced merely to a clerical repository for fulminating texts, which are misapplied for the purpose of the hour.

We should be very glad if it were possible to make such as the Rev. Mr. Lumb see the inconsistency of which they are guilty in this time of the eclipse of faith, by denouncing all inquiry into spiritual laws, and their relation with material things and with the souls of men. We do not suppose that his violence proceeds from want of charity so much as from ignorance of the nature of the inquiry in which we are engaged. It is one which if he were to help us to investigate, would in turn greatly help him in his earnest endeavours after spiritual life, for the inquiry is calculated to throw light upon the hitherto hidden operations of spiritual laws. If, as in other branches of knowledge, we are obliged to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and to observe and record the lowest physical effects produced by these laws, it is scarcely right for him to select these for vituperation and abuse, as being the whole of the inquiry. Under any circumstances, whether they be good or bad, they are eminently worthy of investigation, from their manifest connection with the higher branches of spiritual knowledge, and he should have enough perception to see that he much stands in need of the power to commend the wider investigation to his flock.

He sees in the spiritual world nothing but the communion of devils, whereas the creed which he repeats every Sunday as that of the apostles contains the words "I believe in the communion of saints." We are endeavouring to prove to an unwilling and an unbelieving world, how and under what laws the Spiritualism of the Bible is possible and may be believed, instead of being with so many the stumbling block and rock of offence. Shall we not have at some day all wise and good shepherds of their flocks to help us? Paul was not convinced

by Moses and the prophets till a spiritual manifestation came to him, which he took pleasure and manly pride in declaring on all occasions afterwards in his large-hearted noble words. The same objections were of course raised against the truth of the manifestation he received, as are raised at the present day against the possibility of all such. In the 12th chapter of his Epistle to the Corinthians he speaks in the fulness of his soul his experience, and gives us the philosophy of true Spiritualism, from which the churches have grievously fallen away. He knew the Mosaic law, and he knew that Christ had abrogated it by the higher spiritual law which he introduced when at the transfiguration he spoke with Moses himself and with Elias that other great prophet of the old dispensation. The new age was told to "try the spirits whether they be of God," and that is just what we are doing by endeavouring to discover the laws under which they manifest themselves to us; and Paul in his earnestness and zeal for the truth, thus pours out his heart to help us.

"Now about spiritual things, brethren, *I would not have you ignorant.* There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. *But the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal.* For to one is given by the spirit, the word of wisdom, to another the word of knowledge by the same spirit, to another faith by the same spirit, to another the gifts of healing by the same spirit, to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discerning of spirits, to another divers kinds of tongues, to another the interpretation of tongues. Follow after charity and desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy. I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesied. Even so ye, forasmuch as ye are zealous of spiritual gifts, (or, as translated in the margin, *of spirits*) seek, that ye may excel to the edifying of the church."

How do such words as these comport with the denunciations of Mr. Lumb? We would much rather ask him why he exhibits none of these spiritual gifts. Where is his wisdom, his knowledge, his faith? Where are his gifts of healing, his working of miracles, his prophesy, his discerning of spirits, his divers kinds of tongues, his interpretation of tongues? We fail to recognize any of these in him. But can we say the same if we ask as to his ignorance of Scripture, his want of charity, and his fair dealing? These are manifest enough, and we are sorry to find him saying that many of his congregation approve of his tract, because it makes it the less likely that he will make an effort to put himself right in regard to this matter.

A SPECIMEN OF RELIGIOUS REVIEWING:— THE "PATRIOT" NEWSPAPER.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—The publication of my *History of the Supernatural*, and of Mr. Home's *Incidents of My Life*, has proved the *Experimentum Crucis* of the Press. There has been an outcry and an agony destitute of everything like reason or sanity, which gave you no idea but that the whole critical corps was seized with a sudden fit of the colic. In my work I boldly exposed the rank infidelity and materialism of the Church and the Press, most of whose writers were educated in its schools: and the Press has completely justified me by its almost universal trampling on the principle of revelation whether in the Bible or out of it. The book is a collection of examples of divine revelation from the Bible and Gospels, as well as testimonials to it from the greatest minds which this or any other country has produced:—amongst the Gentiles, Socrates, Plato, Confucius, Zoroaster, Cicero, Seneca, &c.; amongst Christians, the early disciples, the best men of all succeeding ages, Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Fenelon, Bacon, Cudworth, Milton, Newton, George Fox, the Wesleys, &c. On all these evidences, without discrimination, the critics have spit and trampled, and it is clear that every one of them would have spit on Christ, had they lived in his time, with the same un-enquiring, unreasoning fury. This would have been inevitable, because they act exactly as the Scribes and Pharisees did then—condemn without any investigation.

There certainly has never been a more lamentable exhibition of empty rage, abandonment of examination and logic, and frantic possession by a spirit of mere noise and falsehood, since criticism assumed its public vocation. All this we may pass by as utterly worthless, from this simple fact, that all these critics are alike ignorant of the subject. Not one of them has dared to come forward and say, "I have examined this subject carefully, thoroughly, and experimentally, and therefore I am entitled to speak upon it." The Spiritualists are the only ones who have made a rational examination, and to bring against their collective statements, where their numbers amount to millions, and their familiar knowledge of the subject in all its phases extends over at least fifteen years, mere ignorance, is, to say the least of it, nothing short of an act of idiocy. As these critics know nothing, their opinions would be utterly valueless, even were they honest.

But this is far from being the worst feature of the recent melancholy display. In almost every instance the so-called criticisms have been a series of deliberate falsehoods. I can except

only those of the *Star*, the *British Quarterly*, the *Eclectic Review*, *Weldon's Register*, the *Critic*, the *New Review* and the *Standard*, and *Morning Herald*, the rest have been pretty much of the same raving and mendacious stamp. Now the utter want of truth amongst these men who have set themselves up as public teachers is one of the most serious matters of reflection possible. What is to be its effect on the moral principle of the nation? I have always been accustomed to congratulate myself on belonging to a country which had a higher regard for truth than any in which I have sojourned: but the display of reckless falsehood in the critical press is a rotten spot in the English nation which threatens the most lamentable results. For examples of this spirit of untruth, the reader may turn to any of the reviews in question—the *Athenæum*, the *Reader*, the *Spectator*, *All the Year Round*, the *Sun*, the *Globe*, the *Parthenon*, the *Saturday Review*, &c., &c. He will find them, like a parcel of suborned witnesses in a court of justice, not only falsifying both my work and Mr. Home's, but exposing unconsciously each other's perjuries. The *John Bull* says I have given no details of my own experience; the *Athenæum* not only says I have, but quotes them at large. The *Reader* says the whole book is a chaos without any arrangement whatever; the *Critic* says the arrangement is most clear and admirable, and so we might run through the whole catalogue of them. But perhaps the religious journals set the truth at defiance more unblushingly than the worldly ones. Let us take one of these as a sample, for to go through the whole were a waste of paper. The *Patriot*, one of the organs of that highly respectable body, the Independents, is especially flagrant in this respect, in fact, I do not recollect to have met, during forty years of authorship with so unlimited a capacity for falsehood in any journal, religious or profane. The whole of the article is a foaming, ranting composition, so excessively exaggerated as to lose all likeness to sober truth. The editor is, I am informed, a Mr. Turbeville, and it is always desirable to deal with responsible persons in a review, and therefore I name him thus expressly. He sets off by assuring us that "It is not truth, it is not moral goodness, it is not Christ, it is not holiness for which he" (that is, myself) "cries aloud, it is for the Supernatural that he calls." Now the whole aim, drift and evidence of these volumes, is to establish truth, holiness, moral goodness, and the faith in Christ as proved by the Supernatural. The thousands of readers in whose hands these volumes are now, if they ever saw the *Patriot* must be much surprised at such a statement. He then expresses his wonder at "Mr. Howitt, whilom alderman of Nottingham, and wielding the fierce democracy of that town in the days of the Reform Bill, and of anti-priestianity, the man of hard head and hand, the

very *beau-ideal* of an unbelieving positivist, coming in 1863 "to assert these preternatural things.

Now where does this man of brass, this Mr. Patriot Turbeville, find any evidence of my being at that time or at any time "an unbelieving positivist?" My writings through a course of forty years are before the public, and from the various editions of them, must have passed through some hundreds of thousands of hands, and I challenge any single one of all these readers to produce a single proof from any of them of my being at any period of my life "an unbelieving positivist." On the contrary, my faith has always been honest and firm in the truth of the Gospels, in the whole divine dispensation of Christianity. The *History of Priestcraft*, and *The Rural Life of England*, are the books written at the period referred to by the *Patriot*, and he must be a clever fellow indeed who can find any unbelief in the Christian religion in either of them. The object of the *History of Priestcraft*, was precisely the same object as that of the *History of the Supernatural*—to vindicate the Scriptures from the corruptions of Priestcraft, and to free them from the disguises of merely secular Churchism. The book contains the warmest praises of the Bible, the highest homage to the character and divine mission of Christ. The *Rural Life of England* may be turned to anywhere for the same spirit and advocacy, but especially to the chapter called *Sunday in the Country*, and the introductory chapter to the second volume, in the more recent editions, the second part. The audacity of these falsehoods is unparalleled in literature; but Mr. Turbeville reiterates them against the present work. "In two thick volumes on the Supernatural, there is scarcely a word respecting the Most High or the Lord Jesus Christ in his character as the Saviour of sinners, in whom dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead." Now, is it necessary to say to any one who has read the book how atrociously mendacious is this statement? These volumes contain four elaborate chapters on the Scriptures and their proofs of divine revelation, and of the great work of Christ, as the Saviour of the world. These chapters are on the Supernatural in the Old Testament, in the New Testament, in the Apocrypha, and in the Early Church. Everywhere the name of the Most High, and of Christ as the Saviour of sinners abounds, and in one particular place, Vol. I., p. 112, it is said, "I want a Saviour, and when one has come and produced his credentials in accompanying miracles and preceding prophecies, and then come a set of people and discredit his credentials, and endeavour to persuade me that his genealogy has been all dressed up and falsified, they reduce him from a Saviour to a mere impostor; and it is then in vain to endeavour to recommend him as a philosopher. His ethics may be very fine, but they are

not what I want; I want salvation, and that is not to be obtained from either impostor or philosopher. We must take Christ, altogether as he stands in the Scriptures, or leave him altogether."

But to quote proofs of the utter falsity of this Mr. Turbeville, I must quote the whole of my book. In fact, my ideas of the glorious breadth of salvation through Christ is far more ample than this Calvinistic writer would approve of. If he be true to his own creed, he believes in the perdition of millions on millions of human beings, making as it was admirably remarked in the *Spiritual Magazine* of last month, the Gospel not a Gospel of salvation, but a Gospel of damnation. I, on the contrary, believe in Christ's own words, that he came to restore all things, and that he will eventually restore all things. In fact, the very concluding words of my work are those of Cowper, asserting this great truth.

But this truth-trampling religious critic goes on to say, that "there is very little about the devil and his angels in these volumes." And yet he adds but a little further on, that "the pages are chiefly filled with stories of phantoms, ghosts and lime-finging demons." What are demons but the devil and his angels? Now, however, look again at the man's shocking disregard of truth. The chapters in the two volumes amount to forty-three. Three-fourths of these are concerned with the evidences of the Supernatural in the Bible, in the New Testament, in the greatest writers, philosophers, and historians of Greece, Rome, China, India, of ancient and modern Europe, of the Roman, Waldensian, and Reformed Churches; on the testimonies of such men as Plato, Socrates, Cicero, Seneca, of old; on that of Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Knox, Cudworth, Baxter, Bacon, Milton, George Fox, this Calvinist's own magnates, Drs. Doddridge and Watts, Isaac Taylor, and many others of a like creed; Bunyan, the Wesleys, the Fletchers of Madeley; the persecuted Cevennois; the opinions and narratives of Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, our own Sir Thomas Browne, Bishops Cranmer, Latimer, Ken, Hall of Norwich, Heber, and many others. The statements of a thousand other such august lights of truth and religion make up, and must of necessity make up the bulk of my volumes. But this veracious Mr. Turbeville dips into a single chapter on German facts—which facts he says he does not dispute—and there finding a relation of a strange scene at the Castle of Slawansik, on the authority of Dr. Kerner, where lime is flung about, he coolly asserts that my pages are chiefly filled with such stories, whilst the *Sun*, on the contrary, says there are too few of such stories. Let the readers of these volumes, who are now very numerous, pronounce judgment on such a man.

But he does not stop here. He asserts that I "set aside Scripture completely, or audaciously pervert its meaning," to

cover my own purposes. I say let the reader also judge of the truth of this assertion. Everywhere I have carefully noted the work, the volume, the chapter and page from which I quote. My references to all quotations from Scripture are minute, and were carefully verified as the volumes went through the press. If I had *anywhere* falsified, distorted, or misrepresented the text, or the meaning of the text, it would have been an act of consummate folly on my part to make my own refutation so immediate and unavoidable.

The only instance in which the *Patriot* has attempted to show a different meaning to mine, is where I assert that Our Saviour broke purposely the law of Moses on the Mount of Transfiguration by "seeking to the dead." And in this it has completely failed! That Christ did seek to the dead on the Mount, to Moses and Elijah, remains a fact. That He took three of His disciples up to witness that abrogation of this law, remains a fact. And indeed, without that destruction of this law, Christianity could not have been established, for Christ was about to become the Prince and first-fruits of the dead as well as of the living. As He was the fountain of all life, so He was about to become the prince of the dead. The very first act of His after He passed the gates of death, we are told, was to seek to the dead—to go and preach to the spirits in prison. All souls hereafter were to seek to Him—the dead, and yet the living; through Him—one of the dead—though the Lord of Life, every human soul was henceforth only to approach the throne of the Most High. The law of Moses, therefore, which forbad all seeking to the dead, whether for good or evil, must of necessity be broken, and a new law of liberty, but equally of responsibility was ordained. If any one sought to evil spirits, the evil must lie on his own soul. Mr. Turbeville says I do not warn my readers against sorcery and necromancy, against communication with evil spirits. I can only say that this is just as true as the rest of his article and no truer. There are ample and express warnings in the volumes against all sorcery and necromancy. I state that the only rule is Christ's own rule of judging of the tree by its fruits. I state with St. John, though Mr. Turbeville says I do not, that you must "try the spirits."

Another of the *Patriot's* flagrant untruths, is that of all the marvellous stories in my volumes, "*not one of them is coolly and carefully sifted to the bottom.*" The italics are his own. Now, what must the many readers of my book think of such an assertion, when the greatest care is used everywhere to give all the evidence that exists on the different subjects. To take one case, which is enough to shew his falsity, for he says, there is not *one*—let it be that of the miracles at the tomb of the Abbè Paris. I have there most elaborately gone into the evidence, and shewn that it consists of the public depositions, before the notaries and

magistrates, of the most eminent surgeons, physicians, and other distinguished persons of France at that time, and that the *Eclectic Review* admits. Still, however, I have given but little idea of the rampant falsehood and dishonesty of this *Patriot* editor. He states, that I affirm that 25,000 persons in the United States have been converted by Spiritualism to a belief in the *immortality of the soul*; and he then proceeds to argue, what a difference there is betwixt being convinced of the immortality of the soul, and of Christianity. Surely, if Spiritualism had converted 25,000 people in a few years to this belief in immortality, it would have been a noble triumph; but could the reader believe that at p. 183, of Vol. II., the statement on this subject is as follows:—"Professor Hare himself, in his work says, that 25,000 persons had been converted from *Atheism and Deism to Christianity* in the United States alone." Such is the veracity of a religious critic. But Mr. Turbeville does not even remember his own statements from the beginning to the end of his article. He says, "It would be some encouragement if Mr. Howitt indicated anywhere the retention of the power of doubting, or any remainders of a *judicious scepticism*." And then he winds up by admitting that the work affords "an admirable lesson on the cultivation of a *judicious scepticism*."

This may suffice as an example of one critic, and that an organ of a very intelligent and worthy dissenting body. Well may Dr. Vaughan, in the *British Quarterly*, another organ of the same body, say, "This is not the manner in which these opinions will ever be refuted." It is creditable to this body also, that its old organ, the *Eclectic Review*, takes a very different tone; asserts that my declaration that the supernatural is a *lex magna* of the universe is a great truth; and asks whether such testimonies as those of Luther, Calvin, Cudworth, Doddridge, Baxter, Bunyan, Bacon, &c., &c., are to be treated as illusions or of no value. Now where can such a man as this Mr. Turbeville have been educated? Can it possibly have been in any respectable dissenting academy? If it were, there must have been some radical impenetrability in his nature to the grand principle of truth. His training would seem rather to have been under the especial care of that very ancient and paternal professor, known as the Father of Lies. Can the Independents really intrust to such a man one of their sources of information on books and politics?

In conclusion, let me congratulate Spiritualism on the decided impulse which even the late senseless outcry has given to it. Those, who like Charles Dickens, Mr. Holt Hutton, and the Saturday Reviewers, are so anxious to add themselves to the list of the opponents of new ideas, of steam, vaccination, and winnowing machines, will find that they have amply succeeded in

adding themselves to that inglorious catalogue of would-be obstructives, but not in writing down Spiritualism. Every day Spiritualism adds to its numbers. Every day we hear of atheists convinced of spirit and of an eternal world, of men of art, literature, science, and theology, sitting down to examine and rising up firm believers. Already, the Press, in some of its members, shews that the thin edge of the wedge is inserted. The *Standard* and *Morning Herald* declare Spiritualism grown too large to be laughed at. The *British Quarterly* avows that scepticism has gone too far. The *Eclectic Review* asserts the supernatural to be true and necessary to revive the life of religion. Already the *Morning Star* declares the case of the supernatural completely made out. Already the *New Review* advances so far as to say that, "In prosecuting this inquiry the reader will have cause to bless the labours of Mr. Howitt." Already your clergyman in the April number of this magazine admits that a great power is in the midst of us, and that more clergymen have satisfied themselves of this fact than we are aware of. This power is moving silently, but at a rate that is astonishing even to the most sanguine of observers, and the day is not far distant when the large sect of Nicodemians who are yet too timid to approach the subject by daylight, will suddenly look in their neighbours' faces, and there will be a general exclamation—"What, you too! And you! And you!" The Nicodemians are becoming too numerous a body to remain much longer a great unknown. It will be a merry morning when they find out that they may lay by their hoods and cloaks, their lamps and candles, and come out to the sunshine without taking any harm. And I dare say they will find some modern Pauls walking with the disciples. The fierceness of the persecuting element in some of the present blind men, seems to augur that they are of the kind who are only temporarily struck blind in order that they may in awhile see all the better. The heat and thunder which are now in the sceptical atmosphere foretel refreshing showers, and fresh impulses of fertility. There is hope of all but the very stocks and stones of learned conceit; even the dullest clods "of the earth earthy," if they cannot burst to life themselves, must serve for more living things to strike their roots into. As the Greeks were fond of saying, "The earth is yet mingled with fire." Life is stirring under our very feet, and the bravest sceptics would stand appalled if they could see Spiritualism as it will be seen five years hence.

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM HOWITT.

[We do not know if Mr. Turbeville be also the writer of the article in the *Patriot* reviewing Mr. Home's book, but whoever

be the author of it, he richly merits all that Mr. Howitt says of him, and a great deal more. The secular press displays ignorance and dishonesty enough in dealing with this subject, but for the most fraudulent notices, we must of course refer to the religious press, which alone rises to the required standard. For an instance of their alarming dishonesty, we present the following mutilated quotation in the *Patriot*, which is the organ of the Independents and we shall be glad to know whether those who manage that newspaper take any steps to shew their reprehension of the writer.

The writer is professing to make a quotation from page 137 of Mr. Home's book, containing the account of his being raised in the air, as narrated by Mr. J. G. Crawford, who was, up to that period, a disbeliever in the phenomena of Spiritualism, and the writer quotes as follows:—"Thus Mr. Crawford says—"The room was so dark that we could not see each other.' 'Don't touch me,' "said Mr. Home in one of his aerial ascents," 'or I shall come down.' 'I am again ascending, *and from the sound of his voice we could not but infer* that he was actually rising towards the ceiling of the ante-room. He then appeared to float under the archway, then to rise to the cornice of the room we were sitting in, and we heard him quite distinctly make three cross marks on the ceiling, besides doing some other writing. Then he came softly down, and lay stretched out with his back upon the table, in which position we found him when the gas was lighted, when we distinctly saw the marks on the ceiling which we had heard him make.' WHERE IS THE PROOF HERE?" The italics are those of the *Patriot* writer, and he triumphantly says, "Where is the proof *here*?" Who, reading such a quotation, could imagine that the writer had carefully left out the main proof, and that he would then ask for it in its forced and fraudulent absence? And yet so it is, and this religious paper is served by a man who omitted the following words, page 137:—"Mr. Home remarked, 'I feel as if I am going to rise.' The room was quite dark. He said, 'I am getting up,' and as I was only a few feet from him, *I put out my hand to him; I indubitably felt the soles of both his boots some three feet above the level of the floor. On my doing so,* he said, 'Don't touch me or I shall come down.' Of course I instantly desisted, but down he came. In less than five minutes after this he remarked, 'I am again ascending,' " &c.

We should say that, feeling the soles of Mr. Home's boots as he was rising, was tolerably good proof of the fact, and so the reviewer appears to have thought when he so dishonestly expunged the words, and then asked for the proof. Such a person should be shunned by all who are not "independent" of all truth and common honesty.—ED.]

EXPERIENCES OF A PRESBYTERIAN.*

THERE is no teacher like experience, as we used to write in our school copy books, and as we may, perhaps, read in the pages of Tupper. There is no way of convincing a man like setting him down before the fact and asking him what he can make of it. He may hold cheap the observations of a thousand independent witnesses as capable as himself, or believe that they are in a conspiracy to deceive him, but he is generally a sufficient egotist to trust in the integrity of his own senses, and has so much confidence in his own honesty and judgment that he expects other people to believe *him*, and to think that now *he* is satisfied the world is on the way to being convinced; it *now* only wants a scientific commission to be appointed to investigate the evidence and the thing is done. Alas! the enthusiast of a new and unpopular truth soon finds out his mistake, the world wags on just as before, he is only one more added to the impostors or the deluded; men, for the most part, are so far "children of a larger growth" that each must put his own finger in the lighted candle to believe that it will burn, and then, how he sings out, and expects that all his brothers and sisters will take warning by his example; while little flaxen-haired Johnny undeterred, and with curiosity rather piqued, takes the first opportunity when left alone with the candle, of repeating the experiment, and is somewhat grieved to find it has the same result. There are some stolid theorists whose case is so hopeless that even burnt fingers will not satisfy them. Perhaps the man who asserted "They can't put *me* in the stocks," was only confirmed in that opinion by finding himself on the village-green with his legs well taken care of under lock and key. This however is an extreme case. Usually, the man who when spirits are mentioned whistles most loudly the tune of some philosophical theory, is the most startled when anything of an unquestionably ghostly character really happens to him. When Messrs. Evans and Dickens Jun. witnessed the manifestations in the presence of Mr. Squire, all the "right merrie conceits," the jokes and gibes, the

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles"

of Dickens and Punch were forgotten; a ghost at a distance might be laughed at, but one in the same room and ready to shake hands with them; no, they "couldn't stand that." "Facts," then, as Mr. Gradgrind says, "are what we want," or rather what is wanted by the sceptical spirit of our time, and these facts, as directly presented by honest, intelligent, and

* *My Experiences: or Footprints of a Presbyterian to Spiritualism*, By FRANCIS H. SMITH. Baltimore, U.S.A.

independent witnesses, we shall continue to lay before our readers. As the experience of one person is added to that of another, a new phenomenon presents itself. A single testimony may be set aside, but when testimonies multiply upon us, when we have the recorded experience of many persons, writing independent of each other, at different times, at various places, each from his own centre, with his several characteristics; and all converge to the same point, and attest the same generic facts, each then, beside its own independent value, adds weight and force to the rest, and we have to consider not only the separate but the *cumulative* testimony. This is why we have furnished so many ancient and modern testimonies to Spiritualism—why we have from time to time given examples of Spiritualism in Biography, and have cited such direct and recent experiences as those of Andrew Jackson Davis, Judge Edmonds, and the late Professor Hare. The experience of Mr. Francis H. Smith, as related by himself, is that of one who, if less widely known, is evidently an honest, able, and diligent investigator of the modern phenomena. We cite some of the more salient points of it the more freely, as the book containing it is little known, and is not likely to attain an extensive circulation in England.

Previous to any practical investigation of the manifestations, Mr. Smith tells us he had regarded them as “all imposture or delusion,” indeed, “downright blasphemy.” While, however, on a visit to a friend in Washington, in the summer of 1854, a neighbour invited their attendance at a circle. To gratify his friend, Mr. S. consented to accompany him, “confident that whether trick or delusion, it could be detected and exposed.” This is his account of what occurred:—

We were ushered into a genteel parlor, and found there only Major——, of the U.S.A., his wife and daughter, a girl of some fourteen summers. Having taken our seats at a small breakfast-table, with the hands resting gently thereon, it soon began to move; at first sideways, then tipping forward and backward; at times with some violence. The alphabet being called, sentences were spelled out, the proper letters being indicated by the tipping of the table. I was confounded—all idea of imposture vanished the moment I entered the room; everything around me forbade the thought: nor could I see any more ground for delusion—all was too plain and manifest. The major and his wife then withdrew, leaving only my friend, myself, and the little medium at the table. More spelling ensued, and presently the table went off rapidly across the room. I seized upon it with both hands, but could not arrest its motion! My friend, who measures full six feet in height, then applied his strength, but with no better success; it still moved, and all that we could see opposed to us was a laughing child, with the tips of her fingers upon the edge of the table.

Mr. S. left the room somewhat bewildered—the thought that it could be the work of spirits he tells us was as far from him as ever, yet he “felt assured that neither fraud nor delusion had any part in it.” Accident one day threw into his hands a

spiritual publication, the perusal of this led to further reading, and to his seeking and obtaining an invitation to a private circle of investigators, consisting of two gentlemen and three ladies, all strangers to him. At this *séance* several communications were given by the invisibles.

The first sentence was addressed to one of the gentlemen by the spirit of a lady who had died many years ago in England. "The grave is not so deep nor heaven so far off as to separate me from thee." Another heard from a son, who was killed in battle, in Mexico, giving the particulars of his death. One of the ladies received a message from a Sabbath-school child, who had recently passed away. She came to offer thanks for the kindness and attention that had been shewn her. Then it was asked if Mr. Smith had any spirit friend present? "Yes." The name? "FRANK." "If this be the one I am thinking of, at what age did you die?" "You know, dear Pa, five—I died not, but then began to live." It was my son, whose form had lain in the grave more than twenty years. More followed. I was deeply moved; until, at length, the pent-up feelings found vent in tears. I cannot say that even then, after the first emotions had subsided, that I was altogether convinced. I wanted more tests, and no opportunity was lost for further investigation. On all occasions, no matter where or with what medium, my son was with me, giving test after test; mental questions were answered until at length every particle of doubt was removed and my conviction was and has ever remained firm, without the least mis-giving or shadow of turning, that the spirits of the loved, *not* lost, can and do return and commune with us.

Mr. S. continued his investigations, and received communications deeply interesting to him from relatives in the spirit-world, through mediums unknown to each other, and strangers to him and his family. He adopted the useful practice of keeping a Journal of the facts he witnessed and the communications he received. The following is an extract:—

May 1.—After a communication from my mother, the medium said that my brother was present and wished to communicate. I smiled at this, as my brothers are still living. However, wishing to test the matter, I told her to proceed. Immediately her hand dashed off a page, and just as her pencil made the last stroke, the table suddenly rose up, placed one leg on my knee, then continued rising until it rested on my head, and then as quietly returned to the floor. It occurred about noon, with no one but ourselves in the room, her hands all the time resting *upon* the table; the whole occupying less time than I have taken to write the last three lines. You may suppose this caused no little excitement, for the medium herself had seen nothing like it before; as soon, then, as composure was restored, we read what had been written. It began with: "Dear Brother," apologized for having interrupted my mother, and after some affectionate remarks, said: "You cannot doubt that this is the spirit of your brother. I put the table on your head to show what power I have.—THOROGOOD." "I leave you to judge my astonishment when I read the signature. It was my mother's first child, and I doubt whether the fact that such a child had been born before me, was known to any member of my family.

Among other phenomena mentioned by him, he says:—

With your hands merely touching the table, the spirits will fasten it to the floor so that it will require considerable force with both hands to raise one that you could lift with a finger! The medium having raised one end of it an inch or more, the invisibles will raise the other end! The table will be made to rise from the floor, place one leg on the knee, and then up, until it places itself on the head of every one in succession! I have witnessed these manifestations again and again. Only recently, while visiting a friend in Accomac County, Va.

a wish having been expressed to see something of these wonders, a rumour of which had only just reached them, a circle was formed consisting of three ladies, two gentlemen and myself. Not only what is above mentioned occurred, but a large old fashioned mahogany dining table with rounded end, and hanging leaf, was made to run rapidly around the room—was turned completely over, and rose up until the legs touched the ceiling, and then returned gently to the floor. Two of the ladies seated themselves upon it and were instantly thrown off. This was done several times. Afterwards, while in motion, their united efforts could not stop it. One of them seated in a chair with her feet resting on the rounds, was thrown out by the chair being pitched violently forward. To all this there was no apparent agency but the fingers of one lady and two gentlemen resting lightly upon them!

Mr. S. gives a series of communications from a spirit, through five different mediums, unknown to each other; none of whom but the first even knew that such a person had ever lived. Among the spirits communicating was one purporting to be Sir Humphrey Davy, who delivered to the circle a series of lectures. Mr. S. says:—

Wishing to know more of one by whom we had been thus highly favoured, I procured his *Life*, the perusal of which suggested three questions by which to test whether it was indeed the spirit of Sir Humphrey Davy, and at the same time, satisfy my sceptical friend, who had been doubting—doubting whether it did not all emanate from her own mind. Accordingly, at our next sitting, I laid on the table a folded paper, within which was written: Who was Grace Millet? Who was Mr. Tonkin? What of Chloe? I intimated nothing of my purpose, but as soon as his name was announced, merley asked if he could answer it. "I can—the relation of the first to me was my mother?" It was her maiden name! The second was the friend of my childhood, of my youth, and when I became a man, my associate in study. The third was my pet dog. I saved her from being killed by a mad dog." Imagine the astonishment of my young friend! Let it be understood that no one present knew what I was about, as I had given no intimation of it, but simply laid the folded paper on the table. Now turn to his "Life," and see how appropriate were the replies.

As many of our readers may feel curious as to the spiritual teachings of the late President of the Royal Society, we present an extract from one of the aforesaid lectures, giving, we think, good reason why spirits do not more fully comply with the requirements of Sir Humphrey Davy's distinguished successor—Professor Faraday, to make to the world new revelations in physical science:—

"Dear friends, man has searched out the various principles of his own globe; but there is much yet which has not been revealed, much that is hidden which shall be brought to light. If spirits were permitted to tell of all God's mysteries, man would have nothing left to search for himself. There would then be no occasion for chemical analysis. The astronomer would no more construct telescopes to search the ethereal skies. No more need ships be sent to explore the vast expanse of the polar regions, of which so much has been written, so much speculation indulged, and wherein so many earth-lives have been lost. Can you not see that if all were revealed, man with his inert nature would not care to search for himself. If the discoveries yet to be made in chemistry were already laid down, what occasion would there be for constructing new and various vessels. Would the astronomer tax his brain to search the divine and yet undiscovered regions stretched above him? All would be plain. *Search*, would be a superfluous word: what would there be to search for if all were known? Therefore, my friends, the All-puissant Father of light has decreed, that man

shall ever have something to learn :—Aye, even when he reaches the divine and glorious land wherein we dwell.

The following is a piece of what purports to be the spiritual biography of the eminent sceptic—David Hume :—

“When I left earth’s sphere, you all know what sentiments I avowed. I had never felt or understood the mercies of my loving Father. I knew not God. I entered the spirit-world bewildered. I knew not where I was. Can this, thought I, be death? Am I not still a man in form and feeling? Where lies the change? A change there must be, for I there behold my earthly image? It seemed incredible. I touched myself. I spoke aloud—I shrieked, and all to prove my identity. Darkness seemed around, and yet I saw, but could not discover the source of the light by which I saw. I breathed; I knew I lived. Where could I be? and wherefore all alone? but not long alone; for soon dark images appeared around me. Here was a man of gigantic shape and form. Surely, thought I, this be must the spirit of Goliah. I shrank in fear away from him, so huge he was. Others surrounded me; some dark and black, some tall, and others seemed mere dwarfs. They laughed, they hooted, they shouted, beckoning me to go with them, where I knew not. I feared myself. “Oh!” I involuntarily exclaimed, “there must be a God!” The words were scarcely uttered, ere I beheld a ray of light shining beside me. “Is there, oh, is there an Eternal Master,” I shrieked; and in my agony, threw myself upon the ground, and roared in my excess of misery. How long I laid there, I know not, but suddenly it seemed as if a bright light was all around. I raised my head, and beheld standing before me a being whose glorious perfection of beauty I shall ne’er find words to describe. She seemed lovely as an angel’s dream of supernal bliss. Her skin of alabaster fairness—her hair, you have no words to apply to it; it reached to her feet and was intermingled with heaven’s loveliest flowers. Her dress was white and she wore a girdle of golden leaves that sparkled in that brilliant light, till it seemed to me each ray was composed of numberless diamonds. On her head was a wreath of the same, and yet its light seemed different. Its rays shot upward, and the thought came to me, If there be a God, surely this lovely being’s purity and love are carried upward to her Heavenly Father with those rays of light divine. She spoke to me in tones of matchless music. She told me of her life on earth—how she had been as I; aye worse; and how through the love of that God, whose existence I doubted, she had been saved and raised to the happiness she now experienced. She told me of her first heaven-garment; how it was black and spotted like mine; and now, I perceived for the first time, how dark was the dress I wore. She told me of the teachings of her angel-guides—how they had prayed and wept for her; and she said each tear that fell on her garment of sin, changed the spot to a lighter shade. “Shall we, my friend, she continued, cleanse *thy* robe by the tears of repentance? Shall we pray to our Heavenly Father to purify thee? His existence you no longer can doubt, therefore, will you not seek to do His will? Oh! become as one of our little lambs. Will you not seek to reach the abode of your equals in intellect? Yes, I feel that you will; and mine is the charge to guide your onward steps.” That lovely angel whom I learned to call my saviour-guide, never deserted me; she it was who, when temptations beset me, led me away and wept for my sin. She taught me the truths of our heaven-home. Her task was arduous, but she never seemed to feel it so; and I noticed that as I progressed, her garment became still whiter, and her face still more angelic; and I learned that each effort of hers to save me had purified her still more. Long I labored against my prejudices, but in time I progressed to a comparatively happy state, and am now fast advancing to the realms of endless light, wherein the spirit shall know no pain, the heart no thought of sin below.”

One George Dennis, who had been a slave, communicates as follows :—

“I was drowned. I was in the Patrick Henry, coming from the West Indies. All on board were lost. The ship was loaded with sugar and molasses. A

squall struck us off Cape Hatteras. I was knocked overboard by the main boom before any other person was drowned, and before the vessel was capsized by the squall. To whom did you belong, and when did this happen? "I belonged to Col. Edward Sneed. I don't know how long it was ago. My master's eldest son was then about twelve years old." Where did you sail from? "Onancock." A gentleman, Mr. Parker, had entered the room, just after this had begun. At first he could not understand what was going on, but it being explained, he listened with great attention and said that he knew George Dennis well—knew the vessel—she sailed from Onancock about twenty years ago and was never heard of. But he thought the spirit was mistaken in saying she was lost when coming from the West Indies—thinks that her last voyage was from Providence. To this the answer given was, "I did go to the West Indies the trip before I was lost, and was going back there after I came from Providence. We should have gone there then, but Captain John Colona was sick and could not go. Captain Marmouth was captain. I was thinking about another trip when Captain Billy Revel went captain—then we went to the West Indies. Mr. Nat. Topping was one of the owners. Captain Billy Revel went captain because he knew navigation better than the rest. I must leave." Mr. Parker said he knew all these persons, and the facts, as stated, were correct. "Then a number of spirits gave their names: Parker Lee, Henry Copes, Revel West, Edwin West, Harry Walker, Elizabeth West, Jacob Carmine, James Poulson—all strangers to me, but each known to some one present."

Of the power of spirits to cure disease, Mr. S. professes himself a living instance. His eyes had been attacked with inflammation twelve years previous, and his sight had gradually become so impaired that he could only read large print; at chess he was obliged to tie bits of paper to the bishops to distinguish them from the knights, and he had to guide his course by the street lamps when walking out at night. He expected soon to be totally blind, and believed his case hopeless, being told by his physician that the disease was paralysis of the optic nerve. By spiritual magnetization and magnetic shocks, and by following a simple course of treatment which the spirits prescribed, he was quickly enabled to dispense with the opaque glasses he had found it necessary to use; he could write, and read the finest print without spectacles—which he had been using on all occasions for fifteen years previously.

Several instances are given of correct answers to mental questions, and replies to questions, written on paper closely folded and placed in carefully-sealed envelopes; but we must for the present content ourselves and readers with Mr. Smith's testimony:—"That the experience of the last three years has been varied and highly interesting. A tithe of it is sufficient to convince any rational mind—one who, with deep sense of the tremendous importance of the subject, a seeker after truth for truth's sake, would give it a fair investigation. No such mind could resist what it has been my happy lot to receive, and for which all this world's wealth and honour would be but a poor exchange."

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN AUSTRALIA.

II.

THE following letter we think will interest the reader as a record of phenomena similar to those so frequently witnessed in England, on the Continent, and in America. Like the former one published in our number for February last, it originally appeared in *The Empire* newspaper, from which, with a few unimportant omissions it is now reprinted:—

To the Editor of the "Empire."

Sir,—The following report of phenomena, which I have had an opportunity of observing, will add, more or less, to the evidence adducible in favour of the truth of Spiritualism:—

In the month of February, 1862, I was one of a circle of six persons who seated themselves round a common cedar table, and placed their hands on the surface of it. We had not thus sat many minutes before the table began to crack in a strange and curious manner, the sounds at first resembling a faint tick, and afterwards increasing in loudness, so as ultimately to become distinctly audible to all persons in the room. One of the ladies present asked if the person, or thing that was rapping, was a spirit, and the response consisted of a number of raps, which we interpreted to be an affirmative answer. The following dialogue then occurred between the rapping agent, and the members of the circle:—Mr. S. "Will you answer our questions by giving three raps for 'Yes,' and keeping silence for 'No?' Spirit. Three raps (meaning 'Yes.')" Five members of the circle then asked successively whether the spirit, while in the flesh, had been related to them, but the invisible dialogist maintained strict silence, which we understood to be an answer in the negative to each questioner.

Mr. S. "Are you a relation of mine?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "I will name several degrees of relationship, and should I mention that which you sustained to me will you please to rap?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Were you my father, sister, brother, nephew, niece, aunt?" Spirit "No."

Mr. S. "Were you my uncle?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Were you, or are you, my uncle James, Alexander, William?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Are you my uncle John?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "I will mention the names of different kingdoms and countries; and when I name the country in which you died, will you please to rap?" Spirit: "Yes!"

Mr. S. "Belgium, France, Germany, Italy, America?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Scotland?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Did you die a natural death?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Did you die by violence?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Were you killed with a bludgeon, shot, poisoned, or murdered in any other way?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Were you drowned?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "What age were you when your body died? Give a rap for each year." A shower of raps came on the table so rapidly that we could not accurately count them.

Mr. S. "Were you forty?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Fifty, Sixty?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Were you seventy years of age?" Spirit. "No."

In answer to questions put in this way, we obtained the additional information that our invisible friend was between sixty-four and sixty-five years of age when he was drowned.

Towards the close of this *séance* the writer's son asked the spirit to give one distinct knock as a test of its existence, and as a proof of its ability to understand his question, and one distinct rap was heard on the table. "Louder,"

said the lad, and the rap was repeated in a louder tone. "Louder still," said the youth, and then there came a moderately heavy thud on the under side of the table. This closed the *séance*. I may here remark that I had an uncle of the name of John, from whom I have not heard for more than thirty years. When I last heard of him he was in America. If he is dead, I neither know the place where he died, nor the mode of his death. For aught, therefore, which I know to the contrary, the information which I received from the invisible presence respecting him may be true. I have, however, no means of ascertaining whether it is true or false. Although at the commencement of the *séance* we sat round the table, yet, when spirit-power began to be manifested, we all stood up, and it was whilst we were standing that the greater part of the raps were heard. None of us had any reason to suspect that any of the rest would be guilty of playing off a hoax, but, nevertheless, we watched each other as closely as possible, in order that we might detect a physical and ordinary cause for the sounds we heard. The culprit, however, remained invisible. During the time the rappings were being produced, the hands of all persons in the party were on the table, nor was there any appearance whatever of anything like a trick. The sounds obviously proceeded from some cause outside of ourselves, and over the operations of which we had no control. The phenomena we had witnessed were so strange and wonderful that they very naturally excited in us a desire to witness them again, and to know more about them. Accordingly, on a subsequent evening, we assembled, and after forming the circle, the rappings commenced, and were just as demonstrative as they had been at our first *séance*. We asked the rapping agent to give one rap at each of the letters of its name, whilst we repeated the letters of the alphabet, and in this way we got slowly spelled out the name "E-l-i-z-a K-i—," the name obviously being unfinished. Strangely enough, one of the ladies in the circle, and who we have ascertained to be the medium, had an aunt, recently deceased, named Eliza King. The following colloquy then occurred:—

Mr. S. "Does space affect you as it does us, that is are you related to it as we are?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Can you go to London in five minutes?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Will you please to go there to—street, No.—, and ascertain how Mrs. N—is?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Have you been to London?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "How is Mrs. N—? Is she well?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Is she ill?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Is she very ill?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Will she die of her illness?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Will she recover?" Spirit. "Yes."

At this stage of the proceedings, two of the ladies became alarmed, and the *séance* terminated. This *séance* was held on the 16th of February, 1862.

The next circle meeting took place on the following Saturday. A gentleman connected with a banking establishment was present at it, and took part in the proceedings. The following dialogue took place:—

Mr. S. "Can you tell us anything about the missing mail steamer?" (The Bombay was then overdue about ten days.) Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "I will mention various causes of detention, and should I mention the right one, will you please to rap?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Has she taken fire? Has she been wrecked? Has she sunk? Has she been detained by storms, heavy weather?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Has the delay been occasioned by imperfect machinery?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Are you sure that imperfect machinery has been the cause of the delay?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "When shall we receive in Wollongong a telegram of English news? On the 22nd, 23rd, 24th?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Shall we receive it on the 25th?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Are you sure of that?" Spirit. "Yes."

On the 25th of February, we did receive a telegram of English news contained in the *Sydney Morning Herald* of that date, and which was received *via* Melbourne,

from the Mauritius. Strange to say also, the Bombay steamship, was detained through imperfect machinery, for she broke her screw on the voyage, and had to put into the Mauritius for repairs. Those who were present at the *séance* understood that the telegram which the spirit said would be received on the 25th, was to contain the news brought by the Bombay's mail. This, however, was purely an inference of our own, and was not stated by the invisible interlocutor.

At this *séance*, a very curious phenomenon occurred. The agent that was answering our questions sometimes seemed to lack power to make the table crack—or, at least, I supposed that it lacked that power, because of the length of time it took to answer the questions we put to it. At length, a question was put, and we were all anxiously waiting for a response, when some strange influence began to effect my hands and arms causing them to become stiff, rigid, and catalepted, and pressing them down with great force upon the table. Whether this rigidity or spasm of the muscles was occasioned by some obscure kind of automatic mental action, or by animal magnetism, or by electricity, or by Reichenbach's odic force, or by reflex nervous action, or by the agency of a spirit, I leave others to determine; but, *certainly*, whatever may have been the cause, the effect was to me extremely curious and interesting. It seemed to be produced by something outside of myself, operating in conjunction with abnormal volitional impulses, so obscure as to be almost imperceptible to consciousness. Although I knew and felt that I could stop this effect by a direct act of my will, I nevertheless allowed my hands to operate without check or hindrance, and watched the result with much interest. When the rigidity in my arms had reached what appeared to be a culminating point, and had begun to produce slight pain, my hands rose involuntarily from the table, made a few mesmeric passes over it, and then slowly rising about a foot, or a foot and a half above it, remained stationary. All this might have been automatic, that is to say, might have been produced by some obscure action of my own brain; but what followed, and which seemed intimately related to this supposed automatic action, must have been produced by something distinct from myself. Whilst my hands were held over the table, the latter began to crack, and then an affirmative answer to the question we had proposed was rapped out. This occurred repeatedly, and uniformly with the same effect, excepting in one instance, in which the rapping agent would not give a response, until my hands were brought within an inch or so of the table, when a distinct rap was produced immediately beneath them; again they rose and descended, and a second rap was heard; and a third time they rose and descended, and a third rap was heard; the three raps thus constituting an affirmative answer to our question. While these raps were being produced, no part of my person was in contact with the table, nor did my clothes touch the wood of it in any place. The raps seemed to be produced in the wood at the edge of the table, immediately beneath my hands, and were heard only when my hands were brought close to the table. During the time this pantomimic and apparently ridiculous performance was taking place, I remained as passive as possible, and allowed my faculties to be made use of by another; but I watched the changes that took place in myself very narrowly, and thought that I was able to discriminate that portion of the effect that was produced by my own agency, from that portion that was produced by the agency of another. If it be presumed that the spasm or rigidity of my muscles was produced by purely automatic action, how can the production of the raps be explained? and more especially, how can we account for the bewildering fact that purely automatic action caused an unintelligent substance to manifest intelligence?

At our next circle meeting we did not obtain any manifestation of spirit-presence; although the same persons that were present at the previous meetings, were present at this; and the circle was formed in the customary manner.

Early in March we again met to test the matter further. When I sat down to the table I had some doubts on my mind as to the mode in which the raps had been produced. I thought that perhaps after all they might not have been produced by spiritual agency, but rather by ourselves; that we might have unconsciously pushed the table, and so caused it to crack; that we knew, or fancied that we knew the answer to each question; and that the dominant thoughts of our minds imperceptibly influenced the pressure effected by our

hands, and so caused the table to crack at the proper time, so as that the raps should appear to form intelligible answers to our questions. This pretty little theory was put to flight by the very first rap we heard. That rap seemed to be levelled at my doubts. Instead of being made on the table it was made on a piano which stood in the room, and which was not in contact with any of the persons present at the *séance*. We were all so situated that none of us could touch the piano without all the rest perceiving that we did touch it. The medium was seated with her back towards it, while her hands were on the table, the hands of all the rest being on the table also, all persons present being more than a yard distant from any part of the instrument. While thus situated the raps came on the piano just as we wished, in twos or threes, or singly, or in any other mode we pointed out. We inquired the name of the spirit that was rapping, and the raps spelled out "Collins," and then, in answer to our question—What is your other name? "Col." was made out, which was all the information we could get. We asked then if the second name was finished, and were told that it was not. The spirit then promised to meet me on the following afternoon, at five o'clock, and to communicate with me; but, although I attended at the time and place appointed, I received no manifestation of any kind; so that, if the spirit was really there, it was rather unwilling, or perhaps, unable to perform what it had promised. At this meeting the raps were heard on the piano at first, but towards the close of the *séance* they were requested to come upon the table and they did so.

On the 26th of March we formed a circle at the medium's house. We soon heard the raps. They came upon the table, on the ceiling, on a chest of drawers, on a second table that was in the apartment, and on the back of the chair on which the medium sat. The medium averred that she felt distinct knocks and touches on her back. My arms were strangely affected, being pressed down with great force upon the table, then raised from it as if by some unearthly attraction, the table meanwhile oscillating, and cracking, and tipping, more like a thing alive than an inanimate substance. Every time that my hands rose off the table, it followed them along the floor for nearly half a yard, and then returned to its former position at my request. Possibly I produced a mesmeric effect upon the members of the circle whose hands were on the table, causing them to push the table after me when my hands were raised from it, and to pull it back to its former position when I desired it to return there. I do not, therefore, regard the phenomenon as a conclusive proof of spirit agency. The raps, however, were unmistakably produced by an invisible intelligence. They answered our questions. A spirit purporting to be related to the medium was asked what it died of, and then was spelled out by means of the alphabet, "Age." Another spirit told us that it was a year old when it entered the land of spirits, and it gave its initials; the length of life stated, and the given initials corresponding to the circumstances connected with the death of an infant related to the medium. The following is a portion of the dialogue that was carried on:—

Mr. S. "Can you bring the spirit of Dr. M——y, formerly of Maitland, and recently-deceased, into the room?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Is he here now?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Will he communicate?"

No answer could be got to this question, nor could we obtain any further communications of importance.

Mr. S. "Will the English mail reach Wollongong to-morrow morning (that was the morning after the *séance*)?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Will Mrs. S. receive a letter from England by the mail?" Spirit. "Yes."

Mr. S. "Will she receive the letter to-morrow?" Spirit. "No."

Mr. S. "Will she receive it on the following day?" Spirit. "Yes."

This information was incorrect. I knew at the time it was given that the English mail would reach Wollongong on the following morning, and hence felt surprised at the rapping agent stating that it would not. I had received English papers brought by the Bombay steamer, and, therefore, knew that the mail was in Sydney, and that it must be down in due course on the following morning. Mrs. S. did receive a letter, but not at the time the rapping agent stated she

would. The spirit clearly fell into a mistake, or else we misunderstood it, or it misunderstood us. Had there been any thought-reading in the case, the rapping agent might have seen, by looking into my mind, that the mail would certainly arrive on the following morning.

In the early part of April, I invited a number of ladies and gentlemen to come to my residence on a particular evening, for the express purpose of witnessing manifestations of spirit presence, in order that they might be convinced of the truth of Spiritualism by the testimony of their own senses. I found out, however, that I had reckoned without my host. We formed a circle, and called the spirits from the vasty deep, but they would not come to us. There were manifestations, certainly, but they were of a very refined and delicate nature, and very far from being sufficiently broad and glaring to attract the notice of sceptics. A few of the gentlemen who attended on that occasion, assembled on the following evening, and sat in circle for about half-an-hour, without the medium being present, and without obtaining any indications of spirit presence. On two subsequent occasions, I had opportunities of testing these mysterious rappings, and on each of these occasions, I received indubitable evidence of the presence of an unseen intelligence. In both cases the raps were produced away from the medium, as well as close to her, on the table, on the walls of the room, on matting that covered the floor, on a child's chair, and on the back of the medium's chair. None of us could have produced these raps, without the others detecting the trick, unless, indeed, some sort of machinery had been employed for the express purpose of imposing on the credulity of the circle. As the *séance* took place in the writer's parlour, any machinery that was there must have been there with the writer's cognizance and sanction, and could not have been there otherwise. But it is unnecessary to pursue this ridiculous supposition any further.

I may here remark that raps, cracks and noises can be made by any one, even by a child, and can be made, too, in such a way as that they shall appear to answer questions. These noises can be made voluntarily, and, perhaps, are sometimes made involuntarily by persons sitting in circle; and, in either case, are, doubtless, often mistaken for veritable spirit-raps. But they are quite distinct from the rappings of spirits, and can scarcely be confounded with these rappings by anyone who has heard both. The slipping of the skin of the hand along the surface of the table, slight pressure, producing almost imperceptible motion in the table itself, the movement of the body in the act of breathing, the creaking of the chairs, owing to the slight rocking of the bodies sitting on them, the slipping of the foot in the boot, or of the boot against the leg of the table, will respectively produce noises, and creaks, and raps; and hence, those who like to play at the game of imposture may by these, or other means, deceive people, and make them accept ordinary sounds as manifestations of spirit-presence and power. But all these sounds are localised and easily detected. They will not move away from the place where they are at first produced, when you wish them. If the raps are produced by the creaking of the chair in the first instance, the chair must continue to produce them, otherwise they will cease to be heard. All this must be obvious. Spirit-raps, however, will as a general rule, be made in any way the members of the circle choose to dictate. Sometimes, indeed, they are made quite contrary to the wishes of those present, and quite out of the reach of every one in the room, thereby showing that the agent that makes them is independent of human control. I have heard them made on a ceiling which no one standing on the floor could touch.

It appears to me that the only way of testing the truth of Spiritualism is to put the question to Nature—that is, to experiment. To sit round a table giggling, laughing, cracking jokes, and deriding Spiritualism and Spiritualists, as I have seen many do, and as I have done myself, is not the way to discover the truth. The facts of Spiritualism are circumstanced exactly like the facts of the physical sciences. The chemist, or the electrician, observes a fact and makes a statement about it, and that statement is believed, because there is no reason to doubt its truth, and because everybody knows that any man can test the truth of the alleged fact whenever he likes. Hence hundreds of facts are believed solely on the testimony of one or two persons. In fact, the belief of a large portion of man-

kind in what is popularly called physical science, is neither more nor less than a blind and unintelligent faith. It is not necessary, however, that faith in science should be either blind or unintelligent—inasmuch as it may be based on knowledge. So is it with respect to Spiritualism. We may believe it on the testimony of others, or we may put the question to experiment, and ascertain the truth more directly. The latter is the plan I adopted, the results being such as I have previously recorded. These results leave not a shadow of doubt on my mind as to the fact of our being surrounded by invisible and intelligent beings, and as to the additional fact of our being able to communicate with them almost whenever we like.

Wollongong, April 30th.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

F. S.

NEW CONNEXION SPIRITUALISM.

WE have received the following letters confirming the truth of the spirit of Mrs. Burley appearing to her nephew, as stated at page 227 of the last number:—

“ Manchester.

“ SIR,—My friend thought the Rev. T. Mills had omitted to state several particulars which were quite necessary before the story could be credited; in fact he concluded, or nearly so, that the young man, for anything that appeared in the account, might have given the story long after the death and burial of Mrs. Burley; and he half reached some other conclusions which to his mind were just as fatal to a full reliance on the story. I said, that all he desired was implied in the narrative. I suggested he should write to Mr. Mills, and the two accompanying letters are the result. Your obedient servant, B.”

“ 18, Victoria-street, Manchester,

“ April 6, 1863.

“ DEAR SIR,—In your narrative of the death of Mrs. Thomas Burley which appears in the *M. N. C. Magazine* of this month, you relate some singular incidents in the postscript, which have formed the subject of conversation between Mr. B. and myself, on account of their similarity to many of the phenomena in connection with Spiritualism. I shall be glad if you will favour me with a reply to the following queries:—

“ 1. When did the boys return home?—was it immediately after the circumstance, and before or after the aunt's death had been mentioned or made known to them?

“ 2. Has the other boy corroborated the account as given in the Magazine?

“ 3. Has the family which was ‘startled’ by the occurrence in the house where the incident happened, corroborated the statement?

“ 4. When did the boy first give the account referred to?

“ 5. Have you had the accounts direct from the boys and family referred to?

“ I remain, yours truly,

“ Rev. Thos. Mills.”

“ JOSEPH S.

“ Wolverhampton, 9th April, 1863.

“ DEAR SIR,—In reply to your queries, I have to state that the boys returned home immediately, and before the aunt's death could have been known to them; that I believe the other boy's testimony agrees with all that James Evans states; that James Evans stated, when first he appeared, all that he has since affirmed, as far as he could amidst his violent weeping, indeed he did so to me, who was one of the first to see him; and that during his illness which followed, and in which there was little hope of life, he always confirmed the first statement, sometimes in an affecting manner. He has since joined the church and received the sacrament. The boys are fifteen years of age.

“ In kind regards to Mrs. S—— and Mr. B——

“ I am affectionately yours,

“ Mr. S——”

“ T. MILLS.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. IV.]

JULY, 1863.

[No. 7.]

SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—IGNATIUS LOYOLA.

The Saints and Servants of God is the name given to a series of works that would well furnish a separate gallery of illustrations of Spiritualism in Biography, as presented in the history of pre-eminently devout men and women of the Roman Catholic faith. I do not, indeed, find that these present any phase of spiritual manifestation that may not also be found in the pious of a different faith; but there is this difference, that generally, the biographers of the latter regard all facts of the kind, and all belief in them, as an evidence of weakness, of which they feel rather ashamed, and for which they make the best excuse they can; while the biographers of Roman Catholic saints, in general, so far from being afflicted with any scruple, on this head, regard these facts rather as evidence of saintship; hence, while the Protestant biographer keeps experiences of this kind out of sight as much as possible, the Catholic sets them forth with, perhaps, a little ostentation. With the one, the temptation is to keep them back, or explain them away; with the other, it is to magnify them beyond their actual proportions, and to accept and record as verities whatever accretion of supernatural legend and myth may redound to the glory of the saint. In the one case, a vigilant prosecution is required to ascertain all the facts; in the other, it is necessary to accept those recorded as such with some degree of reservation—to endeavour so to discriminate that while not rejecting those which have a legitimate claim upon our belief, we may not be deceived by the well-meaning, but, perhaps, too easy faith of the devout.

Among the modern saints included in the series of works above-named, and published with the sanction and approval of two Roman Catholic bishops; the most eminent—the one who has had the greatest influence, and whose history embodies most completely the varied phases of spiritual manifestation which now call forth so much opposition, as if they were a new thing in the world—is,

I think, unquestionably, St. Ignatius, of Loyola, founder of the Order of Jesuits. His life, translated from the Italian of F. Francesco Mariani, a Jesuit, which I have mainly followed, is the most full, and is considered to be the most authentic.* A few ears, however, is all I can now glean from the corn field which these two substantial volumes present. The outward facts of his life may be briefly told.

Ignatius Loyola was born in 1491, in the castle or palace of Loyola, in Guipuscoa, in Spain, overlooking the Bay of Biscay. Being of noble birth, he was sent as a page to the court of King Ferdinand, where he acquired a knowledge of the military art, and distinguished himself as courtier, soldier, and gallant. In the thirtieth year of his age, while bravely defending the fortress of Pampeluna against the French, his leg was broken by a cannon ball. The clumsy surgery practised on him rendered it necessary for his leg to be broken a second time, to be re-set. This was followed by violent fever, extreme weakness, and other dangerous symptoms, so that his physicians declared he could not live many days. On the eve of the feast of St. Peter he received the sacrament, as it was believed he could not hold out till the morning. He, however, with great confidence, invoked the intercession of St. Peter, who appeared to him in his sleep, and by a touch cured him. When he awoke he found himself out of danger, his pains left him, and his strength began to return. Though he looked upon his cure as miraculous, he still "retained the spirit of the world." During his convalescence, to while away the time, he called for some book of romances, being fond of tales of chivalry; but as none such were at hand, there were brought to him instead two others, one, *The Life of Christ*, the other, *Lives of the Saints*. He began them merely for entertainment, but soon read with very different feelings. He became so entirely absorbed in the *Lives of the Saints* as to spend whole days in reading it. A new purpose—a new life began to dawn upon him, and to take possession of him. These saints, these hermits, these holy men—they were of the same nature with himself; what they did he also might do. Soon old thoughts and feelings revived—the love of glory, the fear of ridicule, and more than all, his memory and heart whispered to him of a certain great lady to whom he was bound by attachment and vows of knightly service. Then his desire to emulate the heroic actions of the saints would revive, and so his mind was swayed to and fro with conflicting passions and purposes. But he perceived that while his thoughts of God and a religious life filled his soul with joy, and peace, and consolation; the other thoughts,

* *Life of Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Jesuits.* London: RICHARDSON and Son.

though they inflamed his imagination, and were attended with a present delight, left behind no satisfaction, but rather a sense of bitterness and heaviness of heart. At length, after much serious reflection, and "impelled by an inward instinct," he resolved to follow the footsteps of Christ and of his saints, and to devote himself to a religious life. One night, in the fervour of devotion, before an image of the Virgin, he consecrated himself to the service of her Divine Son, and vowed an inviolable fidelity. "Whilst he was engaged in this act of devotion, suddenly the whole palace was shaken, and in the chamber of the saint, more particularly, the wall was rent, and the glass of the windows broken to pieces." His biographers are doubtful whether this was "an effect of the rage of the Devil," or whether God, by this sign, testified His acceptance of this sacrifice, "as a like sign happened in the place where the faithful were assembled after Christ's ascension (Acts ii.), and in the prison of Paul and Silas (Acts xvi., 26)." "Another night Ignatius saw the Mother of God environed with light, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. This vision replenished his soul with spiritual delight, and made all sensual pleasure and worldly objects insipid to him ever afterwards."

As soon as his strength permitted, he left Loyola for the monastery of Monserratto, clothed in the dress of a pilgrim and a penitent. Here, with the utmost contrition, he confessed his sins; and "having read in his books of romance how knights, before girding on their swords, used to keep watch a whole night under arms, he adopted the same custom, and applied it to the spiritual warfare he was about to begin, determining to watch all that night before the image of the Blessed Mother of God. This he accordingly did; sometimes standing and sometimes kneeling; lamenting his past sins, confirming his good resolves, imploring her assistance, and commending himself to her protection. At the early dawn he received the blessed sacrament, and hung his sword and dagger before our Lady's altar; he then gave his mule for the service of the monastery; and when the day broke he quitted the place in haste, turning aside from the beaten road to Barcelona, in order that no one might hinder him from executing his design."

At Manressa, a little town about three leagues from Monserratto, he entered the hospital of St. Lucy, where he attended the sick, and performed for them the most menial and disgusting offices. He also practised the greatest austerities and mortifications, insomuch that he often fainted from weakness, and was found lying on the ground, cold and apparently lifeless. He subsequently confessed that such excessive acts of penance were sometimes an impediment to more important things in God's

service. While at Manressa he wrote *Spiritual Exercises*; a work designed as a manual of conversion, and similar in its general scope and design to Doddridge's *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. He was greatly assisted in writing it by his own spiritual experiences, especially by those false scruples of conscience by which he was at this time specially tempted, and which he believed were infused into his mind by the Devil.

In 1523 he journeyed to the Holy Land, where he purposed spending his life in visiting the holy places, and in labouring for the conversion of the Mahometans; but, in obedience to the authority of the provincial superior of the Franciscans, after staying there but a short time he returned to Spain. He studied, first, for two years with great assiduity at Barcelona, and then for a year and a half at the University of Alcalá; labouring at the same time in the catechising of children, and in the reformation and conversion of profligate and worldly persons.

At Alcalá he was accused of heresy and sorcery, but upon examination he was justified by the inquisitors. He was, however, forbidden to wear any singular habit, or to give instruction in religious matters, as being destitute of authority. At this trial "so many testimonies were brought forward of the innocence and holiness of his life and of his good deeds, that it seemed more like a process for the canonization of a saint than for the condemnation of a criminal."

Finding that he could do but little good in Alcalá, he removed to the College of Salamanca, where he expected to pursue his studies and labours without hindrance, but in this he was again disappointed. It was a new and strange thing in Salamanca to see a layman publicly discharging the duties of an apostle; and the priests, shamed by his example and exhortations, looked upon him with suspicion. Calumnious reports were circulated against him. He was again thrown into prison, and his limbs chained. While confined in prison, the rest of the prisoners broke open the prison-doors and escaped, Ignatius and his two companions alone remained. In twenty-two days after his arrest, the judge declared him blameless in life and doctrine, and, with certain restrictions, he was permitted to labour for the good of souls. Finding that continual obstacles were placed in his way, he resolved to leave Spain for Paris, where he arrived in February, 1528.

In Paris, after perfecting himself in the Latin tongue, he went through a course of philosophy, and received the degree of Master, at Easter 1534. Here, while Calvin was collecting followers in the same city, Loyola gathered around him the companions (of whom one was the celebrated Francis Xavier) who

formed the celebrated Society of Jesus. With this Society, as its founder, and first General of the Order, till his death in 1556, the history of Loyola is henceforth identified. He framed its laws and administered its affairs with singular prudence and ability; and by his modesty, meekness, humility, and considerate regard for others, won the affection of all with whom he was associated. No society, probably, ever called forth warmer eulogy or fiercer invective than the Society of Jesus. Both alike testify to its power, and to the force and fervour of conviction which brought forth such mighty results. In less than a century from its foundation, in 1534, its members had increased to fifteen thousand, and it had eight hundred religious houses in all parts of the world. It occupied the chairs of philosophy; directed the course of education; influenced statesmen and governments; and its missionaries and emissaries explored the world, and penetrated into every class of society. As Luther was the leader of the Protestant movement, Loyola was the leader of the counter-movement. The Society of Jesus was the great bulwark of the Papacy in the sixteenth century, regenerating it within, while defending it from all attack without. Europe and the world are this day something otherwise than they would have been, but for Loyola and the Society of Jesus. The only body at all corresponding to this Order in the history of Protestantism is the Society founded by John Wesley. Though separated by a whole continent of doctrine, there is, indeed, much in common between Loyola and Wesley. Both alike were saints and servants of God; both were earnest, diligent, methodical, with great capacity for government; both were men of prayer and faith, self-denying, full of love to Christ, and of zeal for the salvation of souls; and both were firm believers in that intercommunion between the natural and the spiritual world, of which no man, perhaps, had larger or more varied experience than Ignatius Loyola.

Butler, in his *Lives of the Saints*, remarks of Loyola:—"The saint was often favoured, amidst the tears and fervour of his devotion, with wonderful raptures, visions, and revelations; and some of these visions and other supernatural favours St. Ignatius mentioned himself in short notes which he wrote, and which were found in his own hand after his death, some of which notes are published by F. Bartoli; others are mentioned by Bibadencira, who inserted in the saint's life, as he declares, only what himself had seen, or had heard from his mouth, or from persons of unquestionable authority, and whose life of his holy founder, by the order of Saint Francis Borgia, was carefully examined and approved by the principal persons then living, who had frequently conversed with the saint—as Salmeron, Bobadilla, Polancus (who had been the saint's secretary),

Natalis, &c." Mariani enumerates as "favours he received from God:" "Frequent apparitions of Christ and of his Mother; high knowledge of the Deity; divine ecstasies and raptures; visions of fiery lamps of light; divine illuminations so abundant and distinct that it seemed as if nothing more was left which a mortal could understand." For the sake of brevity it will, perhaps, be best to classify these spiritual experiences of Loyola, without regard to chronological arrangement. It would be impossible to detail a tithe of them.

Visions, Illuminations, Revelations.—I have already adverted to Loyola's vision of the Virgin Mary at the Castle of Loyola, which confirmed his conversion. Several times, especially at Manressa, he again beheld her in vision. At Manressa, on his voyage to Palestine, and again at Storta, he had frequent visions of Christ; insomuch that his biographer assures us that the appearance of the Lord Jesus, and the many divine illuminations he received, so deeply impressed this holy name on the mind of the saint, that he resolved to give it to his Order. Ignatius tells us that, "Out of the house, in the church, and whilst celebrating (the mass), I saw the heavenly country, or the Lord thereof, so as to have intelligence of the Three Persons, and in the Father, the Second and Third. Having received light and strength; having entered the chapel to pray, I felt, or more properly speaking, saw, by some supernatural power, the Holy Trinity, and Jesus as the Mediator of it, represented to me, to communicate to me that intellectual (spiritual) vision." On a second and a third occasion, he saw the same Being or Divine Essence in the form of a sphere; and this, he says, "I felt and saw, not obscurely, but clearly, and in most bright light, in appearance as the sun, or exceeding it." He tells us that he had many revelations of the Holy Trinity, by which his mind was illuminated beyond the reach of study. Some of these experiences exactly correspond with what is related of George Fox and Jacob Böhme.* One day, "as he was standing in the Dominican Church, the wonderful order observed by God in the creation of the world was revealed to him; and he himself has confessed that he saw these secrets, though he could not explain them in words, even if he would." Another time, when sitting on the bank of a river near Manressa, "his mind was suddenly filled with a new and strange illumination, so that in one moment, and without any sensible image or appearance, certain things pertaining to the mysteries of the faith, together

* See, in particular, the passages quoted by me from *Fox's Journal*, in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*, vol. iv., pp. 51, 52, and 53; and from *Böhme's Aurora*, in the *Spiritual Magazine*, vol. iii., pp. 387, 388, 389.

with other truths of natural science, were revealed to him, and this so abundantly and so clearly that he himself said that if all the spiritual light which his spirit had received from God, up to the time when he was more than sixty-two years old, could be collected into one, it seemed to him that all this knowledge would not equal what was at that moment conveyed to his soul. From that time forward his mind was enlightened as if he had become a different man." This was almost immediately followed by an experience which he regarded as of altogether a different kind. "When he had returned to himself from the elevation of mind caused by this visitation, he went towards a cross which stood near, to thank God for this signal favour, when a vision appeared before him which he had often before seen in the hospital. This consisted in a certain luminous appearance, of which he could only say that it appeared to him to resemble a serpent more than any other form, and that, as it were, from a multitude of eyes, but not from real eyes, a vivid light proceeded." This Ignatius understood to be the Devil, and we are told, that "on many other occasions, both at Manressa and on his journeys to Rome and Paris, the Deceiver appeared to him under the same figure, but his aspect was always hideous and deformed." One more vision I will relate. On the death of one of his companions, named Ozzes, Ignatius saw his spirit, surrounded by bright rays of light, carried up to heaven by angels; and not long after, as he was hearing mass, "a band of the blessed spirits presented themselves to his sight, in the midst of whom Ozzes shone with a beauty surpassing all the rest. This vision left such an impression upon his mind that for some days afterwards it was always present to him, and he broke out into cries of joy."

Levitation, Luminous Phenomena.—In the process of canonization, it is stated that Ignatius was often seen seized up whilst in prayer, and elevated about a cubit's height from the ground. He had no use of his senses on these occasions, and his breathing was alone perceptible. Pasquali, in whose house he lodged at Barcelona, and who secretly watched him, affirmed upon oath, that he had seen the saint kneeling in the air, whilst his chamber was full of light. At the church of St. Girolamo he was "seen by the nuns remaining immovable as a statue, for many hours together, before the altar of St. Matthew; his knees were bent, and he was elevated, and his face beamed like one of the blessed."

A little before his departure from Barcelona for Jerusalem, as he was assisting at a sermon, surrounded by a number of children, at the foot of an altar, a noble lady of the name of Isabella Roselli happened to cast her eye upon him, and saw that his head was surrounded by a bright light, and at the same time

she heard an inward voice bidding her call him to her. This led her to seek him out, for he was unknown to her, and it was by her influence that he obtained a passage for Rome, previous to his pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he having relinquished all property, being reduced to poverty, and casting all his care upon God. One night, on a brief visit to his native place, crying aloud in the fervour of his devotions, his cousins Donna Maria d'Oriola and Donna Simona d'Alzoga ran to him, and found his chamber shining with brilliant light, though no candle or visible means of producing light was in the room.

Alessandra Petronio, a celebrated philosopher and physician in Rome, made a public and formal deposition that, when sick, he once saw his own chamber, which was then very dark, the windows being shut, filled with a dazzling light upon the saint's entrance. Luigo Gonzales, who assisted Loyola in the government of a college, has recorded that the face of Ignatius shone to such a degree that he was frequently struck dumb with astonishment. Maffei relates that at Manressa he was seen exalted about four cubits from the ground, and his face shining as the light. Nicholas Londy testified that he once saw a fire-flame on his head whilst he was saying mass. Bortoli relates that a flaming tongue was seen to rest upon the head of Ignatius whilst he wrote the constitutions of the Society of Jesus; and St. Phillip Neri, who often visited Ignatius, used to assure his friends that he had seen his face resplendent with superhuman light, and emitting bright rays which proceeded, he said, from the internal beauty of his soul. It may be noted that, after his death, the body was seen by many witnesses to be spangled all over with small bright stars.

Trance.—At Manressa, Loyola remained in a trance an entire week, during which his corporeal senses and faculties were suspended, “and his state so much resembled death, that he would have been buried if it were not that a faint palpitation at the heart showed that he was still alive. . . . On returning to himself he opened his eyes, as if he was just awakening from a placid sleep, and exclaimed, with accents of love, ‘O Jesus! Jesus!’ and then relapsed into silence.” The companions of Ignatius, who heard him speak of these occurrences, believed that his future mission was at this time revealed to him, and the first sketch of the Society of Jesus impressed upon his mind. When asked why he made this or that regulation concerning it, he generally answered, “Because I heard it at Manressa.” To Jacopo Laines he affirmed that, during one hour of mental prayer at Manressa, he had learnt more than all the doctors in the world could teach him. It is probable that it was while in trance, that his spirit appeared to a friend at Cologne, he then

being at Rome. The account given of this, by Mariani, is as follows:—

At the time that Ignatius was living at Rome, he appeared to Leonardo Clesselio at Cologne. Leonardo was a Fleming and an aged and holy man, who was the first rector of the college in that city, and who governed it for a long time with great reputation of sanctity. He had a most fervent desire again to see the holy father, and to have the happiness of speaking with him; he informed him of this desire in a letter, and begged as a great favour that he might journey over the three hundred leagues, which lay between them, on foot. Ignatius answered that the welfare of others required his stay at Cologne, so that he must not move, but that perhaps it might please God to content him in some easier way. Whilst he therefore still remained at Cologne, one day, when he was not asleep, the holy father showed himself to him alive, and held a long conversation with him. He then disappeared, and left the old man full of the greatest joy at the accomplishment of his desire in so marvellous a way. This account is taken from Ribadeneira.

Thought-Reading, Clairvoyance, Prevision, Prediction. — Mariani says:—"God often revealed to him the secrets of men's hearts, and many things which happened at a great distance, or in future times." He gives several examples. A young man who had joined the Society was in great trouble and perturbation of mind, and thought of returning to the world. Ignatius "having had this revealed to him by God," sent for him in the middle of the night, disclosed to him all the secrets of his mind, to the young man's great astonishment, and entirely cured his spiritual disorder.

Once in Spain he had been kindly and hospitably entertained by certain monks in their convent, and he told the superior that two of the brethren were prepared to forsake their religious habit and run away. When their design was thus unexpectedly and wonderfully revealed they were struck with compunction and repentance, and asked pardon on their knees before the whole community, and gave up to the superior the disguises which they had prepared for their flight. When the holy widow Agnesa Pasquali ended her days in peace at Barcelona, Father Antonio Araoz, who was present at her last hours, sent an account of all that occurred to St. Ignatius at Rome, who looked upon her as his mother, and received great benefits from her piety at Manresa, and at Barcelona. But the letter of Araoz brought no new intelligence to the saint, for he had known all by divine revelation.

"Dr. Michele Arrovira, of Barcelona, while staying at Rome, met Ignatius one day coming from Araceli, and showed him a letter from Francesco Borgia, duke of Gandia, who was at that time married and governor of Catalonia. As they were talking of this letter the saint said to him, 'Know that you will one day see the writer of that letter General of the Society of Jesus at Rome.' Many years afterwards this prophecy was fulfilled."

To Giovanni Pasquali, when a young man, he foretold the future course of his life, and its many afflicting accidents. These were all so remarkably and circumstantially fulfilled, that late in life, when any consoled him with hopes of better fortune, he used to answer, "Pray that I may have patience, but do not promise me what I shall never have, for no word of Ignatius's

prophecy will fail hereafter, as none have hitherto failed." When at Barcelona, a famous jurist was so moved by the teaching and example of Ingatius that he desired to become his companion, and imitate his virtue. In answer to this wish Ignatius answered, "You will not follow me; but your son will enter the Religious Order which, by God's grace, I shall found." And so he did, and remained in it till his death. This prophecy was made above sixteen years before the foundation of the Society. This account is written and attested upon oath. His biographer says:—"Twenty-four predictions of the same kind are enumerated, all of which were accomplished."

Exorcisms, Hauntings, Rappings.—He is asserted to have had a wonderful power over evil spirits, of which many instances are given. Thus it was related in consistory before Pope Gregory XV., that he delivered one Eleuterio Pontano from an evil spirit, by whom he had been grievously tormented and tempted for more than two years. At Rome, a servant of the Fathers, named Matthew, was attacked and tormented by an evil spirit. His features were hideously swollen; he rolled himself on the earth, and clung to it so firmly, that it sometimes required ten men to lift him up. "Ignatius took the young man aside, and after making some short prayers, he brought him back entirely free. It is true that the devil, in revenge, tried to suffocate the Saint whilst he slept, and bound his jaws so tightly that when he tried to invoke the name of Jesus he could not speak, but making a great effort he forced out the name of salvation, and the monster fled in confusion, leaving him with so great a hoarseness that for some days afterwards he could hardly speak." At the College of Loretto an evil spirit not only appeared to a novice, and "endeavoured, by many delusive words, to persuade him to abandon religion," and otherwise tempted him, "but he infested an empty room, and it seemed as if all the furniture was being shifted about and thrown on the ground, although nothing was ever found out of its place. Sometimes whilst the brethren were at prayer he knocked upon the bench they were kneeling at, and sometimes he was heard making a noise at the head of their beds. Once at supper-time he struck a young Englishman, about twenty-two years of age, on the side, with such violence, that he cried out and turned pale, and nearly fell backwards on the ground. Very often, also, he used to penetrate under the bed-clothes, and torment them in all parts of their body while they were lying crouched like dogs through fear." Agnus Deis, blessed candles, relics of saints, masses, and exorcisms, were all tried in vain. The spirit was commanded in the name of God, to go to the rector if he wanted anything, and leave the other inmates of the College

in peace. And the rector tells us:—"More than once it happened that when the evil spirit had been thus adjured he came and knocked at my door." Once, "there came an importunate knocking at the door, in the middle of the night; I answered, 'Come in,' supposing it was one of the brethren; then he knocked again a great many times, and then perceiving it was the devil, I said, 'Open now in the name of God, and do that which you are empowered by Him to do.' Suddenly, with a great rush, he dashed open the door and the window opposite, so that I feared it was broken to pieces." Another time, at the other end of the College, the rector heard "a noise like an earthquake, and all that part of the roof was shaken." On advancing the noise approached towards him; as it came nearer something came towards him like a great black mastiff, with horrible flaming eyes, and barking with a deep hollow noise, flew at him but without touching him. The rector wrote to Ignatius, who recommended holy water, exorcisms, and prayers. Finding that despite these remedies the evil increased rather than diminished, the rector again wrote to Ignatius, who then sent another letter encouraging the brethren to endurance, and to place their trust in God, adding that he would pray for them, and that by God's grace they would soon cease to be molested. From the time that this letter was read out before the fathers and brethren of the College all molestation ceased. "Neither devils or devilry had any more power in the College, nothing was henceforth seen or felt." This took place in the year 1555; and the occurrences were solemnly deposed to by Oliver Manareo, rector of the College, on being examined before the Court in Flanders.

Again, we read of Ignatius, that at Alcala:—"He was lodged in a room that had been for a long time uninhabited, on account of its being haunted with nocturnal visions and fearful noises. Ignatius had full experience of this on the first night. Not having expected anything of the kind he was at first terrified; but presently recollecting himself, and taking courage, he offered himself up to God, to undergo whatever he might have to endure from these visions, or from the malice of the devil. But the Lord was mercifully content with proving this magnanimity, and rewarded his good dispositions by ridding that room for ever from all molestation of evil spirits, and by taking away from his mind all fear of their terrors and cruelties."

His spirit appears after death.—On the morning of his death a noble lady of Bologna, named Margherita Gigli, "was awoke and terrified, by what seemed to her to be an earthquake; at the same moment her chamber was filled with brilliant light, in the midst of which appeared the saint in celestial beauty, who spoke to her these words:—"Behold, Margaret,

I am going, as you see; I commend my sons to you;' and then disappeared. The woman, full of wonder and happiness, rose up and went immediately to Francesco Palmia, the rector of our college, who was her confessor, and related the vision. Although she had no knowledge of the saint, she described him as accurately as it was possible for those who were most familiar with him to have done. Still, as they had not heard of any illness or danger of Ignatius at Rome, the fathers who heard the story were cautious of believing it; but some few days later, when the news came of the saint's death, at the exact time of the vision, all their doubts were removed."

In 1568, the body of Ignatius was removed, in order to make room for the foundations of a new church. "Father Giulio Mancinelli, a great servant of God, who was favoured by frequent divine visitations and graces, being at that time in Rome, and knowing nothing of the translation which was to take place, began in the evening to hear celestial songs and divine music, which continued all through that night and the day following, whilst the translation was going on, and then he heard afterwards what the festival had been." The same holy father subsequently received many visitations from Ignatius, in one of which, "on the 1st of August, 1610, he revealed to him certain matters for the good of the Prince de Stigliano, who was then preparing some magnificent decorations to celebrate the approaching festival of the saint in a church at Naples."

In a village of Paraguay, called after Ignatius, a young man was in prison, under a false accusation, which so preyed upon his mind that he resolved on suicide. "In the middle of the night when he was fixed in his resolve, he saw a light through the prison door, and supposed it was some friend coming to visit him. This friend was Ignatius, who appeared in light and beauty, and he mildly said to him, 'God preserve thee, my son;' then he laid his hand upon his head, and said, 'Do not afflict yourself, for you are innocent and will soon be set at liberty.' Upon this the young man uttered a cry of joy, which brought the gaoler to the cell, by whom the door was found locked. Very shortly after this, he was released as the saint had told him."

To Giovanni Pasquali, who had lodged him in his house at Barcelona at the time he was studying there, Ignatius had exhibited his gratitude during life, and he now came from heaven to comfort him whilst he was leading a life of suffering so profitable to his soul's health. The good man had been accustomed every day for forty years to go and hear matins, and afterwards mass, at the tomb of St. Eulalia, who lies under the high altar in the cathedral of Barcelona. One day it happened that he went to the church a long time before matins begun. Meanwhile he knelt before the altar in prayer, and being in great anguish from his afflictions, he commended himself to God and St. Ignatius, who had quitted this world a few years before, and at last he cried out, "Oh my father, how well you have foretold everything; well must you be able to see

now from heaven what my present life is, when you foresaw it so exactly upon earth. Ah! if you do not grant a remedy to my evils, at least obtain me patience, that I may through these afflictions attain to the eternal salvation which you promised to me." After uttering these words he began to hear a distant sound of marvellous sweet music, which approached nearer and nearer till there appeared at a door to the left of the altar a numerous band of musicians and angels, and men in ecclesiastical vestments, surpassing all earthly beauty. This procession formed wings on either side the altar, and received in the midst of them a priest of very venerable aspect vested in a white cope. Before this the church had been dark, for the clock had only just struck the third hour after midnight, and it was winter-time. But at the entrance of this priest it began to shine so brightly that every place seemed full of light. The priest went up to the altar of St. Eulalia, and after a profound reverence to the Most Holy, he took the thurible from the minister and began going round the altar and incensing it many times. When this was done the band of blessed spirits approached the door at the right of the altar where Giovanni was kneeling, almost in ecstasy at the sight. The priest turned towards him, and looking fixedly upon him, as if wondering that he was not recognised, beckoned him to approach. Upon this his eyes were opened, and he perceived that it was Ignatius, and ran to meet him. The saint received him with a most joyful expression of countenance, and addressed him in the most familiar manner, saying, "Do you remember me, as I can never cease to remember you?" He then consoled him, and confirmed him in the hope which he had held out when he was alive, that he would save his soul. Giovanni wished to embrace him, and as he was asking his permission, the saint gave him his blessing, and the whole vision disappeared. Upon this he cried out, "O my father, O my father Ignatius!" and some priests who heard these words hastened to him, and found him almost beside himself, weeping bitterly; they asked him why he cried out in that manner and wept, and he told them all he had seen, and ever afterwards amidst his greatest calamities the memory of this vision used to appease his sorrow, and bring peace to his heart. This vision is circumstantially described by Bartoli and is attested on oath, though very briefly, by Pasquali.

Healings.—Many marvellous cases of healing are said to have been wrought during the life-time of the saint by his prayer and by his touch. A cook whose hand had been dreadfully burnt, had it made whole on the prayer of Ignatius. A poor man, named Bastida, who for many years had been subject to the falling sickness, "one day was taken with the disorder in the presence of Ignatius, who being touched with compassion lifted up his eyes to heaven, and, after a short prayer, laid his hand upon his forehead, upon which he immediately came to himself, and was never again attacked in the same way." A poor woman in the last stage of consumption, and apparently at the point of death, upon receiving his blessing suddenly regained her strength, so that she was enabled to walk without help. On another occasion, one of his companions being attacked with the fever, was visited by Ignatius, who affectionately embraced him, saying, "Take courage, brother Simon, for most certainly you will not die of this illness." He had been praying earnestly for the life of the sick man, and it was revealed to him that his prayers were heard. This he had immediately told Peter Faber, one of his companions. In fact, improvement began upon the arrival of Ignatius, and brother Simon rapidly recovered his health.

But whatever wonderful cures the saint wrought while in the world, they seem to have been eclipsed by those he wrought after he had left it. "A citizen of Potosi had not been able to walk a step for four years without crutches; when he heard the rejoicings of the people at the news of Ignatius's beatification, he said with a sigh, 'In the midst of all this joy must I be the only one in the city to remain here nailed down by my affliction?' Hardly had he uttered the words, than he felt his feet strengthened, threw away first one crutch and then the other, and flew to our college to publish the miracle that had been wrought on him."

In the year 1601, a boy of ten years old, named Girolamo, son of Onofrio Etruschi, of Gandia, received a horrible blow on the eyebrow, towards the temple, so deep that a finger's depth of lint was laid into the wound, the eye was entirely swollen up, and a violent fever ensued. Pietro Manares, the surgeon who was called in, did everything in his power for a whole month, but all to no purpose, for the wound instead of healing began to suppurate, at which the surgeon was greatly astonished, and was possessed with the idea that some of the bone of the skull must be fractured. Since it was a very dangerous operation to lay the wound entirely open, and examine what might be required, he called in Giovan B. Cuebas to a consultation. Accordingly both went together to visit the boy, and when the whole account of the case had been given by the former surgeon to his companion, they proceeded to remove the bandages from the head, when, to their astonishment, they found the wound perfectly healed. Not being able to understand the marvel, the mother of the boy revealed to them that it was the work of Ignatius, to whom she had made a vow for her boy's recovery. The two surgeons openly confessed the miracle, and all praised God, who is wonderful in His saints.

"At the village of Munebrega, in Spain, Maria Pariente, had a withered arm, which had been benumbed from cold, pieces of the bone had been taken away by the surgeons in their attempts at curing it, and then they had abandoned the case in despair. Encouraged by the mercy which the saint had shown to the other woman, she said, 'O St. Ignatius, if you would heal me also, I too would show my gratitude!' Hardly had she spoken than she felt a sudden crack in the bone of her arm, and return of life into it, and so she also raised her voice, and exclaimed, 'And I also am healed by the favour of St. Ignatius!' and threw her arm about as if it had never been injured, without feeling the slightest pain."

Within half an hour of this event another poor woman, named Maria Santius, who was almost totally blind, so that she could not distinguish people's faces, invoked the aid of the Saint to restore her sight. Immediately she felt a sensation, as if her eyes were turned round, and she could see distinctly far and near. Let me here add a manifestation of a different kind:—"In the year 1611, at Gironda, in Arragon, a monk wrote a biting satire against the saint, and as he was writing on the paper he discovered on reading it over that his hand had played false to

his mind, and that instead of ridicule he had written eulogies. He thought this was some fantastic error, so he scratched it out and went on in the strain he wished; but the words were again words of praise. Still the man was so blinded, that without regarding it he began again the third time, but with the same effect. Again he commenced, when the pen was struck from him, and his own hand struck him in the face. Then at last, in trembling astonishment, he changed his design and his opinion of the saint." The spirit of Ignatius also cast out evil spirits from many who were possessed by them, at least, so it is said the spirits themselves confessed. Among others were four noble ladies of Modena, in whom the spirits "showed themselves by manifest signs. They spoke in various tongues, which the women had never known. They related things which were then happening in distant countries, and divined other things which took place afterwards. They walked on all fours with their knees fastened together. They knew and recognised the presence of hidden relics. Various parts of their bodies suddenly swelled, and the swelling as quickly subsided, with other strange things." After being taken to various churches in hope of relief, but with no effect, the spirits, according to their own acknowledgment were expelled by Ignatius. "One of the fiercest of them" exclaimed:—"There goes forth a flame from his mouth which burns me. St. Ignatius, St. Ignatius drives me away."

These are only specimens of a hundred and fifty pages of similar, and even more wonderful relations, "selected out of great numbers, which it would occupy too much space to recount." And, says Mariani, "'I have mentioned none which are not proved by the strongest evidence. All which are here given, and which are not contained in Bartoli, are carefully authenticated; and Bartoli himself says, of those which I have taken from his pages, 'The miracles which God worked after the saint's death are so numerous, that the number of those alone which are juridically proved amount to hundreds, and those which I here give, with the exception of a few which were already in print, are taken from the bull of canonization, the report of the auditors of the court of the Ruota and other juridical acts, and from the public processes and public documents made in various places.'"

In the process for canonization, all alleged supernatural events must be juridically proved. An officer (popularly called "the Devil's Advocate") is appointed, whose function it is to raise every objection—to sift the evidence, to cross-examine witnesses, and, if possible, shake their testimony. It has come to be a proverb among Catholics, that "The greatest miracle is to get a miracle admitted at Rome." The Rev. F. W. Faber, in his *Essay on Beatification and Canonization*, says:—"Looking at

the matter simply as a question of evidence, it is hardly possible to conceive any process for sifting human testimony more complete, more ingenious, or more rigid than the one scrupulously adhered to by the Congregation of Rites in this respect. Much depends on the decision, and there is no necessity for coming to a decision at all; these two things are continually before the eyes of the judges, and render the ordeal one of almost incredible strictness. No one can study the great work of Benedict XIV. on Canonization, or peruse the decrees of Urban VIII. and Clement XI., without feeling the utmost confidence in any narrative of facts, however supernatural, which comes out of the trial confirmed and approved upon the whole: and we are now merely speaking of it as a question of human testimony which has come out undestroyed from the long, intricate, and jealous cross-questioning of a most ingeniously contrived system of cavil and objection. A fact only requires the appearance of being supernatural to awaken against it every suspicion; every method of surprise and detection is at once in array against it; it is allowed no mercy, no advantage of a doubt, and anything rather than the benefit of clergy. . . . Many a candid Protestant would be surprised, if he only took the trouble to peruse a few of the processes of the Congregation in matters of beatification and canonization."

The *Edinburgh Review*, some time back, insinuated that the aforesaid Devil's Advocate sometimes betrayed the cause of his client to the enemy, but no proof of the assertion was offered. The similarity of many of the events recorded in the life of Loyola, and of other Roman Catholic saints, to the spiritual manifestations through mediums in our own day, will, to many, give them a new interest; and it certainly greatly increases the probability in favour of their general truth, while it shows that they are not the distinctive marks of any creed or church, or evidences of special sanctity, but that they result from the independent action of free intelligent powers, whenever their volition co-operates with suitable conditions.

Loyola had an unbounded, absolute trust in God to supply the wants of those over whom he ruled. Many instances, similar to those I have given of Müller and Franké,* might be related of him in proof of this, did space permit. He used to say:—"Whoever would undertake a great work for the glory of God, must beware of being overwise, and of taking counsel only according to the means he possesses." During a time of war and famine, when the richest men had barely enough to support their own position in life, without giving alms, he supported a

* *Spiritual Magazine*, Nos. 2 and 3, Vol. iii.

hundred students; and so did God provide for their wants, that whilst all others suffered from the scarcity, his subjects were kept in plenty. Luigi Gonzales said that he looked upon this as a miracle. "How a miracle?" said the saint. "It would be a miracle if it had happened otherwise, and if God had failed to support those who trust in Him. Is it the first time you have remarked that our supplies always equal our wants? Let us think only of serving Him, and leave to Him all thought of providing for us. For myself I would take upon me, if need were, to support one thousand instead of one hundred, for one task is as easy to God as another." To another father who said that he could not understand by what rule of prudence Ignatius was guided in this affair, he said, "The more hopeless matters are, so much the more ought we to trust in God." T. S.

LETTER FROM JUDGE EDMONDS.

PREMONITION.—DR. J. R. NEWTON, THE HEALING MEDIUM.

"New York, May 18th, 1863.

"An article, in the May number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, stating a case of premonition, admonishes me that I have hitherto omitted to put on record a similar incident which once occurred to me.

"In the early part of 1854, I started on a lecturing tour, to which I devoted about three months. My tour embraced a region of country between Boston on the east and St. Louis on the west, including a belt extending as far south as Cincinnati on the Ohio River, and as far north as Milwaukee on Lake Michigan. I travelled over 3,700 miles, and delivered some seventy discourses.

"When I got through my lectures at St. Louis, I intended starting on a Saturday morning for Chicago, resting a day at Chicago, and on Monday to begin my journey west and north of that place.

"The mode of transportation then was by steam-boat up the Mississippi River to Alton in Illinois, and thence by railway to Chicago.

"On the Friday evening before I was to start, the spirits asked me if I could not remain over at St. Louis till Monday? On making inquiries, I found that I could, without any other inconvenience than travelling all night on Monday, so as to keep my appointment west of Chicago on Tuesday, and as I had by that time got pretty well used to travelling all night, I consented to remain over, without stopping to inquire why they made the

request. I was not without curiosity as to the reason of the request, but I determined to let it develop itself, as thus I could learn some part of the lesson as to their reliability.

"On Saturday morning, while sitting at my breakfast, news came to the hotel, that the steamer in which I was to have taken passage had met with a disaster while lying at St. Louis, and just before the moment appointed for her starting. Her boiler had burst, and every passenger on board had been either killed or wounded.

"You must know that at the places on the Mississippi they do not have wharves at which boats are moored; the rise and fall of the water is too great to permit that. Instead of which boats are moored to the sloping bank of the river, 'bows on,' and the consequence is, that when a boat is about starting on a trip, the most of the passengers, in order to have a view of the shore, are crowded together on the upper deck, directly over the boilers and engines, and near the bow of the boat. They were so assembled on this occasion, and the explosion was so violent as to destroy most of the upper works of the boat, and to hurl the passengers in all directions into the river; some of them were torn all to pieces, different parts of their bodies being scattered around.

"The disaster made a profound sensation at St. Louis, and the more so, that though the number of passengers was small—not exceeding 30—if I recollect aright, not one of them had escaped death or injury.

"On the Monday following I resumed my journey, and it never occurred to me that my being withheld from leaving on Saturday had anything to do with the steamer explosion, until about a month afterwards, when I was on my return home. It was in Auburn in the State of New York, where I had delivered my last discourse, and while waiting for the cars, which were expected about midnight, that it occurred to me to ask the spirits whether there had been any connexion between the two matters. It was answered in the affirmative, and I was told that I should be particularly informed when I should have arrived at home, and be fully rested from the fatigue of my journey.

"In due time, I was informed by the spirits, that they who had accompanied me, in my whole journey, and whose presence was every day made manifest to me, had made an examination of the steamer in which I had proposed to embark at St. Louis, and had discovered a defect in her engines that threatened serious consequences.

"They showed me that the pipe by which water was conveyed from the river to the boiler had in it a valve to stop the flow of the water. That through that valve there run an up-

right stem, at the upper end of which was a handle, by the use of which the engineer could let in or stop off the water, and which, by its position, told whether the boiler was being fed or not. The spirits had discovered in this instance that the valve had got loose on its stem, and that while the handle would tell the engineer that water was flowing into the boiler, the valve was in fact closed, and not open, and the boiler was not being fed as the engineer would naturally suppose; and so they saw the great danger there was of an explosion. They therefore had desired me to delay my journey for a couple of days, expecting that within that time the explosion would happen, or the engineer would discover and remedy the defect.

"I did not know enough of the steam-engine to know whether this account was a true one, or whether there was such a supply pipe, and such a valve, and I made inquiries of an experienced engineer how that was. I learned from him that at one time such valves were in common use, but owing to the very danger of their getting loose on the stem, that mode of constructing them had been pretty generally abandoned. Some of the old fashioned ones were, however, still in use, he said, on the Lakes and on our Western waters, though rarely used in the boats on the Atlantic Coast, where the modern improvements had been more speedily adopted.

"I give you the story as it occurred, leaving you to judge it for yourself. This I know, that but for the request to remain over preferred to me on Friday evening, I should certainly have been on board the steamer at the moment of the explosion, and most likely on the spot where all the passengers were assembled.

"There is another topic, touched upon in the the same number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, on which I desire to say a word, and that is, 'Dr. Newton, the Healing Medium.'

"The Doctor was in this city for a year, using his powers, and I had a good opportunity to learn all about them. Many of his cures were very wonderful, and the fame of them drew crowds around his house, so as to obstruct the side-walks. When I wrote my 'Letters to the Tribune' (included in my published Tracts), I knew something of his healing powers; but when I penned the seventh of those letters, I did not include him in my list of cases, because his powers were not then fully developed, as they were afterwards.

"I had become acquainted with him prior to that time, and it is to the manner in which I became thus acquainted that I wish to call your attention. This will not only tend to shew you the process of development, but also shews you what our mediums have sometimes had to endure in this country.

"It was sometime in 1858, I think, or perhaps in 1857, that an old gentleman of my acquaintance—a very worthy man—called on me, and told me that he had at his house a man who had made his escape from a lunatic asylum, and whom he did not believe to be deranged. The man had been concealed at his home for several days—the police had traced him there, and surrounded his house; but as he and his wife would not permit them to enter, the officers had contented themselves with constantly watching, and that was an annoyance the family would not endure much longer.

"I called upon the man, and discovered that he was not insane; that he was in a condition of high nervous excitability, and was a medium in the process of development. He was not himself aware of the true state of things, nor did he know what to do with the manifestations that were real to him, and yet beyond his control. He knew, however, that he was not insane, and was determined not to return to the asylum.

"He had been a merchant in this city, in partnership with his brother; had shown capacity for business, and had been successful. But this nervous excitability had affected him so, both mentally and physically, that his brother and his wife, in their profound ignorance of what it was, had resorted to legal proceedings, had readily obtained the necessary attestations to his insanity from ignorant physicians, and procured a magistrate's warrant for his commitment.

"He had been confined for several weeks in an asylum, and was in real danger, from the consequences of his confinement, of being made crazy.

"As my first step in the matter, I sent for his brother and for the superintendent of the asylum; and from my interviews with them, I learned their view of his case, and was fully confirmed in my own opinion of it. My next step was to instruct the man himself as to his own condition, and to shew him how to cure himself.

"After telling him that he was a medium, and assuring him that what was affecting him was that which I had witnessed in so many cases of development. I had to teach him that it was a matter under his own control, to show him how to control it, and to convince him that unless he exercised that power of control himself I could not help him. It was hard for him to learn the lesson at first. He had never been taught anything of the kind, and knew nothing of his own will-power over himself. Several days elapsed, many interviews with him were had, and experiments tried by him, until he discovered the important fact so necessary for him to learn.

"At length he became convinced that he had acquired the

necessary self-control, and to test him I subjected him to a severe ordeal. I required him to voluntarily return to the Asylum, in company with a police officer, and that in the presence of his brother, and to remain in the Asylum until he should convince the superintendent, and every one else, that he was sane.

"It was very hard work for him to consent to this. His suffering at the Asylum had been so great, that the thought of returning to it was horrible to him, but I deemed it necessary in order to satisfy him, as well as myself, that he had acquired a sufficient self-control. I reasoned the matter thus with him, and he consented to what I required. He returned to the Asylum. In three or four days afterwards he walked into my office openly, telling me that he had convinced the superintendent of his sanity, and had left without opposition from him or any one. He proceeded at once to arrange his affairs; left his family well cared for, and went West to seek his fortune. I occasionally heard from him as doing well, and in about a year's time he called upon me at my lodgings in New York.

"Originally I had discovered that he had medial powers, but what shape they were to assume I did not learn. But now I saw that he was to be a healing medium, for his power began already to show itself in that direction.

"He was then on his return to the West, and I heard no more of him for a year or two, until I was informed by a friend from Boston that he had been fully developed as a healing medium, and was then using his powers in Ohio, where this friend had seen him. Shortly afterwards he came East. He remained in this city a year, during which time he saw some 12,000 patients, and worked many wonderful cures. Since then he has been practising in Philadelphia, and he is now in Boston. And everywhere his remarkable power as a healing medium is displayed to the knowledge of thousands.

"This man is the Dr. J. R. Newton, spoken of in your May number. It is, I believe, his intention to visit England, in time. If he does come among you you will find him worthy of your regards, not only from his powers, but from his large integrity and benevolence."

The *Banner of Light*, May 2nd (Boston, U.S.A.), contains a letter concerning a short visit of Dr. Newton to Baltimore, from which we make the following extract, as a pendant to Judge Edmonds's letter. After telling us that the crowds seeking health and restoration of sight and limb had become so great that business in the immediate neighbourhood was obstructed and almost suspended, the writer adds:—

It would be impossible to enumerate the many wonderful cures performed

through his (Dr. Newton's) instrumentality during his short stay of about three weeks among us in an article for your columns; but I will mention a few that came under my immediate observation.

First, the sight of a boy, who had been blind three years, was restored almost instantly. Then a woman, who had been crippled seventeen years, was made to walk as vigorously as if in full health, in about seven minutes. Another most remarkable case was that of a woman who had lost all use of the muscular system, and had been confined to her bed, helpless and without speech, during the lengthened period of eleven years. This was the most utterly hopeless looking case among all that I witnessed. Had a corpse been laid upon his sofa, with the request that he should re-animate it, I would have thought it scarcely less rational. In about fifteen minutes that almost lifeless woman walked into the parlour, with assistance, and spoke, though feebly, to her friends.

I refer to these to show the character of some of his cases among the poor. They were paralleled by many among the wealthy and more fortunate of our citizens.

In one case an extensive ovarian tumour melted under his touch like ice under that of heated iron. A most interesting and accomplished young lady, who had been confined to her rooms some three years by a spinal injury, walked down to her breakfast next morning after a visit from Dr. Newton.

I will not trespass further upon your space by referring to particular cases, but will only say that they may be counted by hundreds, and that many earnest hearts are appealing to heaven to pour its blessings upon this noble benefactor to his race.

"May God preserve and prosper him," is the prayer of nearly all who have felt the vivifying power of his touch.

He has also exhibited a most large-hearted benevolence in distribution of pecuniary aid among his needy patients. His charities have been almost as unprecedented as his cures.

Yours, &c., WASH. A. DANSKIN.

Baltimore, April 19, 1863.

THE HAUNTED TOWER OF SPEDLINS, WITH A WORD OR TWO MORE ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF GHOSTS.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

THE old castle of Spedlins stands on a richly-wooded hill on the bank of the Annan, in Annandale, Dumfriesshire, in the south of Scotland, the river issuing into the Solway Frith, not many miles from the celebrated Gretna Green. Opposite to it, on the other bank of the river, stands Jardine Hall, the modern seat of the family of that name. A well-known artist of Newcastle-on-Tyne, being in Dumfriesshire some twenty years ago, was invited to go and spend a few days at this picturesque place by its possessor, Sir William Jardine. In a letter, which accidentally turned up amongst my papers the other day, this gentleman describes his journey through a very attractive region to pay this visit, accompanied by a friend. He says:—"We left Dumfries in a gig early on a lovely morning, and passed over a most interesting country, part of the road being over the moss where Dandy Dinmont and Brown escaped from the gipsies. I made

several sketches of Torthorold and Lochmaben, and also of the spot where Old Mortality was found dead, near the place of his residence, and his pony standing beside him. We had just left Lochmaben, when the sky began to darken, and we could see the tempest gathering all around us. It was a mountainous country, and the thunder began to roll fearfully among the hills."

The natural desire of the artist, on reaching Jardine Hall, was to sketch the picturesque old tower of Spedlins, and Sir William Jardine, then a young, active man, set out to accompany him and his friend across the river. The weather had proved stormy, as they had foreseen, and they found the Annan swollen by the rains. They had to cross by a conveyance peculiar to the country, called the "trows." This consisted of two long boxes fastened together at one end, and the two other ends kept pretty wide apart by an iron bar fixed about half way between them—**A** This curious punt thus assumed a triangular shape, and it was propelled across by Sir William, who stood at the acute angle, and pushed down a pole into the water, betwixt the angle and the cross iron bar, his two passengers occupying each the posterior end of one of the boxes. Our artist thought the transit in this style rather critical, for there were several small islands in the river, and the mountain stream, swollen by the rains, eddied around these so vigorously as to threaten capsizing. On nearing the farther bank, Sir William, taking the rope used to moor the "trows" in his hand, leaped on shore; but the rope, grown rotten by long exposure to sun and rain, snapped, and the two strangers found themselves rapidly hurrying towards a waterfall, which they heard roaring below. Sir William, hastening to a point of the bank, which they neared in their perilous course, arrested the "trow" by a pole, time enough to allow them to leap into the water, up to their chests, and so wade to shore. Some men on the bank also managed to secure the "trows."

Landing in this drenching condition, the artist and his friend found themselves also drenched from above. The storm had recommenced with fury: the rain fell in torrents, and Sir William, having to return home to an engagement, and having, in vain, invited them to return with him and change their dress, left the visitors to find shelter in the tower. Some mischievous person had, however, filled the lock of the door with stones, and they could not enter. In this plight the artist lost sight of his friend, but made his way to a cottage, the light from which he saw. There he stayed till it was growing dark, waiting in vain for the ceasing of the deluging storm. At length he issued forth, and sought his friend at the old tower. He found it open, but called in vain. He ascended the ancient stairs into the old baronial hall—descended the gloomy steps into

the dungeon beneath. All was dark, wild, and eery, for no friend was to be found. There was nothing for it but to endeavour to make his way back to the hall; but the trows were at the other side; the river deep, gloomy, and furious; the wind howling and tearing the trees to and fro with a roaring violence. In he waded, however, and, going ever deeper as he advanced, found himself within a few yards of the farther bank, up to the neck, no bottom to be felt by the next extended foot, and the stream rapidly lifting him, and about to bear him away. Frantically he flung his portfolio to the shore, snatched at a depending bough, and found himself, to his own amazement, on terra firma. As this is a very fitting introduction to a haunted spot, we may give the artist's own account of the circumstances which have conferred a ghostly reputation on the place.

"Spedlins Castle.—The tower of Spedlins was the scene of one of the best accredited and most curious ghost stories perhaps ever printed. Sir Alexander Jardine, of Applegarth, in the time of Charles II., had confined in the dungeon of the tower of Spedlins a fellow named Porteous, a miller, suspected of having wilfully set fire to his own premises. Being, soon after, suddenly called away to Edinburgh, he carried the key of the vault with him, and did not recollect or consider his prisoner's case till he was passing through the west port of Edinburgh, where, perhaps, the sight of the warder's keys brought the thing to his mind. Sir Alexander immediately sent back a courier to liberate the man; but Porteous had, in the mean time, died of hunger. It is said that famine constrained him to devour one of his own hands; and some steps of a stair, within the small dungeon, are shown, on which he was found stretched out in this deplorable condition. No sooner was the man dead, than his ghost began to torment the household, and no rest was to be had within the tower of Spedlins by night or by day. In this dilemma Sir Alexander, according to old use and wont, summoned a whole legion of ministers to his aid, and by their strenuous efforts Porteous was at length confined to the scene of his mortal agonies, where, however, he continued to scream occasionally at night 'Let me out! let me out! I'm deean o' hunger!'

"He also used to flutter like a bird against the door of the vault, and was always sure to remove the bark from any twig that was sportively thrust through the key-hole. The spell which thus bound the spirit to the dungeon was attached to a large black-letter Bible, used by the exorcists, and afterwards deposited in a stone niche, which still remains in the wall of the staircase; and it is certain that, after a lapse of many years, when the family repaired to a newer mansion—Jardine Hall—built on the other side of the river, the Bible was left behind to keep the restless

spirit in order. On one occasion, indeed, the volume requiring to be re-bound, was dispatched to Edinburgh; but the ghost, getting out of the dungeon and crossing the river, presented itself at the new house, and made such a disturbance—hauling the baronet and his lady out of bed, etc.—that the Bible was recalled before it reached the capital, and placed in its former situation.

“The good woman at the tower, who told Grose this story, in 1788, declared that, should it again be taken off the premises, no consideration whatever would induce her to remain there a single night. However, the ghost is either tired of its hauntings, or it dare not make its appearance in these modern and reforming times, for it is now several years since the present Lady Jardine had the Bible removed, and laid upon the hall table as a curiosity, where I have seen it. It is of Barker’s printing, dated 1634, and, besides being well bound, is carefully covered with rough calf skin.—T. M. R.”

There may probably be another reason than “these modern and reforming times” for the disappearance of the ghostly miller. Those to whom he owed his miserable death, have long disappeared from the place; and his revengeful soul may not find the same satisfaction in annoying their innocent descendants. Who knows, too, as his landlord, who forgetfully caused his death, has long been a denizen of the same spiritual world, whether he may not have found some means of satisfying his injured mind, or that Porteous himself, as we may reasonably hope, has advanced into a more Christian temper. The burning down of his premises indicates a fiery and revengeful nature, likely enough to seek every means of wreaking his resentment on his injurer. It would be a woeful idea that there are spirits so revengeful that no length of time could avail to raise them into a nobler tone, and yet some of the records of this kind would indicate that hundreds of years may elapse before such dark passions fade out of very degraded souls. This is one of those deep mysteries, which the revelations of the invisible world through apparitions open up awfully before us, and which make us feel how few and feeble are the glimpses permitted us, after all, of the future home of all mankind.

If evil and earthy spirits still hang around this outer life of ours, as a thousand circumstances indicate that they do, for even ages, what is the nature of the liberty thus accorded to such base or ignorant natures? What is the order of police there? What purpose is served in the great economy of God by this sufferance of the lingering and crowding of these earthy essences about the purlieus of humanity? Is it the retributive dispensation of corrupted souls,—of those who have given themselves up as the

willing slaves of vice and avarice, and the revellers in sensuality, and those who have ceased to entertain or conceive any world, or the enjoyment of any world but this?—of the thoroughly materialized philosopher, who has here sneered and spurned at every opening of higher influences towards him?—who has treated the spiritual as drivelling; the ethereal as madness; whose faculties have all converged and culminated into a material sharpness which did wonders in material discovery, because all the eye, and all the heart, and all the power of thought in his possession were metamorphosed by one sole material passion; one hope, energy, and ambition, into a life that was so kindred to this earth that it drew forth its hidden properties by something more than a sympathy—by a homogeneity of nature? Is it the age-long doom of those who denied that God and Christ still opened wide the valves of their inspiration to men: who flung it from them as fanaticism and superstition; who believed that the Creator, if he walked and talked with man at all, did it only at some far-back time?—of those who lived in the pride of intellect, and took to themselves and their own genius all the merit of the discoveries which came through them—who thought scorn that great artists and philosophers should receive new and “glorious ideas” by the ministry of angels?—of those who, hugging themselves in the idea of *their own* intellectual strength, forgot that “every good and perfect gift comes from above?” Is it the purgatory of these, and of the merchant, and the statesman, and whoever else grasped at the world and its fames, and possessions and honours, and built up great families and names, and “gave not God the glory?”

As these refused the kinship and companionship of the spiritual, as they smiled, in most complacent self-glorification, at the hints and evidences of a higher life ever hovering and breathing around them—are they destined to be, in their turn, cast off, for a time,—to our ideas, how long a time!—and suffered to gravitate to that old and sordid scene which alone they loved? Is it what is meant by that which is said, that “in those days shall men seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them?”

May it possibly be that in God’s wonderful recompenses and retributions, these spirits, so lofty in their own conceptions; so deaf in their pride to the meek teachings of the unseen Divinity; many of whom ignored, or boasted to ignore, if not God’s being, yet this gift of a distinct and imperishable spirit, will find themselves drawn down by their mere mundane tastes and habits to an association with the depraved of a different, and more vulgar stamp? That the high in pride, but low in genuine aspiration, will find themselves consorting with the other low, the igno-

rantly, the sensually, the grossly low? Strange yoke-fellows,—alike by one common link, the wanting of the heavenly, but so unlike still in taste, feeling, habit, temperament, and fancy, that their proximity itself must constitute the most exquisite of tortures?

Can this be the condition of those who by very different means, but by one great error have forfeited their right, at least for a great disciplining period, to the “tree of life,” and to “the entry through the gates into the city.” That, indeed, is a singular and a startling passage in the last chapter of Revelations, where when the spiritually and heavenly-minded have cast off the last soils of earth, and have passed into the presence of “the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last,” who have made good their “right to the tree of life,” and the entrance into the eternal city—these are shut out. At the very gates of this divine capital of purified and enfranchised man, it is fearful to find the crowding swarms of these earth-worshipping souls. “For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters (all those who worship whatever is not divine), and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.”

It is a very common idea that tales of hauntings are something to make merry over; but if there be any truth in a thousand revelations by apparition, or otherwise, as by the peculiar condition of Swedenborg, in statements in different ages and nations, there is no philosophy, and few religions, which have a doctrine so awful as these hauntings. What do they tell us? Of souls tortured by the crimes of this life, by the memory of “the deeds done in the body.” Of souls who are ever striving and knocking, kicking and thundering at the gates of earth which have closed behind them, in the vain endeavour to make themselves heard by their fellow-men; who long with a burning desire, hot as that of the tongue-scorched Dives, to snatch the seemingly poor consolation of speaking out to those left behind, the crime which festers and corrodes within them. Souls bound to earth as by an almighty spell, and yet not admitted to that earth. Unable to advance to purer regions, because the word stands written on the eternal oracles that were for a life-time offered to them, day by day, that as the tree falls so it lies. The word which says, “that which is earthy, let it be earthy still,” and that “still,” if not a for-ever, yet of such a duration as seems to the human imagination almost a for-ever. Why, the poor Squire and Dame Children had been flitting about the wretched grange of Ramhurst from the days of George II., yet incapable of taking hold of a single angelry in the infinite world into which they had entered. The miserable burgomaster of Wimmenthal, whose haunting of the House of

Correction at Weinsberg, compelled the appointment of a commission of inquiry, as related by Dr. Kerner, the physician to the establishment, had, according to his own account, been an outcast from heaven, an intruder on earth for 400 years. His crime was the defrauding of some orphan wards, and his father, who had aided him in the crime, attended him in the shape of a black dog. "Without there are dogs." Such was the filthy condition of this spirit that the gentlemen of the commission, were almost suffocated when he came, and the women prisoners in that ward were often made violently sick by his cadaverous smell, realizing what Plato says of such gross spirits haunting tombs and graves. There are said to be evidences of the spirits haunting Willington Mill, having done so to an older house on the same spot for 200 years, and a clairvoyant from a distance, wholly unacquainted with the facts of the case, Mr. Procter says, being asked to go in a trance to this mill a few years ago, not only accurately described the two spirits frequently seen there, but said that they were gone down so deep into the earth, and were in so fearful a condition, that she was afraid to approach them, and in great agony entreated those about her to awake her. The history of haunting presents numbers of such cases.

Now, what inferences are we to draw from such cases? That there is no regulation in the first region of the intermediate state bordering on this earth, for the marching of such spirits off to their destination? That God has no police there, as we have here? That such disorderly souls are suffered for ever to hang about the outlets of this planet, and block up the thoroughfares of onward life for ever? By no means. That great numbers of such spirits still hang around us, the revelations of Swedenborg assert, and those of Spiritualism confirm. But it is simply because the first stage of spiritual life is the only stage to which such gross and heavy essences can attain. They can no more advance into the next and purer state than we can advance out of our material atmosphere. There is a natural, as well as a moral obstacle; or, rather, the moral and natural one are the same. There is, in the words of the Gospel, "a great gulf fixed" between every progressional stage or sphere, impossible to be passed without the throwing off an amount of earthiness which can no more get into that place than a fish can get into the air and live. Impurity of soul is not a mere phrase, much less a mere disposition; it is a state, a substantial fact, which never can be escaped from except by the one grand process announced by Christ—being born again. And how hard is that process to those who have thrown the whole energies of this whole life into the spirit of this life, is shown by the long and weary period in which such souls often haunt the dreary threshold of our earth. God,

undoubtedly, will send them off, up or down, some day, from thus blocking up the postern doors of existence; but his patience is wonderful—his processes are often slow to our thinking, “one day being as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day” with him. As Philip Bailey says,—

“He takes a thousand years to lift his hand off.”

Now, whilst our critics, who refuse to learn, go on telling us that Spiritualism teaches us nothing, there are such tremendous truths as these, amid other and more consolatory ones, that it is teaching us—that Scripture asserts a plain truth, and not a mere figure of speech, when it says, what we sow here we shall certainly reap hereafter. If we sow to corruption, we shall reap corruption. If we sow only earth, we are not likely to reap heaven, but something a very long way short of it. The old dogmas of pulpit theology, that no sooner shall we cast off our mortal bodies than, by a kind of spiritual hocus-pocus, we shall cast off our present tastes, habits, sins, and follies, finds no place in the revelations of Spiritualism.

Spiritualism teaches that this earth is a birth-place of souls, who, as they acquire a consciousness of their peculiar existence, find themselves presented with a Divine Manual explaining the objects of their creation, and the rules by which these are to be prosecuted and attained. They see there, and every day's experience confirms the fact, that this stage of existence is but a mere preliminary; but it is the school of the infinite and the permanent. That here we are to grow and form ourselves into what we are to be, and that not too much time is allowed for the purpose. Yet the bulk of mankind, though they see all this, admit it, and profess to act upon it, immediately fix their nails into the earth as barnacles attach themselves to a ship's bottom, and act as though they were resolved never to let go. They gather, build, scheme, accumulate, fashion their tastes, mould their desires and sentiments, all to the genius of this temporary platform. Their hour of exit, spite of this, comes; they are wrenched off from their sticking place by Death, and they enter on their second stage as thoroughly unfurnished for it as a caterpillar is for flying. Pulpit theology says,—“Cry to God at the last moment”—the God whose manual and vade-mecum you have all along had, and the plainest text of which is, that you are not to expect to gather ‘figs from thistles;’ and, heigh presto! all will be right!” Plead Christ's merits, without having any of your own, and he will instantly perform a miracle—turn you from a very worldly, scrubby, and gnarled old sinner, all rusted, and crusted, and cankered through with this worldism, with avarice and pride, and with a selfishness as tough as ten

gutta-perchas, instanter into a most holy, lovely, mild, gracious, and God-and-man-loving angel, and introduce you as very good company for those who have gone altogether upon another tack, and been all their lives "doing justice, loving mercy, and walking humbly with their God."

Spiritualism believes in many miracles, but not in such a miracle as that. It does not believe in burnt brick being remodelled at pleasure like soft, unburnt clay. It does not believe that if you choose to make a scorpion, a swine, or a monkey of yourself, during the whole of this plastic and formative life, you can be metamorphosed into a cherub, or a seraph, without a pretty long process, and a most effectual scouring. If we do these things in the green tree, the divine question is, what shall we do in the dry? If we suffer the earth wholly to absorb us, and infiltrate and permeate us, converting us into the earthy, as petrifying water converts wood into stone, when we step into the spiritual world we shall have nothing in common with its higher conditions, and the history of hauntings tells a fearful tale of the age-long difficulty of re-grasping that fine, ethereal life which we have abandoned for the dust and garbage of time.

And now let us imagine what must be the torture, the mortification to ambitious souls—to those who on this temporary earth were resolved to be something higher than their fellows; who strained all their powers, and sacrificed every noble principle to take the first rank, to have the first honours; who must be of "the upper crust of society;" who would own no clay in their composition but the finest porcelain clay; for these to be set down in the lowest regions of spirit life, left to crawl amongst the very reptiles of grossness and vulgarity, whilst from day to day they see those who had remembered that earth was but the porch of life—eternity the great and illimitable house; and who had been in their earthly vessels cherishing the divine light and life of love—love to God manifested by love to man; received at the door of spirit existence, by those friends who had gone before, with songs and music, and conducted onward to that higher place which was in accordance with their higher condition. Do we not see in this a teaching of God, a teaching by punishment, a teaching by the means of the very ambition of these souls, which explains in a great degree their rueful hovering so long about this earth? and have we not here the verification of the words of our Saviour, "for many who are first shall be last, and the last shall be first?"

And as to that reception into life by friends and spirit-guardians, does not almost every death-bed of a good man or woman attest it? Do we not constantly find them, as the hour

of transition approaches, when that great awakening comes on the very worst and the very best, that what the country people have for ages called "the lightening before death," when the soul sees, knows, remembers everything of the past existence in a moment, when a great cloud seems rolled away, and the impression is, "Vanity of vanities, all here is vanity." When the silver cord is in the act of loosening, the golden bowl is breaking, the pitcher is breaking at the fountain, and the wheel at the cistern, then what thousands of loving and trusting spirits hear music of celestial orchestras, see sights that kindle their faces with a divine beauty, and irradiate them with smiles of rapture. The beloved of the past and the happiest days stand round them, and say—"Up! come with us! we are all here, the oldest and the youngest, ay, the very little ones who slid away so soon that they have long been dead to all the world but to one little, sacred, never-forgetting spot—the mother's heart. All are here!" Jacob Böhme asked his son if he did not hear that heavenly music, and bade him set open the door that he might hear it better. Mrs. Jameson, who in her day-time used to look very wise over the matter of Spiritualism, in her last hour looked up smilingly as at something above her, and her last words were, "Beautiful! beautiful!" The good Dr. Leifchild, whose very interesting life has just been published by his son, said to his niece, just before he died, "What! don't you hear it? don't you hear it? those heavenly harps?" and then, as if losing all cognizance of this world, he added, in soliloquy, "You can't all go in with me. I must go first; but keep close behind me, and open the gates wide, wide, wide for all!"

The annals of the good are voluminous with such divine recognition. If they tell us anything it is that those, "not dead, but gone before," come then faithfully; have long been working for that advent of the kindred souls; and come in troops and with instruments of music and instruments of protection, a celestial guard through the low first borderlands, haunted by the heavy souls and the unclean souls, protecting them from "the dogs that are without," and escorting them to their appointed "houses, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Numerous too are the narratives of great men, and so-called wise men, of the earth, whose ends have taught the other and fearful side of the lesson. "Who have come in with vanity, and have departed in darkness." The veil that is lifted by these ghosts, who ever and anon, give us some glimpses of themselves, and are received by the other wise men who have succeeded them in their vanity and darkness; with merriment and scorn, is the accordant sequel to such ends. In a word, the much ridiculed history of ghosts is just one of the things in

which the foolishness of God is so much better than the wisdom of man. It teaches exactly what the Scripture teaches, what the greatest men have taught; what the inner consciousness of the universal human heart teaches; and what the philosophy of prudence teaches,—that the credulous folly of clowns and gossips, the bugbears of the nursery, and the village ale-bench, are but the mock-sun of unenquiring superstition, which could not, however, exist if there were no real sun; but the wisdom of the matter is, not to cast aside every story without examination, nor to take every story without examination; but that, having sifted and winnowed your chaff, if there be some grain left, don't be so foolish as to throw away that. A man may be wise or foolish in dealing with anything, but assuredly that is not wisdom which neither thrashes nor winnows, but flings chaff and corn together upon the dunghill of the pedant. And this is my idea of the philosophy of haunting ghosts.

Happily there are visits of ghosts of another kind. Those apparitions which do not attach themselves persistently to one spot often for a long period, and frequently for no intelligible purpose, but come like a flash from heaven on some solemn occasion and then are gone. These are such as, leaving the body in some far-off place, notify to their friends by their presence the fact. Such as are drawn by a natural yearning to give a passing good-bye to those they love, in the very act of passing to a higher life. Such as come to warn of death or of danger, and having discharged their loving mission, are seen no more. This is the bright side of apparitionism, as kindly and consolatory in its nature as the other is dark and yet instructively fearful.

BEN JONSON A MEDIUM.

BEN JONSON, says Drummond, of Hawthornden (*Works*, folio, 1711), told me that about the time the plague raged in London, being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Camden, he saw in a vision his eldest son, then a young child, and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloody cross upon his forehead, as if it had been cut with a sword; at which, amazed, he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Camden's chamber to tell him, who persuaded him it was but an apprehension at which he should not be dejected. In the meantime, there came letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him, he said, of a manly shape, and of that growth he thinks he shall be at the resurrection. The plague here mentioned must be that which raged with so much fury in the summer of 1603.—*Biographia Britannica*.

MYSTIC NUMBERS.

WHILE writing a work on the Book of Daniel and examining the subject of prophecy, I was led to investigate the subject of numbers as presented in the Scriptures, and arrived at some singular results which produced these conclusions:—

That ideas were originally expressed by a presentation to the senses of quantities and forms, the latter taken from animal life. That numbers are universal and have never varied, nor can man vary them; that they are of Divine origin, whilst letters and their various combinations into words are a subsequent invention of man.

Hence when an idea was given, it was expressed by a number; and the various modifications and attributes of the idea, by the various combinations of the number. Hence also when a man was spoken of, the idea was expressed by a number, and all his attributes by combinations of the number; and this pervades the Scriptures. I find the number of man was nine,—the highest and last numeral.

There are many persons who understand the singular attributes of the number nine, different from all other numbers; but for the uninitiated I will give a few illustrations. Take any sum you please, say 42, multiply by nine or three and three, and the product is 378, the sum total of which numerals is 18 or twice nine, and the 18 in sum total is once nine. Now that sum may be multiplied by any number again, and it will not destroy this property of the remainder,—that is, that the sum total of the numerals of which the product is composed shall be an even product of nine; as for instance, 378 multiplied by 4 equals 1,512, sum total 9. Again, 1512 multiplied by 6 equals 9072, sum total 18 or twice 9. Again, all the numerals (from 1 to 9 inclusive) combined amount to 45 or 9; and if you multiply all the numerals (123456789) by 9, the sum will be 9 ones; multiplied by 18 or twice 9, the sum will be 9 twos; and so on up to 9 nines or 81. These are a few of the many attributes of this number, not possessed by any other except to some extent of the number 3, of which 9 is the square. These computations extend beyond mathematical acumen, as does the formation of man.

The notations to the letters of the ancient languages I take to be their predecessors,—the spelling having been first done in numbers. Thus man in the most ancient Hebrew was spelled 1440, or thus A. 1, d. 4, m. 40.

The number nine pervaded the calculations and expressions of the East previous to the Israelitish church; but in that period a system of calculations based on the number 7 was inaugurated.

The periods at first were calculated as of 360 days, and this stood for a year long after the people must have known it was astronomically wrong; yet it represents a complete circle or a sun or a symbol of God, which, when reduced to the Hieroglyphic mode of expression by animals, became a serpent with his tail in his mouth making a circle,—first a symbol of Deity, then degenerated into a god; this transition is thus marked in Gen. xvii. 5. when Abraham's name was changed: the sum of the letters Abram amounted to 243 or one 9; whilst that of Abraham was 248, amounting to 14 or two sevens.

The representative men of those days, Enoch, Job, Methusaleh, &c., contained the sum of nine in their names, as did Nebuchadnezzar, to whom the Israelites *went back* into captivity.

These are by no means the only evidences of this theory in the East previous to the Babylonish captivity. Temples were built to represent the idea of a man. They were a microcosm of a man. The Jewish temple was built upon Divine instruction, plans and measurements (II. Chron. iii. 3.): its length was 60 cubits, its breadth 20, and its height 120; hence its solid contents were 144,000, or the measure of a man—containing one nine. The measurement given (I. Kings vi. 2.) gives of solid contents but 36,000 cubits, yet the principle is the same—one nine; and Josephus gives us yet another, being 72,000 and 144,000—still the same principle. And this extends throughout all the plans—the numbers of rooms, the measurements of the porch; to such an extent, *without* any exception, as to exclude the idea of its being an accidental coincidence.

We next come to the temple seen in vision by Ezekiel, where the angel had a measuring reed “six cubits long by a cubit and a hand in breadth.” (Ezek. xl. 6.) The breadth of the building was one reed or six cubits or 18 spans or 36 hand-breadths or 108 thumb-breadths or 144 finger-breadths, these being the measures then used. And the height was one reed, the length 100 cubits, giving a solid contents of 36,000 cubits—again the same sum of one nine. And so with the measurements throughout this vision.

We may now go back to Noah's temple or ark or church, and the solid contents is 450,000 cubits. So in Deut. iii. 11., Og's bedstead was nine cubits long by four broad, “*after the cubit of a man,*”—making 36 cubits or one nine.

We next come to the measurement of the city of the New Jerusalem as seen descending by John, Rev. c. xxi. He says, “I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty is the temple of it.” Looking to a future different state in accordance with the promise contained in Jer. xxxi. 31., “Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the

house of Israel. . . . After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts, and will be their God, and they shall be my people, and they shall teach no more every man his neighbour and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they shall all know me," &c. Now this spiritual state or city was foursquare, the length as large as the breadth, which was 12,000 furlongs, the length, breadth and height being equal. This gives a surface measurement of 144,000,000, or solid measurement of 144,000,000,000, each containing the *nine*,—"And he measured the wall thereof 144 cubits, according to *the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.*" Again all these measurements are on the same principle, from which we may plainly understand the Scripture thus: The Israelitish being a church of types and symbols, the temple there was the microcosm of humanity, to the innermost part of which the High Priest went at stated intervals and received the Word from the Holy Spirit.

When this system passed away, Christ inaugurated a new state wherein the type gave way to the reality, and man was initiated into his position as the Temple of the Holy Spirit, according to the same measure, and what John saw was the idea of the regenerate man or the true measure of humanity,—a temple no longer made with hands, but the temple that Christ raised in three days, where no priest is needed to teach his neighbour who is God; for God is in the Holy of Holies of His newly erected temple in the New Jerusalem. Hence it looks as though 144 was the measure of a man, or true temple of the Lord's spirit.

Now there is another *man*, and to express him we require another combination of the *nine*, and we have it in Rev. xiii. 18., and it reads thus: "Here is wisdom. Let him that hath understanding count the number of the beast: *for it is the number of a man*; and his number is Six hundred threescore and six," *i.e.* 666, equal to 18 or two nines.

I will not multiply these illustrations, but if you think this worthy, I can give some researches in chronology as respects the Hebrew Scriptures, wherein I produce results from the number *seven*, as strange and interesting as the above. R. A. W.

[Swedenborg states that all numbers in the Word signify things and states. The most ancient people, who were celestial and discoursed with angels, formed ecclesiastical computation by numbers, whereby they expressed universally those things, which by words they expressed singularly; but in process of time what these numbers involved became lost, except some general idea concerning certain numbers which have always retained a symbolic character.

That the number nine should be the number of a man, appears consistent with its character as being the head of the numerals. It is the completest of all numbers, being three multiplied into itself, and having its origin in the Divine Trinity.

Also that the number seven being the dominant number in the Israelitish church, arises from that number signifying what is holy, and therefore peculiarly applicable to a church which was, throughout, representative of holy things.

As we return towards the first order of things, there will be revived the knowledges concerning numbers that then obtained.—Ed. of *The Crisis*, America.]

PARALLEL PASSAGES.

“And I felt that thought and action were no longer connected with the earthly tenement, but that they were in a spirit-body in every respect similar to the body which I knew to have been mine, and which I now saw lying motionless before me on the bed.”—*Home's Incidents in My Life*, p. 44.

“Sudden arose

Ianthe's soul; it stood
All beautiful in naked purity;
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame,
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace,
Each stain of earthliness
Had passed away; it reassumed
Its native dignity, and stood
Immortal amid ruin.

Upon the couch the body lay,
Wrapt in the depth of slumber;
Its features were fixed and meaningless,
Yet animal life was there,
And every organ yet performed
Its natural functions; 'twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The selfsame lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there;
Yet, oh how different!”

Shelley's Queen Mab.

COUNT DE M——, when Minister at Stockholm, was staying at the house of the Count d'Uglas, after the Countess and his young daughter, who was in a bad state of health, had left him on their way to Paris. One morning he told the Count and Countess d'Uglas that he had passed a very uncomfortable night, for that he had continually seen a kneeling figure, sometimes on one, sometimes on the other side of his bed, and that though the back was turned to him, it perfectly resembled his daughter. The impression was so strong upon his mind, that he sketched the figure, which in fact did resemble hers. On comparing dates, it afterwards appeared that his daughter had died at that very time.—*Autobiography of Miss Knight*.

EXTERNAL SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.—HOW PRODUCED.

It is admitted by the scientific that certain substances and localities generate, absorb, condense, and concentrate the electric element. Spirits mingle and temporarily interfuse their own spherulic electric emanations with this pervading physico-electric element, which then serves as an intermediate agent by which they act upon grosser matter. This is in perfect harmony with our own experience in daily life. How do *we* move, walk, or pick up? Neither our legs, arms or hands, do this or that of themselves. They are but *agents* acted upon and moved by some hidden force. We say the mind. But the mind, so far removed from the grossness of obvious materiality, must itself have intermediates. Bone, flesh, muscle, the *electric* and *magnetic* forces, and the still more refined nerve element, afford these. They all push one upon and into the other; and so the chain, commenced in thought, is carried along and ends in action. Spirits, then, by this interfusion of their *vital* magnetic and electric forces with the in-dwelling and surrounding local *physico-electric* and magnetic elements, get into connection with ponderable masses. The mind conceives, the will starts, the magnetic and electric currents expand and contract, the motion shoots along the line, takes hold of every fibre of the mass, and grasps the substance itself; *that* is obedient to the intelligence guiding all, and under its direction the manifestation is produced.

How do spirits rap? Upon the identical principle educing the thunder-clap. Two clouds, the one charged with the *positive*, and the other with the *negative* electric element, meet, and forthwith the shock and clap takes place. The *positive* cloud rushes upon the sufficiently substantiated resisting *negative* one, and the detonation, proportionate to the vigour of the charge, and the measure of resistance, strikes upon the auditory sense. Now spirits must have a sufficient quantity, and a proper quality, of the positive and negative *physical* and *vital* electricities, to give the *rap*. They use a nicely adjusted battery. All the difficulty, then, in making the detonation rests in the procuration of a proper battery. Hence, though they find in our bodies a certain amount and quality of the *vital* electricities, and in tables, floors and walls, a given measure of *physical* electricities, they *generally* do not, without a special developing process on their part, find the adapted quantity and quality in human forms and in inanimate substances. So they must prepare the physical constitutions of mediums to evolve the necessary forces. Occasionally, it is true, they discover mediums whose natural

physical qualities supply the requisite elements. It will be observed, that most rapping mediums possess active sanguine or nervous temperaments, evolving and throwing off large quantities of vital magnetism and electricity. Spirits desire to rap on a table. The medium is near by. By an exercise of will they surcharge that table *from* the mediatorial sphere with a sufficient amount of the adapted quality of electricity. There was in the table a measure of physical electricity, but not *vital* enough, or sufficiently compacted and condensed in it. They prepare the negative pole of the required battery, thus, in that table; then they positively *will* from themselves, and there goes streaming, in a fine current, obliquely downward—an electric force positive to the element filling the interstices of the table. The shock ensues, and the *rap* is heard. The resistance to the projected force is from the pores of the wooden mass, permeated by the negative electric element. You may beat the air with as huge a club as you can wield, but no sound save the whirring of the club cleaving the atmosphere is heard. There must be, as in the cloud, an *adequate* resistance. Now the electricity in the table is the medium through which the positive descending force takes hold of as it *strikes* the wooden substance—and the sound—the *rap* goes forth from that. The need is of a properly prepared *resistance*—a fitted battery. Electricity from the spirit, or spirits has a certain affinity for the electricity in the table. It does not strike the wooden substance primarily—it is seeking a *resting resistance*—and shoots along and through the element in the table into it, and forcibly impinges upon its porous mass. You can't get a rap on the *air*. A cloud is a certain substance.

When spirits desire to rap on walls, floors, or on stone or metallic substances, the *modus operandi* is the same. In all of these reside certain electricities, which may be increased as to quantity, or modified as to quality, from the fullness of the medium's prepared electric sphere. We have used the term *electric* in its general and convertible sense. It is but *one* agent, or force, but it differs in its kinds and qualities.

And spirits, also, *tip* tables, chairs and ponderable matter of heavier weight. To do this, the human medium is, likewise, generally needed. We would remark that there is a difference in the quality and quantity of vital electricity in the tipping medium from the one sphered for rapping. In the former, that element is not necessarily so largely evolved and thrown off—nor is it of so vital and intense a nature—at least, in mere gentle tipping of a table. Yet an individual may be, and frequently is, both fitted as a medium for tipping and rapping. When, too, huge and very ponderable substances are tipped or rocked, the electric element must be rapidly and largely evolved, and be of

sufficient density. Suppose the table is to be tipped. The medium, one either naturally so, from idiosyncrasy of physical constitution, or prepared and developed in this sphere by the appropriate manipulatory magneto and electro-surchargements and *equalization* of the spirits—is seated at it, with hands upon its surface. Affinities ever fuse, or seek fusion. The evolved mediatorial electricity, streams from the body and hands, envelopes and fills the partly naturally charged table, *marries* with its indwelling life, and they—these forces—become one. So the medium and the table may be said to be *sphered* together, through the fusion of the electric elements. Spirits take hold of and tip the table through the mediatorial electric sphere enveloping and permeating it. The will to tip goes forth in a stream of their own aroal electricity, fuses with that surrounding the medium, strikes into the pores of the table, grasps its mass, which, obedient to the intelligence moving, tips as directed. The arms of the medium are as wires, along which the current from the willing intelligence rushes. The individual is emphatically a *medium* between the moved substance and the mover—a spirit, or spirits. They do not so much operate upon the current in the arms of media, as they grasp the table itself. Hence, if they desire, or are requested to move or lift a particular *leg*, they take hold of *it*, through the medium of the surrounding and permeating electric element. How this is done, we think we have shown.

Undeveloped spirits from the grossness and density of their spherul emanations, and so, from being more in affinity with gross matter, more readily move solid substances; and frequently are employed by higher authority to give physical demonstrations. Educated or advanced spirits cannot so easily, if at all, from their spherul evolvements—so fine and refined are these—*without prepared apparatus*, take hold of and move gross matter.

Spirits *write* by control of the arm and hand; they control the nervous centres, and voluntary motions leading to the arm. They so get in the sphere of a man that, mingling theirs with his, the spiritual will operates upon the mediatorial organism, intercepting the electric flow between the arm and the battery—the brain. There is no need of absolute paralyzation of the will, but only of a sufficient abeyance of it as respects the voluntary use of the arm on the part of the medium. Then they grasp the arm—say at the wrist and above the elbow—just as they take hold of any material substance as heretofore explained. The usual voluntary control is held in abeyance. The arm, then, becomes, in part, an unresisting machine. They move that machine. They take hold of it through the medium of the electric element. The arm is full of that. And just as we, each of us, by an exercise of will, shoot along the nerves currents of electricity, positive and

negative—which by expansion and contraction move muscle, that grasping the bone and the mass of flesh—and so use the arm, just so do spirits use the member they control. They will the arm to write—and forthwith proceeds from them the sufficient force to control it, as we will, and control, and use any member of our bodies. Then, too, it is not always or absolutely necessary for the spirit to grasp the arm with its hands. A circle of spirits projecting an irresistible combined and united will-force, striking down in a compact current of electricity—the power of the current proportionate to their willing force—may, miles away and off, write through a medium. Let the medium sit passive—the arm in an easy rest—with pen in hand—then the forceful current freighted with a strong, guiding will-power, descending penetrates through all the muscular fibres and nervous tissues of the arm, controls these through the medium of the indwelling electricity, and uses—and *writes* by that member and its hand.

In some individuals the *involuntary* resistance is greater than in others—in some to that degree as not to permit a conscious automatic control. Hence, it is sometimes necessary for the medium to be magnetized before the spirits can sufficiently control the hand to write through it. In some cases there is not a sufficiently continuous repose to admit of spirits' control. The cause of this is either an irritable nervous condition, or an exceeding activity of temperament, approximating to an unbalanced condition. It is clear to the writer, that if this method of control could be generally and easily obtained in the mediatorial sphere, it would the more manifest its work; for spirits love to write their exact thought, even if they cannot give it the desired dress. Ideas from spirits coming even by automatic or mechanical writing, apparel themselves in part, from the mind-sphere of the medium. Those conversant with this method of manifestation well know that fact. The thought may be from a disembodied intelligence, but the orthography and syntax will often be the medium's.

Notices of Books.

Passages in the Life of Dr. Leifchild, Minister of Craven Chapel.

By his Son, J. R. LEIFCHILD, A.M.

DR. LEIFCHILD says that his father, a cooper, of Barnet, and a Methodist in religion, “believed in all John Wesley’s ghost-stories, and in the spirit-origin of all the odd noises which the founder of Methodism described with so much detail as disturbing the peace of the Wesley family.”

“He always expected to see a spirit from the regions beyond the grave, nor did he dread, but rather coveted the interview.

On one occasion, after having preached at a distance from home, on the text, 'Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water,' he found upon his return, on a dark Sunday night, a considerable part of the road completely overflowed, and the waters rising higher and higher. At first he drew back; but recollecting the text from which he had been preaching, he chid himself for his unbelief, and boldly committed himself to the waters. He was borne along safely, but in what manner he never could determine. He declared that he was filled with divine peace and satisfaction of mind, and, to his astonishment, he found himself, after some considerable time, safe on the other side. Even on his death-bed he retained a recollection of the peace he then enjoyed."—p. 13.

"Our family," says Leifchild, "was not without its tales of wonder and superstition. My grandfather's credulity has already been mentioned; and one of his daughters could a tale unfold that would enthrall the young, if it only amused the old. One of his sisters, also, was a believer in ghosts and ghost-lore, and could narrate a tale which she solemnly declared to be a true history. This shall be related in my father's words, as it happened in his St. Alban's period.

"I will give an account of an occurrence which soon after befel my aunt, for the truth of which, as an event, I can vouch, but of which I can offer no solution. She was standing in a little shop fronting the street while a customer was being served. On a sudden, her absent son passed in the street before her, and, as he passed, gave her a look of recognition, which so surprised and overjoyed her, that, forgetting everything else, she rushed into the street after him. When there, she could not see him, and concluded that he was gone to the alley, which led to the abbey, (my father pointed this out to me, and the place of apparition) and meant to hide himself away. We went, as soon as we could assemble, in search of him, but could not discover any trace of the son. My aunt then concluded that she had seen his spirit, and fell seriously ill. I noted the circumstances in writing at the time, and pondered over them.

"A few weeks afterwards my father came to see us, and my aunt truly divined his errand. He had received a letter from the captain of the ship in which her son was sailing, stating that the unfortunate lad had fallen from the mast, and fractured his skull. While lying on his death-bed he directed the captain to write to my father, whose address he named. The dates of this misfortune and the hallucination corresponded precisely. The deceased was a clever, amiable, and handsome youth; and his mother never completely recovered her animation after his death.'"—p. 21.

It is worth while to ask here, in passing, how long educated men will continue to use such words as superstition and hallucination, in relating psychological facts, from fear of being thought credulous? Here we have Mr. Leifchild, an A.M., stating that his family had its tales of wonder and *superstition*, and he relates, as one of those superstitions, the circumstance just quoted, which his father asserts to be "an event for which he can vouch." Here we have Dr. Leifchild himself, a D.D., and minister of the Gospel, relating as an event a mother seeing the apparition of her son who was killed that moment at sea, and he calls the mother's seeing him an "hallucination." Now, Walker defines superstition to mean "unnecessary fear, or scruples in religion; religion without morality; false religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence; over-nicety; exactness too scrupulous." Let Mr. Leifchild apply any of these meanings to the fact related, and see what nonsense it makes. Was the mother's seeing the apparition of her son—a fact proved by the subsequent news—"an unnecessary fear, or scruple in religion?" was it "religion without morality?" was it "false religion; reverence of beings not proper objects of reverence?" was it "an over-nicety; an exactness too scrupulous?" or was it, in truth, a simple, honest fact, which Mr. Leifchild was afraid of calling by its right name, and therefore fell into some sad twaddle?

But the learned doctor, his father, cuts as bad a figure from the same moral cowardice. This, which he calls—"an event for which he can vouch," the mother seeing her son at the moment of his death far away at sea—an "hallucination." What is an hallucination? Turn to Walker, and it is "an error, a blunder, a mistake." Where was the error, the blunder, the mistake? Certainly not in the mother, whom the doctor admits to have seen a reality—"an event for which he could vouch;" the error, blunder, and mistake are in the doctor, who dared not to say that it was a genuine sight of her son, though it was an event to be vouched by him, and so talks, like his son, only nonsense.

"One Sabbath morning," here Dr. Leifchild himself is speaking of an incident during his ministry at Kensington, "a singular lapse of memory befel me, which I had never before and have never since experienced. When I rose from sleep, I could not recollect any portion of the discourse which I had prepared on the day before; and what was most strange, I could not even remember the text of the prepared sermon. I was perplexed, and walked out before breakfast in Kensington Gardens. While there a particular text occurred to my mind; and my thoughts seemed to dwell upon it so much that I resolved to preach from that, without further attempting to recal what I had prepared, a thing which I had never ventured to do during all my ministry.

“ From this text I preached, and it was ‘ Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.’ I preached with great liberty, and in the course of the sermon I quoted the lines—

“ ‘ Beware of desperate steps ! the darkest day—
Live till to-morrow—will have passed away.’ ”

“ I afterwards learned that a man in despair had that very morning gone to the Serpentine to drown himself in it. For this purpose he had filled his pockets with stones, hoping to sink at once. Some passengers, however, disturbed him while on the brink, and he returned to Kensington, intending to drown himself in the dusk of the evening. On passing my chapel he saw a number of people crowding into it, and thought he would join them in order to pass away the time. His attention was rivetted to the sermon, which seemed to be in part composed for him, and when he heard me quote the lines alluded to, he resolved to abandon his suicidal intention.”—p. 101.

At page 119 Dr. Leifchild both asserts his belief in “ a special retributive providence even in this life,” and in his own occasional gift of prophecy. The passage provokes some remark, whether there was not rather a triumph in the good man’s mind over his fallen enemy, and as to what others might and often do call a coincidence ; but we give it as it is, and are glad to find the same persons who hold spiritual revelations at one time to be superstitions, and at another to be hallucinations, at others admit them to be religious truths. A brother minister had maligned Dr. Leifchild, and his son and biographer thus proceeds :—

“ The good man’s rooted conviction was that all such persons as his unamiable backbiter would certainly be punished, either in themselves or their children, for such misdeeds as the one specified ; and this belief he held most strongly in relation to all injuries inflicted on God’s righteous ministers. Of course, therefore, while he endeavoured to forgive his base brother, he prophecied in his own home that the said brother would be punished in this world, in himself or his household, though he himself might not hear of it. But the remarkable thing is that he *did* hear of it, and in a singular manner. Later in life a lady, who was in urgent need of money, applied to him by letter, and founded his claim to notice on the fact that she was the daughter of his old friend (!) at Bristol, naming the very minister who had been the base brother. My father shewed me the letter with the air of a man who finds a long-maintained theory strikingly confirmed. ‘ Here,’ said he, ‘ is the fulfilment of my prophecy. Here is the daughter of my old enemy in absolute distress. Who could have conceived this would happen when I was at

Bristol, and he was in the height of his pride? I will send her a sovereign, not because she has any claim upon me, but because I wish to prove to my own mind that I have forgiven her father's malignity.'” And he said it, says the son without any allusion to the past, of which the daughter was probably uninformed.

At Bristol, Dr. Leifchild became acquainted with John Foster, the celebrated author of the *Essay on the Evils of Popular Ignorance*, and many other compositions, the profound knowledge of human nature and acute analysis of character displayed in which warrant the high estimation in which he is held by the Congregationalists and a large public beside. We are glad to learn that “Mr. Foster had a firm belief in many stories of supernatural appearances;” and, says Dr. Leifchild, “he one day asked me if I doubted the reported facts of that nature, or disbelieved in the occurrence of such visitations. On my replying that I did, and that greatly, he exclaimed—‘Why, sir, what argument is conclusive against them? Did you never hear of a young man of extraordinary powers at Bristol, with whom Dr. Priestly corresponded, and that he had been supernaturally visited, though he had previously been altogether incredulous on the subject?’ Dr. Priestly wrote to this young man to know if the report were correct, adding, that if he did not deny it, he should interpret his silence as an affirmative, and that in such case he should alter his own opinions on the subject.’ I could only rejoin that I still disbelieved.”—p. 162.

At page 197 we have a curious exemplification of the constant check which the spirit of modern education keeps on the Divine Spirit in preaching. “I was once,” says Dr. Leifchild, “preaching at Craven Chapel, upon the subject of ‘Importunity in Prayer,’ from the narrative of Jacob wrestling with the angel, and became impassioned towards the close. I really felt as if God were only waiting for the people to strive with him in prayer for a blessing to bestow it upon them. I felt that they might, at that time, have it; and Charles Wesley’s hymn on ‘Wrestling Jacob’ came to my recollection. The peculiar character of his poetry, that of aggravating a thought, and working it up to a climax, is most evident in that fine composition. I then repeated, with great earnestness, parts of it, and these lines with emphasis:—

‘I never will let go my hold—
Be conquered by my instant prayer—
Tell me thy name, and tell me *now!*’

I now perceived an unusual emotion in the large assembly. It extended and deepened itself by sympathy. A vast number of people seemed to me to be upon the point of rising and responding to me. I felt sure that I had but to proceed in the same strain and they *would* rise. Here was a temptation; but it occurred to

me, what a condition we should be in if I were not able to quell the excitement after they had risen. I feared it might advance to extravagance. This, too, was the time when Mr. Irving's devotees were vociferating in strange tongues, not very far from me in Newman-street, Oxford-street, and disgracing themselves by enthusiastic outbursts, with which I feared any excitement amongst us would be confounded. On the other hand, I thought if this were the work of God, I might offend him, and retard it by my timidity. All this passed through my mind instantaneously, and while I paused for a moment or two, I inwardly invoked God's influence and direction, and I then determined to proceed in a dispassionate strain, and thereby I calmed the minds of the people.

"I have never yet been able to determine whether I did right. But my brother, who was then attending upon my ministry, came into the vestry after this sermon, and declared that he had been in such agitation, between a strong impulse to rise up and speak aloud, and his sense of decency and order, that he would on no account voluntarily suffer such excitement again, but would rather go out of the chapel."—p. 198.

This account is very expressive of the crippled state into which even the best condition of the ministry of the pulpit is now brought by the paralyzing efforts of mere school theology. The ablest and most honest men act, under its influence, as paralytics, not sure of their own movements. Dr. Leifchild was a powerful preacher, and produced strong convictions in many minds; had he learnt like the apostles, and like the great disciples of all times to rely fully and confidently on the divine spirit and its inspirations, and less on the modern system of sermon manufacture, how infinitely much more he might have done. What a vast distance there is between the condition of those who went forth taking no care as to what they should think, or what they should say, assured that in the proper hour it would be given them, and of those who have now placed their chief dependence on a careful pre-composition of a discourse framed on the model approved and taught at theological seminaries! Such preachers, with the reliance on their own work instead of God's work, and the fear of criticism before their eyes, at the very moment when the true spirit comes upon them, stand confounded by its effects, and dare not trust its teachings. On the very verge of a grand spiritual effect, they pause, reason, and are lost. Had Whitefield or Wesley done this, where would have been the mighty works which "shewed forth themselves in them?" Where would have been those thousands and tens of thousands startled, appalled, shaken, and broken to pieces—those stocks and stones raised in the fire and whirlwind of the spirit into living and new creatures? Where would have

been the wondrous effects which they produced, the great churches which they raised out of the very refuse of a lost and demoralized population?

The man practised in any craft or science trusts entirely to his acquired power, and fears no mischance. The acrobat, the musician, the painter, the master of any nice or subtle art, goes calmly through the most difficult passes and manœuvres with all the dexterity and assurance of nature itself; but the modern preacher, standing on his academic stilts, finds the spirit suddenly coming in upon him and his hearers, and he trembles, and cannot move another step. It is conscious weakness that undoes him. The cripple dare not leap for he knows that he shall fall—that is left to the healthy subject. We read nowhere of the apostles stopping the in-rushing of the mighty wind of a Pentecost lest it should produce confusion or extravagance. The outsiders *did* think them drunk, but the people were added to the church to the amount of three thousand at once. Dr. Leifchild never could tell to the day of his death whether he had done right or wrong in calling down this invocation. For our part we should have been continually haunted by the awful words “Quench not the Spirit.” And how are we to understand the very next words of his filial biographer? “One prominent characteristic of this preaching was its stimulating and quickening power for Christian work. Instructive and informing as it was in relation to many sermonic topics, the issue of all was to infuse a spirit of unceasing activity into all willing hearers. He would have a congregation distinguished by its zeal, energy, and liberality.”

These remarks seem rather adapted to a preaching which gives free scope to spiritual action, under the safe guidance of a mind accustomed to divine influence, than to the checking system, which stops the rising effect, and then wonders whether it has done right or wrong. Such a system may maintain decent, respectable congregations in an orderly but hybrid condition of greenish unfruitfulness, but it is not the system of “stimulative and quickening power for Christian work.” And this we say, not in any blame of Dr. Leifchild, who was a vigorous, and learned, and useful minister, but in regret that such a man should be held in bondage of church or chapelism when he might have broken forth like Whitefield or Wesley into a mighty husbandman, irrigating whole districts with the flooding waters of life. And so may many others, if they can only break the bondage of modern *convenance*, and dare to be simple, old-fashioned Christians.

The words of Dr. Leifchild, just before his death, show that he had then opened his ears to sounds about which he had no doubt. To his niece he said, “What! don’t you hear it? don’t you hear it?—those beautiful harps!”

In closing these remarks we may note the singular disclosures which this volume gives us of that fear of criticism in preachers to which we have alluded. Dr. Leifchild was terribly afraid of preaching before Robert Hall—Robert Hall of preaching before Dr. Chalmers! The sense of the man and the scholar was too much alive for the sense of the Apostle, which knows nothing but Christ and Him crucified, and fears no man when it stands in the circle and amid the lightnings of God's Spiritual Sinai, before which the greatest intellects forget critical propensities, and tremble and worship. We hear of no such critical terrors haunting the inspired fishermen.

TWO MORE HONEST LETTERS.

The following letter has been addressed by Mr. Barge to Mr. Home:—

“Beech Mount, Higher Broughton,
“Manchester, June 1st, 1863.

“DEAR SIR,—I have to thank you for your courtesy in sending me to-day the *Spiritual Magazine*; in which, to my surprise, you publish, *in extenso*, my letter of April 9th! You usher it to the public in juxtaposition with a name, honoured and respected in Lancashire, Colonel Wilbraham, who compliments you upon your ‘séances,’ and negatively cushions my objections to your book.

“I admire your pluck, fairness, and candour; aye, even your criticism; but you are somewhat hard upon my ‘ignorance.’ Come now, Mr. Home, this is too bad! To be ‘ignorant’ is my misfortune, and not my fault; and for my want of capacity you ought not to *twit* me; but I am sadly afraid that, underneath the surface of your *attempt* to be funny, there is an under-current of annoyance, although you *do* try to look composed, and to pun on my name, and speak of ‘London barges’ as being adapted to ‘carry heavy goods and rubbish of all kinds.’ Not of ‘ALL kinds,’ good Mr. Home; for when your book was brought to my ‘craft’ as ballast, it was deemed too inferior, and was instantly pitched overboard! I immediately wrote you. This made you angry, and you publish my letter, meant for you only, in to-day’s Magazine. It will do you good; and the interlarding it with personality will *tell* well for you, and do me no harm. I hope, some day or other, to take you by the hand, and make your personal acquaintance! *we* will talk about Florence, and speak of a namesake of yours, for it cannot be *you*? who gave a *séance* in that lovely city; and (let me speak

it '*sub silentio*') *phosphorized the cornices of the room!* The trick was discovered by a quick-sighted Englishman, and the Spiritual Lecturer was compelled to fly from Florence next morning, in order to escape a sound ducking in a horsepond. Don't let us tell this to a gaping public, who care little for you and less for myself. So now, Mr. Merryman, put up your drumsticks and draw the curtain.

"I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

"THOS. BARGE.

"P. S.—As an emetic I recommend '*Spiritualism in Australia*,' page 283, in to-day's Magazine.

"D. D. Home, Esq., &c., &c."

[Mr. Barge is quite right in his supposition that the phosphorus incident does not apply to Mr. Home, who will be much obliged to Mr. Barge if he will publish the name of "the quick-sighted Englishman" and get him to authenticate the story, which we shall be happy to publish.—ED.]

A good example is not long without followers, and we are much pleased to find that Col. Wilbraham's frank and decisive letter has been the means of our now introducing a similar letter from the literary veteran, Mr. S. C. Hall. We sincerely trust that others will be induced to follow these examples. If those who believe were only true to themselves and to their convictions, we should in one short month be able to turn the laugh entirely against the silly pressmen and materialists who think that their din can prevent the truth from being heard, and that their ridicule is sufficient to extinguish all spiritual laws.

"8, Essex Villas, Campden Hill,

"June 10th, 1863.

"SIR,—I follow the example of Colonel Wilbraham, and desire to record my belief in the statements put forth by Mr. D. D. Home (*Incidents of my Life*). I have myself seen nearly all the marvels he relates: some in his presence, some with other mediums, and some when there was no medium-aid (when Mrs. Hall and I sat alone). Not long ago, I must have confessed to disbelief in all miracles: I have seen so many, that my faith as a Christian is now not merely outward profession, but entire and solemn conviction. For this incalculable good I am indebted to '*Spiritualism*;' and it is my bounden duty to induce knowledge of its power to teach and to make happy. That duty may, for the present, be limited to a declaration of confidence in Mr. Home.

"Yours, &c.,

"S. C. HALL, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law."

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. IV.]

AUGUST, 1863.

[No. 8.]

MARY JANE.*

AJAX defying the lightning and struck down by the trident of Neptune in the midst of his impious menaces, an enduring spectacle for all succeeding time; the antediluvian stealthily treading in the slime of creation, as he seeks his prey, and making indented footsteps which harden into fossils by means of which the Water-houses and Owens of the latter days will construct for you the picture of his life; the ancient Scythian burying his king in one of those majestic mounds, and placing him on horseback with a court of vassals surrounding him, all transfixed and gaunt, and found after thousands of years by us when we occupied the Crimea, still holding the same grim position as described by Herodotus; these and similar examples have been brought to our mind, by perusing the work with the above feminine title, one more appropriate, it would seem at first sight, to the *Family Herald* in describing the loves of the kitchen, than to any explanation of Spiritualism, "chemically," or otherwise.

Who or what is Mary Jane, that these grandiloquent ideas should connect themselves with her? That must be now our business to shew. One of the great props of materialism has fallen. Ajax has been struck down. We may examine the fossilized footsteps at our leisure. The old Scythian king is standing for our convenience in his old armour transfixed upon his horse, and will stand for all time. The materialist and the scoffer have been struck down. We need not be in a hurry, for we have succeeded in obtaining photographs of these curious instances for the benefit of our readers.

In the annals of the human mind changes are not counted by centuries, but by differences; and ideas may undergo all the changes from the budding spring to the icy winter in a moment—they may become fossils in an hour and lose their life, preserving only a stony form of what once they were. An instance of this

* *Mary Jane, or Spiritualism Chemically Explained, with Spirit Drawings; also Essays by, and Ideas (perhaps Erroneous) of "A Child at School."* London, 1863. Price £1 1s.; to be purchased only of THOMAS SCOTT, Printer, Warwick-court, Holborn.

is now before us so notable that it ought to arrest the attention of all thinking men who would inquire into one of the great facts of human nature. A cry is often heard from the puzzled sceptic, that the inquiry into the facts of Spiritualism, should be made by some man of science who can come fresh to the subject with mind unprejudiced in favour of it, but here is the case of a man of science and a confirmed materialist throughout a long life, with a mind prejudiced by matured convictions, not only formed but printed in the very book before us, driven against his will to be an inquirer and a believer by facts coming from his own wife's mediumship. The whole story is printed at his own expense, and told throughout the book in nervous language, full of humour, and of the sort of strong sense which characterizes the materialistic mind. Not that he has yet got out of his materialism, but nevertheless he fully acknowledges the whole class of marvellous phenomena which it was a main object of his book as he projected it, to disprove the possibility of. Even now, according to the very title of his work it is a case of "Spiritualism chemically explained." It would be almost too much to expect more for the present, and we are thankful for the present instalment, which is a full acknowledgment of the facts denied throughout his life, and still denied and derided by the mass of the scientific public.

The book takes the scientific and critical world in the rear, while they think that they are stoutly battling in the front. They have now once more the same evidences coming from the Spiritualists and the Anti-Spiritualists, and this will greatly discomfit them, as it justly should do. There is a point beyond which even science and criticism cannot hold out against the most unwelcome fact. The next move, and it will be a great one, will be to admit the facts and to deny the spirit agency in them, and for this last purpose the curious theory of the writer of "Mary Jane" will be an assistance for a little time, but not for long. It is certainly ingenious and bold, and only lacks one element—possibility.

This curious book appears to have been a long time on the anvil. From the address at the commencement of it, the beginning of it appears to have been printed as early as 1858, and the last date towards the end is the 16th of May, 1863. It consists of a series of essays entirely disjointed, and on very various subjects. The more serious of them involve the highest metaphysical speculations, and they are treated according to the most approved materialistic views. The writer was evidently expending himself upon them and discoursing wisdom on "Light, Instinct, and Intellect," "Elements of Man," "Spontaneous Generation," "On the Principles of Human Intellect," "Life,"

"Religion," "Creation," "Infinity, &c." We should have thought that "Infinity" would have been large enough for one essay without the "&c.," and he has taken particular pains with the essay "On the Origin of Jewish Religion," in which Moses appears to be much more severely handled than even by Dr. Colenso. This last brings us to page 300 of the book, which is published in handsome small folio, in fine type, and with a splendid margin, and it was evidently intended to be the closing chapter, when a very remarkable and unexpected incident occurred, which changed the even current of the author's life, and the destiny and even the title of his book. On the evening of the day on which his book was to go to the binder, he became a Spiritualist! The most unfortunate part of the business was that his book was all printed, and the only choice lay between destroying the sheets containing these brilliant chapters, or honestly to gibbet himself by publishing the whole as it was written, for the benefit of the scoffing world. To his infinite credit he chose the thorny path which has given us the theme we are dwelling on. One by one he saw his choice and favourite essays dropping out of his book, and the views of a lifetime changed in an hour, for he has the sound wisdom to perceive the immense value of the simplest spiritual phenomena when once scientifically proved, and he has, what is even more rare, the candour to acknowledge his conviction. The closing chapter of the preface should be a caution to all who are warring against facts and hugging favourite and baseless theories. The author naively says:—"I must also remark that the whole of the work was written and printed, and ready for the binder, before I had the slightest knowledge on the subject of Spiritualism or Odylic vapour, as my original article "On Belief," proves; *but, if my present views on this subject are correct, all that I have written on light, instinct, intellect, spontaneous generation, the principles of human intellect, and other analogous subjects would require to be remodelled*; as the consideration of every subject touching or relating to the production, nature, and progressive changes of organic life, of all descriptions, and of instinct and progressive intellect, *must be influenced, or rather must take a new track, by the indubitable certainty that there issues from the human body, totally unconsciously, a vapour, combining power, thought, and the power of expressing that thought*; and, by the strongest chain of circumstantial reasoning, analogous vapours exude from every particle of organic creation; *nor do I think that this description comprehends the whole of this vast subject.*"

There are several quiet hits at "table turning" and "spirit-rapping" through some of these chapters, but our author does not fairly enter upon the subject until we come to his essay on

"Belief." He there recounts his adventure with his friend Mr. Wason, whose name is well-known to our readers as one of the boldest champions of these despised facts. Mr. Wason had been brought up in respectable orthodoxy, and had so continued until about twenty-six years ago, when the author inoculated him with his strong materialistic opinions. All Mr. Wason's former faith was annihilated, and for twenty-six years he was one of the strongest of the apostles of that school, and so continued till he heard a few "raps" on a table. The material school had no room for such visitors as these invisible rappers, and he at once saw that he had been led for all those years through a weary wilderness of unbelief. He endeavoured now to return the compliment to his old friend by converting him to a belief in the facts of Spiritualism, and the author tells us how he set about it, and what was the result. He says:—

My old, esteemed, and valued friend W——, a few days ago, made it a personal matter of reproach to me, that I did not believe all the things or occurrences he stated to me to have personally witnessed at a *séance*, where there were some persons called mediums, and other parties of distinction and education present. Now I have known W. intimately for many years (with a long interval while I was abroad); and, certainly, if there be a truthful man in existence, he is one;—one of those men who, in former days, would have gloried in martyrdom rather than allow that he gave up an iota of belief;—a man whose convictions are so strong, that he not only firmly believes a thing himself, but insists that everybody else ought to believe it too. He pressed me so, on the ground that not to believe him was a personal affront, that if I had not possessed a very amiable, patient temper, I should have been affronted; indeed, for the moment, I was rather put out, until I had collected my reasoning faculties, and then I told him that he had no right to insist on my believing; that belief was a matter of conviction and not of force; and thus commenced the train of thoughts to which the question, "What is Belief?" gave rise.

Before proceeding on that question, some of the preceding occurrences will interest or amuse you. Before I left England, W. was always what might be termed a very materialistic character, such as might be expressed in the words, "I believe what I see, and I am not to be gammoned by any nonsense." When W. heard from a mutual friend of my return, he wrote me a letter, and after the usual congratulations, went at once at great length into the subject of his having become a convert to Spiritualism, requesting me to go and see some very good honest mediums in London. *I replied that I thought the best thing he could do was to go to some highly respectable lunatic asylum and state his belief, which would entitle him to immediate admission:* and as for the mediums, as he was coming up to London to the Exhibition, that would be time enough for me to go with him. So he came up to London, and I found my old friend as deeply dyed in Spiritualism as ever a piece of cotton which the linendraper tickets "fast colours, warranted to wash well." Whatever subject was talked of seemed secondary to him; and at the very first chance, up came Spiritualism like a cork which you have momentarily forced under water. In short, there was no peace till I went with him to see these two female mediums. All our hands were put on the table; the table moved and jumped, quantities of raps were heard, and the elderly medium declared that a number of spirits were present. The real business then began by the table turning towards me several times, and the medium asked vocally if the spirit wished to speak to me, which the spirit answered by three raps. This spirit said his name was William; and as the mediums knew my name, and I confessed to an uncle who died forty years ago, the spirit declared himself my uncle, which he spelt with the spirit alphabet "unkel," besides spelling my surname rather phonetically. I said I wondered my uncle had forgotten his spelling, but

was told that the spirits did not always spell correctly. A lady present was told by a spirit "*You shall have power to believe yourself, and convince your husband.*"

On our return home, I summed up the *séance* to my friend W., as follows:—"You took me to see a table move, and to hear certain raps, which, through the alphabet, spell certain words, and you asserted that there was a communication of intelligence in those raps, not emanating from the media, but from unseen spirits. I did not see how the table was moved, as we were all round it, nor do I know how the raps were produced; but as to any communication bearing the slightest analogy to your representations, that has not taken place; and I certainly would not spend another half-crown on such nonsense." Some days after, W. and I, and B., were at the Exhibition, and the "ruling spirit," like a cork, came uppermost, and he asked if I had any objection to have the media at my house. "None in the world," said I; "but I have a great objection to pay them half-a-guinea for coming, besides their cab hire." "I'll pay that," said he; "I want to sift the subject to the bottom," and away he went; and at seven o'clock the two media came. By half-past ten, we were at a dead stand-still; still W., feeling that his cause was lost, persisted in sitting at the table and adjuring the spirits; at last, the elder medium said to the spirits, "Will you say any more to us?" three assenting raps followed. We were going to be gratified—the alphabet produced—and the spirit said the important words, "We are off!" followed by the diminishing rapping, indicating going away. The media put their hands off the table on their laps, and said it was all over. W. paid them at least half-a-guinea and their cab hire. When they were gone, I summed up as before. We have seen tables, and chairs, and a sofa move; but they did not move unless the hands of the media were on them, or their feet could get at them. Further, we see this time that we can imitate the movement of the table ourselves, keeping the thumb and fingers of the hand on the table, by the pressure of the muscles of the hand behind the thumb. W. got very angry, said if I would help him to investigate and discover the fraud, he would be glad to send them to the tread-mill. I replied, that if they ought to be sent to the tread-mill, and I was the magistrate with full powers on the occasion, I should send him to the tread-mill too, for not having made proper use of his reasoning powers.

Shortly afterwards he tells us that the mediums moved the tables themselves, and that he thinks so because he does not believe in spirits at all, and is not aware of any invisible electric force that could move a table, so that for him, as he thought, the question was settled, and for ever. But when he thought, good, easy man, full surely his book was finished and going to the binder, strange things appear, and an appendix has to be written, from which we shall now make considerable extracts:—

March 20, 1863.

The foregoing was written five months ago, and to get at once into the middle of the very singular events which have happened to me since, I copy part of a letter.

"Monday, March 16.

"My dear Mary,—Thank God, as the people say, I have done reading about spirits. I have read the following works:—

The reality of spirits and their direct writing, by Baron				
Guldenstubbé	pages 216
The Book of Spirits, by Allan Kardec	" 474
The Book of Mediums, by Allan Kardec	" 506
Incidents in my Life, by D. D. Home	" 288
Spiritualism in America, by B. Coleman	" 87
Spirit Magazines	" 300
Researches into the Vital force, by Baron Reichenbach	" 463
Heaven and Hell, by Swedenborg	" 560

which I think is pretty well—and *I have seen as much, or more, about it at home, as all the books put together contain.*

"I have seen a table move, totally alone; and a chair move, totally alone; move, just as you see a leaf carried along by the wind on a turnpike road, and I have reasonable conversations with Mary Jane whenever I please;—but I have neither seen nor heard any thing to convince me, in the slightest degree, that Mary Jane is the spirit of a deceased person. It is only a hitherto unexplained phenomenon of nature, which, until chemists and scientific men analyse, will be made use of to get money from the many."

I shall now proceed to give a very condensed account of what has happened to me in the last four months, and which induced me to peruse the 2,894 pages before mentioned, and which, most assuredly, I never should have done, *had not events thoroughly convinced me that the narratives in those books are perfectly true, and that the parties have seen all they state they have seen;* only, I must be allowed to remark, that to our eyes, the sun goes round the earth, but it is not so in reality. I will trouble you to look back to the remark, *"a lady present was told by a spirit, you shall have power to believe yourself and convince your husband."* Now, *this lady was my wife,* and if there was one thing more than another which made me utterly discredit the so-called spirit manifestations, it was this communication; because she herself believed the whole thing "got up." *It was singular, however, that the medium's prophecy was to be fulfilled, not only to the letter, but tenfold corroborated.*

My friend W. came again on a visit, just after the Exhibition was closed, and proposed one evening a general sitting down to table-turning; and some young ladies being home from school, and visitors present also, the round table was fully occupied. I did not sit down, as it appeared to me perfectly useless—as it had already been demonstrated that a table turns, and scientific men said that the very sitting down with intent would cause such an action as to commence a movement; and other scientific men said that by sitting at the table, a kind of nervous action was brought on, by which the table was moved, although the party was totally unconscious of giving it any impulse. Well, the table turned, and one accused the other of pushing it, and the evening ended as most table-turning evenings do—in nothing being elicited except that the table turned.

THE RETURN FROM THE CITY.

The next day, when I returned from the City, my wife told me that the table turned for her. "Indeed," said I; "how came that about?" "Well," said she, "yesterday evening, Mrs. ——— declared solemnly and positively that the table moved for her, declaring she was not in joke; so I thought that if it moved for her, I did not see why it should not move for me, so I determined to give it a fair trial all alone, and I took the small japanned table and determined to sit steady at it for half-an-hour, and if by that time it did not move, to give it up altogether. Well, in about twenty minutes I felt the table distinctly move, and I got frightened and got up. Recovering myself, however, I again sat down to it, and then it moved in five minutes, and now it moves quite easily in two or three minutes after I put my hands on." I cannot say that I was convinced. However, after tea, I sat down with her to the same table, and certainly the table moved about in a very unaccountable way. It was not to any particular point in the compass—now here, now there, getting into a corner of the room, and then, when I thought it must stop there, *backing out and going somewhere else.* I then said, "Let us try the large rosewood table," and, to our surprise, *it moved nearly as easily as the small one.* For some evenings the same phenomenon occurred, and I asked a friend or two to see it. They thought it very strange, but still they showed how very slight a pressure will move a table, particularly when the finger ends become damp. In a word, my friends said, "It appears to be, but it cannot be."

The author now begins to find himself on the believing side, and calls his friends sceptics:—

A great point I wanted to establish to my justly-sceptical friends, was, that

the table really moved without any lateral pressure whatever; and the nearest approach I made to that was with a small round slate chess table, on which I laid a napkin or muslin handkerchief. Now, the slightest attempt to move a table—putting the hands on the handkerchief—is detected by the handkerchief wrinkling up. Yet, when my wife put her hands on the handkerchief, the table moved without causing the least wrinkle of it. So matters went on. The fact of the table moving on the one hand, and the absurdity of it on the other.

SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS.

The next question was: Where did the motion originate? My wife said she felt it come from the feet of the table; that they seemed to drag and commence the motion; was the motion, then, commenced by the effort to get rid of the power given by the feet? I got a large piece of glass, and laying it on the table, she put her hands on it; *but the glass moved immediately semi-circularly off the table.* I then got a four feet circular sheet of zinc, which covered all the table, but when she put her hands on it, *the zinc moved semi-circularly off the table, till it hung down;* the table did not move. I got a wooden top made, placed it on the table—that moved off *similarly without the table moving.* It was clear, therefore, that the power was a surface power, and not a power which acted by charging the whole table. At times the table became very violent indeed, tilting and striking with one leg so violently that we desisted, if it was late, in order not to disturb the house. It was clear that something issued from the hands which was a moving power, and the question arose whether it issued equally from the feet—to test which, I had a flat deal framework made two feet square and three inches thick, and supported on small castors. When my wife stood on it, there was evidently an endeavour to rise, when any inequality of the bearing permitted it; but when she sat down, and placed her feet on it, it began turning violently, so as to twist her ancles, and finally launched itself violently to four or five feet distance from her. The power, therefore, emanates from the feet as well as from the hands. Now arose another question: Did this power pervade the whole room, or was it confined to the furniture only? To test that, I took the four feet zinc plate, and had a deal framework made under it, so that it could be hereafter converted into a table (on which, in fact, I am now writing), and, by means of a new sash line, which led to a pulley, suspended it, face downwards, by the lamp hook in the middle of the ceiling, directly over the table. We had not very long to wait, for, in the course of the evening, the zinc disc was seized with a most violent rocking.

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS.

Two evenings after that, we had supped as usual, and, before going to bed, I had occasion to go into my study, adjoining the sitting-room, leaving my wife seated at the table, under the zinc plate. All at once, I heard a most fearful shriek; and hurrying back, found the room in darkness, and my wife fainting, and the zinc plate lying on the top of the supper table. I lifted the plate off—nothing was broken, though the table was covered with decanters, glasses, &c.; the lamp was upset, but not broken. My wife said that, while sitting waiting for me she looked up at the zinc plate, and saw it all luminous, and saw it descend gradually to the table, when she shrieked. I wanted to replace the zinc plate, with a stronger cord, next day, but she said she would never enter the room again if I did. However, here was clear proof that the motive power pervaded the whole of the room, and this serves as corroboration of the statements that Mr. Home is carried up to the ceiling, and writes his name there, while so borne up. Here is the case of a lady, who looking on the whole in the light of a conjuring trick, sits down to try a very light table for half an hour, and succeeds in getting it to just move in twenty minutes; and, within three days, from a consciousness of her power, causes the heaviest table to move,—*not only the table, but I got on it, and it still moved.*

AN UNDEVELOPED MEDIUM.

Matters were in this state when, one day, a lady called who had given much attention to Spiritualism; and, on our relating our experiments to her, she said,

"Mrs. — is an undeveloped medium." Singular term; however, we were not destined to remain long in suspense as to her meaning. She sat down to the table with my wife. The table began moving as usual. She struck the table three smart raps with her knuckles, and said, "Come, good spirits, rap." The good spirits or the table immediately rapped in response. She then began talking to the table in the manner formularised in the spiritual books, and the table answered. She then made an alphabet, and began making the table talk. I was present, and must say that the poor table exhibited great want of grammatical education, for it put a dozen of incomprehensible consonants together, worse than a Welsh or Polish name, at last ending with baby. However, this was a new and great phase, for we were beginning to get tired of a table which only moved about in a most irrational manner; so, I made myself acquainted with spirit language, which consists in conventional rapping; that is, one rap means No; two raps, Doubtful; three raps, Yes; five raps is asking for the alphabet; when, in reading over the letters, the spirit or the table will rap three times at each letter it wishes written down, and so communicate its ideas.

A NEW CREATION.

I found myself now in presence of intellect; in fact, of an intellectual being; for, as I was satisfied that the phenomena depend on the emission of certain elements, and that the phenomena cease the instant the hands are withdrawn from the table, it was clear that the intellect was *a quality or property of those elements—or, perhaps more correctly, of that combination of elements.*

THE CHRISTENING OF MARY JANE.

This matter had to be investigated chemically, and *this new Being had to be christened*; for, as I did not wish to make a single false step, even in nomenclature; and as I had no proof whatever of its being a spirit in the sense usually attributed to that word—that is, the soul of a departed person—and, as I had already one clear cause for the movements of the table, in the same emanations from the human body which produce mesmeric sleep and the (probable) sleep of the sensitive plant, I did not choose to embarrass myself with two causes, even by the adoption of a name, until intimate scientific conviction should oblige me to. *Still, an intelligent being, to be talked to, must have a name, and the house was full of children from school, and country servants. How it was I don't know—having no relative, nor knowing any lady of that name—but I christened the new comer "Mary Jane," and it answered to Mary Jane, and from that time forward Mary Jane has been with us at any time we choose to talk with her, and has even repeatedly called for the alphabet, and given us a very sensible opinion on the subject we were discussing, when we did not think of appealing to her.* You may be sure that, on finding a third party so unexpectedly domiciled with us, we asked it every possible question, and we received replies, the sense and accuracy of which pleased and startled us, as clearly proving a distinct and partially superhuman intelligence.

CEDANT ARMA TOGÆ.

Here I beg scientific men to note a further remarkable circumstance; namely, that from the time the intellectual phenomena took place, the table ceased moving. The chemical emanations which took place, instead of causing the table to run about like a wild animal, took entirely the shape and quality of intellectuality. When we sat down to the table for five minutes, and I said, "Mary Jane, are you there?" three responsive raps answered me, and the conversation began, to the evident delight of Mary Jane, *who often objected to our going to bed, even at two o'clock in the morning.*

THE PHENOMENA GROW SLEEPY.

But now a further progressive phase took place; it was not necessary to sit at the table; if my wife lay on the sofa, the responsive raps would come apparently from behind the sofa; and even in bed, the conversation was carried on by Mary Jane, either by raps over our heads, or apparently on a chest of drawers close by

the bed. One night after we were in bed, I was talking with Mary Jane, and I perceived that my wife was getting sleepy, and it entered my mind to test whether the emanations continued during sleep, so I continued the conversation. *By degrees, the responses became slower and fainter, and by the time I was convinced that my wife was fast asleep, they ceased altogether.* Matters were in this state, when we changed our residence, and some very highly talented lady friends having taken a great interest in these phenomena, and being also mediums, though not of the power of my wife, we agreed to hold regular *séances* excluding all other visitors.

MARY JANE ANSWERS MENTAL QUESTIONS.

We agreed perfectly that each person should treat the phenomena as he or she believed; and, consequently, we adhered to talking familiarly with Mary Jane. They addressed it as "Dear Spirit," or "Good Spirit," and it appeared that the responses they got satisfied them that they were talking with the spirits of departed relatives. We did not know what questions they asked, for they said, "Dear spirit, will you answer me a mental question?" "Yes," the reply was given. "Yes," or "No." To the remark "Are you quite sure?" three very slow and distinct raps were the confirmation.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

About this time another phenomenon took place. At the house of a lady friend, a pencil and paper had been put under the table, and a so-called spirit-writing had been produced. I bought a porcelain slate, wishing to see whether our Mary Jane would write or draw under the table; so the next evening I said to my wife, "We will put the slate and pencil under the table, but previously lay the slate on the table, and hold the pencil in your hand for a little time, so as to mesmerise it." She did so, and immediately exclaimed "My hand is being moved." "Let it move," said I. The left hand covered the end of the pencil, the hand moved rapidly, and then three raps were heard, and the hand stopped. She handed me the slate, and a sentence was written on it. Since that time she has continually written; or rather, *Mary Jane has guided her hand, she covering her hand with her black silk apron, writing rapidly any opinion Mary Jane chose to give, but utterly unconscious of a letter she had written.*

MARY JANE HAS MUSICAL TALENTS.

I must not omit the musical talent of Mary Jane. At a *séance* (out) my wife had held a guitar in her hand under the table, and it had been played on by the good spirits of that domicile, so I could not do less than procure any and every instrument Mary Jane might like to play on: and I purchased an excellent guitar, an accordion, and a child's drum, and borrowed a violin; none answered well except the guitar; the accordion and drum were sounded a little; as for the violin, after Mary Jane had sounded a few discordant notes on it, she undid all the pegs, loosened the strings, broke down the bridge, and wrenched it out of my wife's hand.

THE MUSIC MASTER.

It looks very easy to play the guitar, so my wife determined to take lessons, which gave rise to a curious *quid pro quo*. A relative of Mr. W., who performed on the violin, mentioned Mr. W.'s name, to that relative I mentioned the phenomenon, that if a medium held a guitar, and another played a violin, the so-called spirit would accompany on the guitar—and the said relative promised to bring his violin some evening to try. I mentioned the circumstance to my wife, that she might not be surprised if a stranger called, but I did not say a word on Spiritualism to the staid guitar master. Now, it is much easier to see a guitar played than to play it one's self; and in the first lessons, the strings hurt the fingers, and the notes are very puzzling. My wife, who was in the habit of having her hand guided by Mary Jane, got out of patience, and thinking it was to Mr. W. that I had mentioned about the guitar being played, exclaimed, "Oh dear, I wish Mary Jane would teach me to play." "Who, ma'am?" said the guitar master. "Why, Mary Jane," said she. "And pray, ma'am, who is

Mary Jane?" said the bewildered master. "I don't know," said my wife. "Mr. S. says it is Mary Jane, but I do not know what it is."

MARY JANE ACCOMPANIES THE VIOLIN ON THE GUITAR.

I believe that Mr. W. thought his pupil rather more than eccentric. However, as Mr. W. played the violin, I engaged him to come one evening, and we had a grand concert. My wife held the guitar, resting on the floor under the table, Mr. W. played the merriest waltzes, and Mary Jane accompanied them on the guitar, the faster the better. I tested, then, a circumstance which has reasonably thrown so much doubt on Spiritualism; namely, that the "spirits" will not do any thing while they are looked at, and you have seen that in the *séance* in Bloomsbury the "spirits" said, "Come to the table." My reflections led me to surmise that there issues from the human eye a stream of animal magnetism of much greater power than we have the means of taking measure of, and that probably this stream of magnetism paralyzed the action of the stream from the hands. Now, I happened to sit so at the round table that by bending my body slightly to the left, I could see the guitar; whereas, while sitting upright, I could not. Imagine now the fastest waltz being played on the violin, and accompanied by the guitar; when I bent my body quietly round till I saw the strings, the guitar ceased playing instantly. I recovered my upright position; the guitar resumed the accompaniment. I repeated this several times.

THE TABLE KEEPS TIME WITH THE MUSIC.

In the midst of this concert, my wife holding the guitar, which rested on the floor, in her right hand, she removed her left, which had been resting on the large table, on to a small light circular deal table with castors, and which I had covered with zinc; immediately this light table began literally to dance and keep time to the music, footing it with one of its three legs, and altogether presenting a most ludicrous scene.

The poor music master was fairly confused; he had before asked my wife, when I was out of the room; "What is Mary Jane, ma'am; is it machinery you have got under the table?" My wife replied, "You may look under the table; I don't know what it is; Mr. S. says it is Mary Jane." What is in a name? It answered, as instantly always to "Mary Jane," as a new servant would, if you told her that, for family reasons, she must answer to the name of Susan. "Good Spirit" would have alarmed children and servants; "Mary Jane" alarmed nobody.

THE TABLE MOVES OF ITSELF.

Before getting to our *séances*, I must relate to you the circumstances under which I saw the greatest physical manifestations which came under my notice, *never having seen Mr. Home carried up to the ceiling and round the room; which, however, I have not the slightest doubt of.*

Accordingly, we put it on the table, and sat down to it. It appeared immediately as though all the smothered discontents of the table began tilting and stamping with such violence as to frighten my wife. My wife was frightened, and took off all but her little finger; still the table was outrageous. I wanted to explain to them the phenomena philosophically, and said, "Mary Jane, if you won't be quiet and reasonable, we shall take our hands off." The violent movements continued, and I said, "Let us take all our hands off, while I explain." We sat each of us at about a foot from the table, no one touching it; *on a sudden the table moved of itself, right up to my wife; and a chair, which was standing alone, three feet from her, moved two feet towards her just as a leaf moves on a turnpike road by the wind.*

MARY JANE HIDES THE ELASTIC.

Before I get to our regular *séances*, I must relate three or four (of many) occurrences, which, from the difficulty persons will have of believing them, I would not print, if similar phenomena were not related in the publications of Mr. Coleman and Mr. Home. As I considered that a feeble degree of light, if

not total darkness, was as essential to the production of some of the phenomena as it is in photographing—I got some cotton lining and strong elastic, and made a kind of petticoat to the table reaching nearly to the floor. When this was put on, it was pulled off downwards over the border rim of the table twenty times; and to the question “Mary Jane, did you pull it off?” the answer “Yes,” was given. Next day, the piece of elastic was missing—could not be found; I brought another; we hunted for the elastic everywhere; my wife took an umbrella and felt over the tops of the picture-frames. That or the next evening, Mary Jane said, “Look in the umbrella,”—and—tucked in closely and neatly in the top of the umbrella, was the elastic—the missing elastic. Another elastic was missing; Mary Jane said, “Look behind you;” and, stuffed in the bottom of the arm-chair that was found. By-and-bye, all the elastics (three) were missing, and I took a cord to fasten on the petticoat. On asking Mary Jane, “Have you hidden the elastics?” “Yes.” “Are they in this (drawing) room?” “No.” “Are they in the back drawing room?” “No.” “Are they down stairs?” “Perhaps.” And we found them all in a bundle on the bookcase in the parlour down stairs.

AND FOLDS UP AND STOWS AWAY THE INDIA-RUBBER COVER.

Another circumstance proving (if no trick), the power of this phenomenon. I wanted to try an India-rubber covering on the table. I asked Mary Jane if she would like it. “No.” However, I went and bought a piece of India-rubber cloth, and my wife and I laid it on the table in the drawing room, and went to dinner in the parlour. When we came up to tea, it had disappeared. Now you would think that a roll of India-rubber cloth, $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet square, could not be easily hidden; we could not find it at all. Mary Jane said she did not like it, and had hidden it, and would not tell us where it was. Four or five days after, it was found neatly rolled up and hidden behind my wife’s guitar case in the corner of the back drawing room. When I found it, I thought—well, if you will not let it be put on the table, it can be put under the table, and will be smoother for you to walk on than the carpet, so I laid it on the floor and put the table on it; it remained there that evening, but next day it was gone. It was not found till, in hunting for some missing cards, it was found (not rolled as before) but neatly folded up and stowed away in a cupboard in the back drawing room, which was never used. We feel sure that our servants had nothing to do with these transpositions, nor would I relate them, if the same sort of action was not recorded in Mr. Home’s and Mr. Coleman’s work.

HOW MARY JANE STOPS ALTERCATION.

To revert again to the conversation—our Mary Jane has always been a kind and good adviser, and would never allow any disputing; and, once, when an altercation was getting unpleasant, she stopped it with a crash like a sledge hammer on the table that made the bottles and glasses ring. “There,” said I to my wife, “you had better say no more: Mary Jane won’t have it.” If the sentiment she wished to express was more than Yes or No, she rapped five for the alphabet, and always spoke quite to the point in the fewest possible words.

ECCENTRICITIES WITH THE GUITAR.

If my wife is holding the guitar, Mary Jane will carry on the conversation by sounding chords on the guitar, in preference to rapping on the table. Another curious phenomenon for science is the following:—We were three, at a lady’s house, at the table; my wife held the guitar, which was being played on. Without thinking of any results, I got up and went to the fire. The guitar stopped. “You have broken the chain,” said the lady. I sat down and placed my hands on the table. The guitar resumed the tune. I repeated this three or four times. Again, Mr. W. was playing the violin, I and my wife at the table, the guitar accompanying. I told Mr. W. not to stop playing at anything I might do. I got up from the table—the guitar ceased responding. I went to the other side of the table, and, standing as far off as I could, took my wife’s other hand. In ten seconds the guitar resumed playing. I dropped the hand, the guitar stopped; I took it again, and it continued.

LUMINOUS HANDS.

Before I continue the history of our drawing *séances*, I must extract from my diary a circumstance which has thrown very considerable light on this phenomenon, and which, like every other discovery I have made respecting it, has happened entirely by chance.—“Feb. 1st. At about nine o'clock in the evening, I had gone upstairs, and returned into the drawing room, when my wife said, ‘Come here a minute.’ I followed her into the back drawing room, she shut the doors, and said, ‘Look at my fingers.’ I looked, and saw the tips of them covered with a phosphoric light, which, however, immediately went out. ‘Stop a bit,’ she said, and in half a minute showed them again illuminated as before. ‘I do it,’ she said, ‘by keeping the ends of my fingers tightly pressed together, and then, when I open them, there is the light.’ ‘How did you find it out?’ said I. She replied, ‘While you were upstairs, I had the cramp in one of my fingers, and I pressed them together with the other hand to deaden the pain, and, when I opened my hand, there were the lights.’ ‘It is phosphoric light,’ I said.

“Feb. 2.—Our friends came to the *séance*. I read them the minutes of the above-stated event (as there was no one with us when it first happened) and we then adjourned to the darkened room to see it. As she opened and shut her hand, it had the appearance of glow-worms moving about. Mrs. — said she saw a half-luminous vapour from the whole hand.

“Feb. 3.—Our friends being present again, we adjourned at nine o'clock to the dark room, then darkened more effectually than before. The lights appeared, and Mrs. — said, ‘See how it fumes.’ On a sudden, taking my wife’s hand, she exclaimed, ‘How strongly it smells of phosphorus!’ The other lady smelt it also, and found phosphorus. So did I, and my wife smelt her own fingers, in much alarm, and said, ‘It is very strong of phosphorus.’ ‘But,’ said she, ‘excuse me, is there any smell of phosphorus when I do not produce the lights?’ ‘None whatever.’” She then again stated, “I produce the lights by putting the ends of my fingers and thumb together, and pressing them against my body, until it is almost painful; and then, on opening the fingers, there are the lights. Since that period, my wife has had a very severe illness and inflammation of the lungs, from imprudently staying in a damp garden, and was consequently under very strict medical treatment; and during that time the phosphorescent appearances on her fingers ceased entirely; and once, in sitting down to the table (which the doctor prohibited) it would scarcely move.”

THE ODYLIC VAPOUR DOES IT.

I shall conclude this book by a narrative of what happened yesterday, May 16: A lady, who has been present at the *séances*, called to pass the day. It was about one o'clock. This lady had been acquainted with Baron Guldenstubbé, the author of *La Réalité des Esprits et le Phénomène merveilleux de leur Ecriture directe Démontrées*. In conversation with my wife in the drawing room, on the subject of the phenomena, she said, “Mr. S— says it is a vapour; let us try it.” They took some sheets of note paper and held it between the palms of their hands, and then put them into a tight-fitting drawer, in an antique table in the drawing room. They left the room, and came into the garden, and amused themselves till dinner. At dinner, in the parlour below, the lady said, “Mary Jane, have you drawn a picture for me?” “Yes.” “Shall I fetch it?” “Yes.” She went upstairs to the drawer, and found two flowers drawn in crayon colours.

THE TABLE IS MADE LIGHT AND HEAVY.

The *modus operandi* of these phenomena is very puzzling. A table is moved violently, things carried about, a man raised up to the ceiling, and it is that which prevents belief, except by those persons who see the phenomena too often to doubt. What we want is the law of nature by which it is done. Examining that, we have one law of nature equally wonderful, if we had never seen it. An ignorant savage has been accustomed to see everything fall to the ground. Let him for the first time see a magnet lift a piece of iron, he will be puzzled, till it is explained that the power of attraction of the magnet is greater than the attraction of the earth. So in this case, the power of this vapour overcomes the earth’s power of attraction. One of the first instances I saw of this power, was

that a lady at the table said, "Good spirit, please to make the table heavy?" She then told me to lift that side of the table, and it was excessively heavy. "Now make it light," she said, and I lifted it like a feather; this resolves the phenomenon into a law of nature, and there ends reasoning. Quicksilver has the property or quality of being liquid at ordinary temperatures; it is a law of nature, I never heard any reason given for it. The same may be said of water becoming ice; it is a fact, or we may state it in this way. Water, quicksilver, and iron are naturally solid, but the addition of different degrees of caloric render them all liquid. So it may be a law of nature that the emanations from organic bodies may possess the power of overcoming the principle of attraction.

AUTOMATIC WRITING.

Looking at my memoranda, I find the following on the subject of the medium's hand being guided:—As to any collusion, the following method destroys that entirely. I write a question on a slate without my wife seeing it. I turn that slate over on the table. She covers it with her silk apron, and Mary Jane guides her hand. She neither knows the question I have written, nor the answer Mary Jane has given; and yet, in every instance, the answer is perfectly pertinent to the question.

DIRECT DRAWING.

I now come to the most singular, and though not more extraordinary than the other manifestations, still, perhaps, the most valuable. I mean the direct drawing. Monday, Feb. 9.—When I went up to tea, I found the ladies round the table, making Mary Jane tell them which dominoes to play—the dominoes being turned face upwards. By-and-bye, Mary Jane asked for the alphabet, and said, "Have patience and you shall have a flower." The ladies had put two sheets of paper and a pencil on the carpet under the table. Perhaps half an hour after, Mary Jane was asked if she had written anything. "Yes." The sheets of paper were found folded up with a flower drawn on each—the one a Tulip, and the other a Rose, drawn in that style of Penmanship in which school-masters draw swans, rather roughly done, but quite clear drawings of the flowers. The ladies were highly delighted, thanked Mary Jane, and asked who the drawings were for—and in this, and all subsequent drawings, the same ceremony was observed, Mary Jane answering "No" until the right person was named.

DIRECT PAINTING, MARY JANE FINDING HER OWN COLOURS.

Our *séances* became now more interesting; for, every evening, flowers of some sort were sketched with the pencil, and the style of sketching improved—when a new phase took place. We had been out at a *séance*, when, among other table productions of that hospitable mansion, was, on a paper folded up very small, a very "smudged" design of flowers, in colours. Where the colours came from, no one knew. *I asked Mary Jane if she wanted any colours.* "No." Considering that this mysterious being might possibly condense colouring matter out of the atmosphere, possibly photographically, I enumerated all the photographic materials—nitrate of silver, iodine, &c. &c., all which she negated, except chloride of gold, to which she gave an affirmative "Yes." So I took some straw paper, and soaked it in an extemporised solution of chloride of gold and iodine; the ladies put under the table what paper they pleased—thin letter paper, French note paper, &c. *From that time we ceased putting any pencil under the table, as we got a kind of crayon-stencilled-looking flowers.* The paper seemed indifferent, whether chemically prepared by me, or French glazed note paper. As I considered that every production of this mysterious being must have its origin in the imagination of some one present, I thought that the stencilled-looking flowers might represent some pattern in one of the papers of the rooms. But no. However, to try, I went and bought a very pretty room paper, with a pretty flower design on it, and, cutting off a piece, made a covering to the table with it, considering that my wife or the other ladies sitting and having it before their eyes might give a clue. *The next day the paper was found torn by invisible hands, and finally carried away in bulk, and hidden in the cupboard of the back drawing room, but an endeavour had been made, or was the next evening, by the same*

invisible agency to copy the flower centre-piece of that paper, as though it were done by damping, super-position, and pressure. That, however, was not continued by Mary Jane; but, in return, every evening brought a visible amelioration in the style of execution and design, the extraordinary colours and composition of which preclude the idea of human agency; or, at least friends that have seen them state their utter incapability to comprehend how they could have been done, or where the colouring matter could have come from. Matters being so, one evening a lady asked "Dear spirit, could you draw me a butterfly?" The reply was, "To-morrow;" and next evening a butterfly was sketched in crayon on a paper with other drawings of flowers, and Mary Jane in due form declared it was for the lady who had applied for it, and received her thanks.

MARY JANE VARNISHES THE COLOURED DRAWINGS.

To return to our *séances*, every evening we put paper of all sorts under the table, and asked Mary Jane if she wished to play dominoes or cards; and at about ten o'clock, divided, or rather let Mary Jane divide, the five or six drawings we found under the table; but we were very much puzzled how to preserve them, as they are done in a kind of crayon colours—red, green, purple, yellow, and blue—artistically but incomprehensibly laid on, but which are susceptible of damage by rubbing. So we discussed the subject of varnishes; when one lady said, "Dear Spirit, could you not varnish them for us?" An affirmative three raps said "Yes." We all laughed, and exclaimed, "Why, Mary Jane is going to varnish them for us!" The next evening, when we took up our pictures, we all remained mute with astonishment, for the last picture taken up *was in a style entirely different from the preceding ones, and perfectly varnished.* What shall we arrive at next? we asked one another. Here is nothing but paper and cards, which each has bought where he or she chose, put under the table—no colouring matter of any sort put; some of the paper put in small paper books: and yet, here are exquisitely finished varnished drawings produced.

We lost ourselves in surmises whence our mysterious friend could produce the colours; we knew she was quite capable of taking things about up and down stairs, and hiding them, and three or four days after telling where they were; we also knew, from our own experience, as well as from spiritual books, that she could write and draw flowers when pencil and paper were given; but the colours—did she steal them from the paper on the wall? Or did she take a box of crayons? Or did she condense them from the atmosphere, as flowers seem to get their colours? We can neither comprehend nor explain. We were the same parties throughout, with the exception of the lady who very positively declined putting her head under the table, and one servant girl of nineteen, who, at all events, never touched anything under the table.

Whilst this part of the story is being printed, the author determines to have fac-similes of many of these wonderful drawings in his book; and he sends them to be copied and coloured in chromo-lithography. There are several beautifully printed sheets of them, one as the frontispiece, and the others at the end of the book, and it is principally on account of them and of the small edition which the author has printed, originally for private circulation, that the price has been fixed at one guinea. However, it is worth much more than that to any one who is interested in the subject, and especially if he be a sceptic, and should, in consequence of seeing them, be induced to enlarge his mind to the required dimensions to believe in them. The author gives the following

NOTICE RESPECTING THE DRAWINGS.

The ladies brought with them their own note paper, and frequently marked

it. In the earlier drawings, those in black, a pencil or crayon was put under the table. This was discontinued as soon as coloured drawings began to appear. No colours nor pencils were then put under the table—nothing but the paper. Sometimes the paper was put under the table at one o'clock, and a short *séance* held, and resumed at seven or eight o'clock. Sometimes some of the paper was put down at the evening *séance*. At about half-past ten, notice was given by the alphabet, "Look under the table"—and the drawings were found; sometimes two, sometimes six. The drawings were single, each on a different sheet of note paper.

In a postscript of the 21st April, 1863, the author says:—

FURTHER DESCRIPTION OF THE DRAWINGS.

April 21st, 1863.

The chromo-lithographer tells me it will take fourteen days to lithograph Mary Jane's pictures, and that there are seven colours to be printed, one a-day. Well, reader, the originals of those pictures were made in the following manner:—

The ladies bought French note-paper in Regent Street, each according to her fancy, and I generally prepared some paper with photographic chemicals. All these papers were put under a four-foot rosewood table—sometimes one lady would put all her paper in a book, another would put it loose—sometimes it was put under the table, and a *séance* held at one or two o'clock for an hour—sometimes some papers were placed at the beginning of the evening *séance*, say at about half-past seven. At about half-past ten Mary Jane would say, "Look under the table." If asked before, she would reply, "Not yet;" and when we took up the papers we found those drawings—sometimes two, sometimes six. *There were no colours nor water, nor anything but the plain paper put under the table*, and the parties engaged in the *séance* sat round as usual, and generally took tea, played at cards or dominoes, and talked with Mary Jane or, as they called it, "good spirits," during the whole time; and whenever the question assumes an important shape, as clear proofs shall be forthcoming as that the sun shines.

MARY JANE DRAWS WITHOUT THE MEDIUM.

I must return again to our Mary Jane. I write now for the guidance of those who study the phenomena—hitherto all the manifestations have seemed to accompany the continued flow and presence of the Odylic vapour—it is true that Mary Jane has, at various times promised to visit the ladies present at their own houses, and to make her presence known, but these promises had never been fulfilled; at least, to the knowledge of the parties. However, the following occurred:—On Sunday last, we were saying that, now that our drawing medium was gone to Paris, we could get no more crayon drawings—when my wife said, "Mary Jane, will you make for me a coloured crayon drawing?" "Yes." "For certain?" "Yes." "Will you give it me to-day?" "No." "To-morrow?" "No." "On Tuesday?" "Yes." "Can I depend on it?" "Yes." We speculated occasionally as to whether she would fulfil her promise. Tuesday evening, at half-past nine, Mary Jane, by the alphabet, indicated to me a drawer upstairs, and there I found a coloured crayon drawing. Now, it is only by looking at similar events that we can realise this phenomenon—that is, a first recollection, then work done in the absence of the medium.

Having now given a short statement of some of the principal phenomena mentioned by the author, we find that our space will not allow of our going into the equally interesting series of deductions and reasoning to which they gave rise in his mind. His ideas are both novel and bold, and they are put forward in the genuine spirit of a philosopher and man of science. We hope to do justice to both him and them in our next number.

We have had the pleasure of making the personal acquaint-

ance of the author, and we find that the phenomena are not only continuing, but that they are increasing in intensity. Not only are similar drawings to those published in the book still being produced under the circumstances there stated, but Mary Jane is placing half a dozen such drawings at a time, some of them with upwards of twelve colours, in small boxes, the previous emptiness of which is certified by several persons, who on closing the box covered it with paper tightly gummed down all round and marked with their autograph. This has been frequently repeated, and when the box has been opened two or three days afterwards as many as six coloured drawings have been found in it, whilst the paper was found to have been undisturbed. The same has occurred when the box has been entirely enveloped in tightly gummed paper; also when blank pieces of paper have been placed in sealed envelopes, they have been found painted upon when the envelope was afterwards opened. These are by no means however the only phenomena which are occurring in this, which is one of the best attested and most remarkable cases of mediumship, or Mary Jane-ism.

SIR WILLIAM à BECKETT THE JUDGE.

“A Daniel come to judgment, yea, a Daniel!”

Merchant of Venice.

OUR readers will be surprised and delighted to learn that the facts with which they are so familiar have at length had judgment passed upon them by a legal celebrity of no common pretensions. The ex-Chief Justice of Victoria whose name graces the head of this article, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in a rural vicinity of this metropolis, has once more assumed the judicial horse-hair, disposed of the evidence, and delivered judgment.

The occasion of this important event was a review of Mr. Home's book, *Incidents of my Life*, in the *Inquirer* newspaper, an organ of the Unitarians, in which the learned judge is reputed frequently to appear as literary censor. In the present case there can be no doubt of the authorship, as the article is signed by his initials, W. à B. An unusually large space is devoted to the task—upwards of eight columns—through which the judge disports himself with fine Roman vigour, and without any, the smallest, misgiving as to the justice of the verdict which he instructs the *Inquirer's* jury of readers to return. It is quite refreshing to see such whole-souled and hearty assurance. Never before, we venture to say, was judge less encumbered with any regard to evidence. In fact, evidence in such a case would seem, in his opinion, to be an entire superfluity. Listen: “As there are some

things to which we instinctively give our faith, so there are others to which we instinctively refuse it, and it is in the latter we class the phenomena which Mr. Home invites us, in his book, to consider as the work of spirits." Thus does this judicial luminary, with a charming frankness, exhibit his radical and dominating principle of judgment, and, with a modesty quite Hibernian, dispose of the facts before him, notwithstanding that, in a previous portion of his review, he has admitted that the facts "have been witnessed by too many persons of unimpeachable veracity to justify our treating them either as illusions or delusions!"

True, our cautious critic adds, "So far as the eyes and ears of the spectators are concerned," as if there were salvation in that against his admitting too much! Overpowered for the moment by the weight of the testimony, and conscious himself of the overwhelming force of "instinct," the only escape for his scepticism was this attempt to limit the competency of the witnesses. To their eyes and ears the facts no doubt *appeared* to take place; but, for his part, he requires something more reliable than the evidence of the senses even of "many persons of unimpeachable veracity."

Lest our readers should imagine the Judge to treat the faculties of his fellow-men with exceptional contumely, however, let us hasten to apprise them that he does no more by theirs than he would do by his own. Of the "*séances* presided over by Mr. Home," he says, "we confess to our curiosity having been excited to learn a great deal more respecting the latter *than it would be possible to obtain as a spectator of his manifestations.*" What species of evidence would suit him better than that he could derive from his own observation he does not condescend to say. When, however, he thus discredits his own observing powers it is no wonder he disbelieves in other people's. He assumes to know (by "instinct," we suppose) that there are things to learn respecting the *séances* which no spectator is permitted to witness, and he desiderates that some one behind the scenes should give him the information. In vain we point to the testimony of "persons of unimpeachable veracity" and universally admitted ability, that no such things were there; that the events took place in their own homes, under their own arrangements, excluding the possibility of the deceptions he insinuates. He knows better: "there are things to which we instinctively give our faith;" and these be of them!

This, then, is the outcome of Sir William à Beckett's examination of Mr. Home's book, *viz.*, that Mr. Home is an impostor, and that those who testify to the validity of the facts he records are, simply, "Mr. Home's dupes." Could the force of "instinct" further go?

Mr. Home has enjoyed the most intimate intercourse with men of undoubted character and position in society in America, England, France, and nearly every important state in Europe; been under the closest observation of the most astute *savans*, lawyers, statesmen, and men of eminence in all departments of human enquiry in all these countries; nay, has even been subjected to the scrutiny of Sir William's peculiar favourites, the most accomplished professors of the "Herr Frikell and Robert Houdin" order, whose familiarity with all the resources of their art would surely give them satisfactory ability to expose his tricks and contrivances if he had any; yet has he passed through these ordeals for the last dozen or fifteen years, illustrating the phenomena which occur through his mediumship—and these witnesses, with one consent, assert, not only that they have not detected any contrivances by which he could accomplish the manifestations they witnessed, but that it was impossible he could have any without their having detected them, and they accordingly affirm their belief in the ultra-mundane cause of the phenomena. Further, Mr. Home has enjoyed, and still enjoys, as a welcome guest and friend, access to the homes of persons in every way the equals of his censor; and one of these, who possesses a name in literature compared with which Sir William à Beckett's is that of a nobody, has, in the introduction to Mr. Home's book, borne testimony to the simplicity and purity of Mr. Home's character and aims. Yet, with a confidence in his own infallibility bordering on the sublime, our ex-Chief Justice sets up his own instincts against the eyesight, the experience, the knowledge of these witnesses of unimpeachable veracity and acknowledged ability, and declares Mr. Home an "impostor," and these men his "dupes!" The amusing thing, too, is, that he dubs these men who *have* investigated and attained their conclusions by strict intellectual process, on due induction of facts observed by themselves, "*credulous*" dupes; he himself, who decides by "instinct," without evidence and against evidence, being, of course, the only true philosopher! A more ridiculous misapplication of terms was surely never made.

Sir William would seem never to have considered that it is not *what* a man believes, but *how* he attains his belief, that determines his credulity or incredulity. A man may be credulous to any degree, and yet have no belief in a spiritual world at all. One man, conscious of good faith in himself, and possessing a wide experience of a similar principle in others, inclines, as Sir William would say, "instinctively" to believe what men of unblemished reputation tell him. Another, who is conscious of infirmity of moral integrity in himself, or whose experience has lain chiefly amongst the inferior grades of human nature—not

uncommon hangers-on about the purlieus of law courts, we understand—is naturally prone to imagine deceit and imposture. The one may be unduly credulous of good, and incredulous of evil intent; the other, his counterpart, incredulous of good, but the veriest slave to suspicions of evil—both may be equally credulous, only of opposite things. We suspect Sir William's bias is not towards the former. The force of the instinctive judgment under which he commenced his review is seen throughout the entire article. No finer illustration is within our recollection of the power of "dominant ideas." The only parallel we remember is that of the author of the paper on this subject, which appeared some years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, and was said to be the production of a distinguished physician and physiologist. There the author was so dominated by his own idea, that he could neither see the limit of the principle he was expounding, nor the validity of its co-ordinate; and the result was, one of the most partial criticisms upon the phenomena which had, up to that time, appeared. Similarly, Sir William à Beckett, in the article before us, is so completely dominated by the aforesaid instinct, that he cannot, apparently, perceive the inconsistencies into which it has plunged him, nor even appreciate the meaning of his own language. No imperfection of expression on Mr. Home's part, however easily explicable, but is construed into support of this omnivorous instinct; the Bench is vacated for the Bar; and certainly no Old Bailey special-pleader was ever more pragmatistical, word-catchy, or one-sided. "What it may be in connexion with Mr. Home's organization, which makes chairs move, tables rise, floors tremble, accordions play, hand-bells jingle, we cannot even conjecture; but to have the fact thrust upon us as a proof of spiritual agency would, if we were to accept it, be such a violent jerk from the ridiculous to the sublime as to go far towards displacing our sanity." Yet his very next sentence supplies the "conjecture" of imposture, to which we have already adverted! He is so demented by his instinctive repulsions that, as we have said, he has ceased to appreciate the meaning of even his own language. But it is to the enumeration of the phenomena just given, as occurring in Mr. Home's presence, that we would now direct attention. And we would ask him, "Why, O Upright Judge! stop short in your enumeration just where you do? Why not go on with the other facts affirmed by the same unimpeachable testimony, and some of them inseparably attendant upon even those you do mention?" From a retained special pleader the *suppressio veri* is to be looked for, as a matter of course; but from a Lord Chief Justice, let us admit, we are shocked to meet with so little justice, and so shallow and self-condemnatory a subterfuge. The manifestations

of intelligence and affection, of special knowledge and peculiar sentiments, may have little weight with you, and afford you little aid in conjecturing the cause of the phenomena ; but it was surely due to the jury you were addressing that this evidence should not have been ignored and concealed from them? Was it not also due to them that you should have pointed out the similarity of many of the present facts to some of ancient times, record of which is to be found in a book not yet altogether discredited, even in the ranks addressed by the *Inquirer*, moderate as is their faith in the supernatural? Why, for instance, suppress the fact that "*the handwriting on the wall*" has its modern analogue? that apparitions of individuals passed from earth appear to, and are seen and known by those present with whom they are in relation, just as a certain Saul of Tarsus was arrested on his journey to Damascus by One who is recorded to have appeared, after death, more than once to favoured disciples? Nor would it have implied any extravagant acquaintance with the facts if you had acknowledged that the appearance of the same One in a certain upper room, when the door was shut, had likewise been paralleled in these "modern instances;" that even His condescension to the weakness of one Thomas, by embodying himself and submitting to the sceptic's touch, in proof of identity, was only a manifestation greater in degree, commensurate with the greater power of the Agent, and possibly the peculiar fitness of the mediums around him, but in no way different in kind from the modern phenomena, in more than one of which, recorded in the book then under your own eye, proof of identity is given by the grasp of the hand. Nor would it have been any more than justice if still other facts had been added analogous to those which other hostile critics besides yourself at least profess to believe, notwithstanding that the evidence for them is not, either in quantity or in quality, a tithe of that in support of the modern facts, credence to which you and they "instinctively refuse." This, however, would have implied a really judicial mind—one less prejudiced, captious, conceited, and wilful—one possessing more affinity with the fishermen, and less with the Scribes and Pharisees of old—one, in short, very different from that of the author of the review before us.

After the indications already submitted, our readers, we fancy, will not care for further specimens of Sir William à Beckett's criticisms. It is not every day, however, that they have the benefit of seeing how the super-eminent legal mind really deals with evidence when it condescends to notice its existence at all ; so we venture to crave their indulgence for yet a few examples.

Mr. Home's experiences at the Chateau of the Marquis de

——— is the subject of the following exposition and comment :—

“ On his second evening at the Chateau, as the family were about to take tea, a table from the further end of the room where they were sitting ‘came up with extreme violence.’ No damage seems to have been done to any person or thing, ‘but,’ says Mr. Home, ‘we were all rather startled, as we were not expecting any manifestations.’ This is a strange confession for one who, throughout his book, is constantly informing us that he is conscious of no mental or physical connexion with the manifestations which occur in his presence, and that ‘as to the peculiar laws under which they had become developed in his person he knows no more than others.’ If this be true, how can he ever have any *expectations* on the subject, and why should he be startled by their appearance at one time more than another?”

Astonishing penetration! Mr. Home must be confounded now. What sort of a world has our learned pundit been living in? Of course he never presided over any cause in which an unexpected altercation took place between opposing litigants; and never in his life was surprised by a squabble among the polite, sweet-tempered, smooth-tongued gentlemen of the long robe? At any rate, if unexpected “violent manifestations” of this kind ever did occur in his presence, it *could* not be true that *he* “had no conscious connexion” with the production of them; or, if true, how could “he ever have any *expectations* on the subject, and why should he be startled by their occurrence at one time more than another?”

Equally profound and inexplicable is the Judge’s difficulty as to the non-occurrence of manifestations at some of Mr. Home’s *séances*, “*although* persons were present most desirous of witnessing them;” which he is pleased ingeniously to interpret as meaning “that the manifestations are greatly helped by the presence of believing spectators.” And then, with marvellous perspicacity, he sees there is no possible reconciliation between this fact and the principle, that to be too eager and expectant of spirit manifestation “*had a strong tendency to defeat the object*,” and to render the incompatibility more emphatic he puts the quotation in italics, as we have presented it!

But in further illustration of the puzzles with which he imagines that he poses the Spiritualists in general and Mr. Home in particular, and for the solution of some of which he actually speaks of “waiting for a second edition” of Mr. Home’s book, the following is, perhaps, the most unique piece of pragmatistical dialectic the controversy has yet developed :—

With reference to the quality of this peculiarity, we demur altogether, if it be as independent of his volition, as Mr. Home alleges, to the designation of it as a

"power." He himself tells us that "over the manifestations which occurred in his presence he has not, and never had, the slightest power, either to bring them on, or to send them away, or to increase or lessen them." And elsewhere, he calls them but an accident of his organization." What does he mean, then, by constantly referring to the varying nature of his power, and his consciousness of its diminution at particular periods? On one occasion, as we have seen, his "guardian spirits" told him he would lose it for a year, but his reply to them might have been, "How can I lose what I do not possess? If you mean, dear spirits, to keep quiet for the next year in my presence, that is your affair; but if it is mine, I should have found it out without your telling me." By the way, Mr. Home does not inform us of the *number* of his guardian spirits, or whether they made their private communications to him in vocal chorus, or by alphabetical rappings. Nor does he inform us whether they are the same as the spirits which appear at his *séances*; but if not, how came they to have such a control over the latter as to be justified in predicting their non-appearance?

The hypothesis is, that some change was to take place in Mr. Home's constitution or state which should render manifestations through its medium impossible for the time stated. If his special "peculiarity" was to leave him for a season, *no* spirits could manifest themselves in virtue of his presence. This was far too obvious an explanation to suit the case, however, and the brilliant imagination of our poetic judge sees at once the far more imposing and improbable one of different sets of spirits controlling one another! Then, descending to the region of prose, in deference to the enquiring minds of his readers, he propounds the interesting and profitable query, "how came the one set to have *such* control over the other as to be justified in predicting their non-appearance?" How, indeed!

But the great card of our critic is his righteous indignation at the "blasphemous pretensions" of Mr. Home to have any mission "to convert the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping."

If Mr. Home were really under the belief that he had such a mission, and sincerely desirous of *performing it*, he would be at some pains to seek out the class of persons who most stand in need of his aid. Instead of confining his ministrations to palaces and chateaus, and the mansions of the rich and titled, we should have thought a more available crop of the infidel, the sick, and the sorrowful might have been found by him in those wretched lanes and alleys which one bearing a name too holy to be profaned by mention in connection with his own would not have disdained to visit. * * * * We are not aware whether he has ascertained by experience that the furniture of hovels and cellars is unfavourable to spiritual manifestations, but, as he says he does not know the extent of his own power, he has no right to conclude that only such upholstery as finds its way into gentlemen's drawing-rooms is in a condition to call it into play. *Until he has made the experiment—until, in short, he is to be heard of in those places where a missionary both from God and man is most required, let him, in heaven's name, cease talking about his "glorious mission," and discontinue his blasphemous pretensions.*

What, however, if infidels and "persons who most stand in need of his aid" are more numerous in "palaces and chateaus, and the mansions of the rich and titled," than in "the wretched lanes and alleys" aforesaid? We venture to assert that a case of greater pharasaic judicial *blindness* was never exhibited than the one before us. Notoriously, the occupants of the "hovels and cellars"

stand far less than these in need of the revelations of the future existence, of which Mr. Home and others are the mediums. It is precisely in the classes amongst whom Mr. Home has moved, in whom the lower intellect has been cultivated at the expense of the higher, that scepticism of the future life, and of the very existence of a spiritual principle distinct from the bodily organization most prevails. With this scepticism goes necessarily the lack of consolation to the mourners of those classes who are "weeping for their children because they are not." The bringing of conviction to them, that those they mourn for are not lost, but only gone before; nay, may be even now more truly near them than when they lived in the body before their eyes, at once dispels their infidelity and dries their tears. To say that Mr. Home has been instrumental to this end in thousands of cases, is only to state the bare fact. His "mission" therefore requires no other vindication, so far as these relations of it are concerned. How much still remains for him to do both in these respects and in "curing the sick" is somewhat beside the question. Enough has assuredly been done to at least justify the modest claims which Mr. Home really makes, so far as he personally makes any; and certainly there was a weight of evidence in the book under examination which ought, if candidly accepted, to have shielded him from the contemptuous imputations of one of the most narrow-minded, bigoted and prudish critics who has hitherto assayed to pass judgment upon him. We venture to add the opinion that no one needs more than Sir William à Beckett himself the very proofs he so much despises. A mind more utterly closed against human testimony, in this matter, more cramped by prejudice, and yet possessing many attributes of a respectable if not high order, we have never encountered. Even the review before us, notwithstanding its glaring defects, bears evidence of a conscientious industry, and manifests his having really read the book he has criticised. The vexing thing is, that his wilful "instincts" have completely overborne his better judgment, coloured every dubious passage that arrested his attention, and suggested always the worst of alternative interpretations; so that his very conscientiousness has only been impelled to ransack the book for proofs in support of his foregone conclusion. The result is briefly told—and we take a cheery good-bye of the learned judge, by frankly assuring him—that his review of Mr. Home's book is, of all we have yet seen, at once the most painstaking and the most preposterous.

THE EXPERIENCES OF A MEDIUM.

By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.L.

I.

SIX years ago the present writer contributed a series of papers to the *Yorkshire Spiritual Telegraph*, entitled "How I became Convinced." In the concluding one of these papers he said, "At a future opportunity I propose to state the results of my practical examination of the following question: 'What are the relations—physical, moral, and intellectual—between man in the earthly and man in the spiritual spheres of existence?'" What I am enabled to say on the subject at present is nothing more than a contribution towards an answer to this question, in the form of a narrative of my own mediumship. The facts and communications in which a given medium is concerned can only convey a partial answer to such a question. For a general answer the collective experience of a multitude of mediums is required.

Shortly after the date of the last of the series of those papers I became acquainted with a literary gentleman who informed me that he was a medium for spirit-writing. He had not, however, attended to the faculty for some time, because of the nonsense which was most frequently written. I expressed a desire to see a specimen of such writing. Holding a pencil, his hand seemed presently to be grasped by another unseen one, and page after page of writing was done, partly in answer to questions, partly not. The writing was in various characters and styles. To my question, addressed to the invisible writers, whether I, also, was a medium for writing, the answer, through his hand, was, "Sit opposite this medium every time he comes, holding your pencil as if ready to write, and we shall, after a while, be able to use it." In about ten days, sitting thus when he called, and sometimes alone, I at length found my fingers in motion, forming the elements of letters; then, after some days, a line of letters; then short words; at length, after some weeks of this apparently preliminary exercise, a perfect sentence was written. For three months I had scraps more and more lengthy, more or less coherent; sometimes the writing ended before a sentence was completed, as though the requisite force was exhausted; sometimes a communication would commence with seriousness, then, the handwriting changing, it would end with something frivolous; sometimes, it would even be characterized by malice towards one or other person with whom I was on terms of friendship or affection; at other times, it would be found to be a tissue of falsehoods. I felt disposed, on such occasions, to throw down the pencil, and not take it up again with the object of being a medium for spiritual writing. What

inclined me to patience was the fact that some of the communications exhibited thought and feeling commending themselves to some critical friends as well as to myself. It was evident to us that I was open to the *rappport* of spirits of diverse conditions. How could I secure that of the better sort, and keep remote the lower? The friend whose presence had facilitated my being brought into this exercise was not surprised at my experience—it was similar to his own—and he had preferred to continue his attention to the subject by means of a seeing medium and a prepared mirror. But such mirrors I found—employed with a prescribed formula of adjuration—were not free from the intrusion of undesirable spiritual presence. Seeing, then, no peculiar virtue in the method by the mirror, I resumed the mode by my hand and pencil, or pen.

The writing was always preceded or accompanied by certain sensations: sometimes it was one of aching in the shoulder, and this was so painful occasionally as to compel me to throw down the pencil; at others, it was one of galvanic prickling at the elbow; at others, of numbness of the hand or fingers. I discovered, after a time, that the writing which was accompanied by the sensation at the shoulder was associated with an influence of a malevolent kind. Sometimes, being incited to hold the pencil by one of the other sensations, that of the shoulder would suddenly come on. I learnt, also, not only by this sensation, but by a certain style of handwriting, certain turns of phrase, certain obsolete words, to recognize the *rappport* of a spirit of duplicity and malevolence, although the invisible mover of my hand might sign the name of one or other of my departed relatives and friends.

I adopted a modification of the adjuration employed in using the mirror. Did this keep off such? Not at all. Whatever spirit was in operation, it seemed to be competent for another to put the former aside. Again: a communication, quite unexceptionable, might be commenced; to finish it I had to turn over the page; putting my hand to the paper again, behold! a different influence is in operation, with the gnawing sensation at the shoulder. This light *rappport* of some spirits, and the facility with which lower ones substituted theirs, was at length recognized: thus, sometimes the subject of the writing would be suddenly dropped, and the injunction "Lay down the pen," be written.

Did any action of my own mind mingle with that of the spirit in some obscure way? Questions like this are common, and I will answer it by a quotation from my diary. I find there (Nov. 26, 1857) that, much wishing that I might receive a communication from a well-remembered friend, Dr. Alexander Clarke, deceased twenty-seven years, the following came through my

hand:—"The spirit of Clarke must not communicate with you, because he lied the last time: he told you he was in the eighth sphere—he is in the first—he must remain there some time: he is a lying spirit of malignant character." It had been written, some weeks before, that Clarke was in the eighth sphere; not recognizing such a sphere, I had regarded the writing as from some miserable joker. I said, "There must be some mistake." "The Clarke I speak of," was the rejoinder, "departed earth-life September last year; the one you are thinking of was Clarke, of Lewisham." Hereupon the Clarke, so alluded to as having departed a year before, wrote about particulars which had escaped my memory. Now, if my own mind had been somehow the active operator in the writing, my hand ought to have traced something about Alexander Clarke, of Lewisham, and not of another for whom I felt no sympathy. The writing from the intruding Clarke which followed showed that his company in the spiritual state, although worse in degree, was the same in kind as when in the body. It also showed me that the company which was attracted to me was worse than I had supposed. I asked myself, Is the cause internal to myself or is it external and magnetic? This question was answered in the course of my experience. But let us take things in order. I purpose, taking what I have said as preliminary; to extract from my diary communications as they occur in the order of time, omitting very many, making only such remarks as may seem necessary to understand them. I begin, then, my extracts at six months from the commencement of my mediumship. To separate the wheat from the chaff during that first period would be unpleasant if not unprofitable. At that date, then, I find that I headed a page thus—*Holy gifts should be rightly used*. The comment upon this, by the spirit, was:—"Should be, but are not by some spirits. Some spirits are incapable of seeing the godliness of the gift of mediumship. Some spirits have not the spiritual sense to shew forth the godliness of the gift, so far as they are concerned. Spirits are not so advanced in thought as you are until they have proved themselves above temptation, nor until they are superior to the attractions of sense. Spirits have attractions to sense, and to the objects of sensation: they are subjects of sensation from the material sphere. Spirits hold relation still to the material world. They are spirit, soul, and body: soul because they are direct emanations from God—spirit because direct emanations from nature—body because direct emanations from God and nature growing together. Leave off for the present." I leave readers to make their own comments upon communications. My transcribing does not imply endorsing them. I received all as "materials for thinking."

The name of an uncle of my wife was one evening about the same time written through my hand; I said that I was sure his niece would be glad to have a message from one whom she loved. The answer was:—"W. D. loves his nephews and nieces as becomes a Christian spirit; loves their children; loves all mankind; but desires to express particularly his love for her and her son Robert whom he remembers well as a fine boy of eleven, when he deceased from the earth to enter upon the state of immortal peace and joy of God." Then followed immediately:—"I am her uncle—I am her uncle William. Love one another, and God will bless you. How great and good are the works of God! How loving are His words to man in His word—the Bible! How great, how good, are the shadows of his redemption on mankind at large!"

Dec. 7, 1857.—I had been visiting a sick friend who communicated to me the sudden death of a Mr. C., whom I had known through his having become from assistant the proprietor of the school where my son was at the time. My friend said, "And to think of his being cut off just at the moment of completing his alteration of the house; I am told that he has turned it into quite a palace." I said, "I hope he has turned his internal along with his external house into a better condition: such change—if all said of him be true—was needed; for a man to die in the full course of self-seeking, who held all ties except money-ties with a loose hand, for such a man to die suddenly seems to me a serious thing." "What, according to your notions," asked my young friend, for I had spoken to him about Spiritualism, "would be his state now? I think he was what you say." "When such a man," I said, "wakes up in the other world he finds himself, I conceive, with spirits who, unknown to himself, have long been his associates: hitherto his tempters and servants they are now masters from whom he can no more disengage himself than can a nail from a magnet. I can imagine his dismay, for there was much natural good in him. While in the body he could divert conscience by the excitements of sense; but now he is in a sphere of evil unmitigated. The good in him may revolt; but how can he escape? Only by magnetic rapport with spirits in a higher state. But for this he has to pass through an ordeal of inmost repentance, renunciation of self, and prayer to God. But these he used to laugh at." "You draw a dismal picture," said my friend. "Yes," I said, "and it may not be exact; but similar pictures are drawn in spiritual communications, as to men of similar history. But, after all, it is not for us to pass judgment; we all need a merciful one." Leaving my friend, I came home. After dinner, while reading something from my diary to my wife and son, I felt the writing-

sensation in my arm, and held the pencil for some comment. The following came in a new handwriting:—"O eternal Father of Heaven, gracious Son of God, and Spirit of God, hear the prayer! Terrible, oh! terrible, is the fate of the wicked, self-seeking sinner. You described his situation to young Williams correctly. I am C——. The heaven and hell I derided are real states of existence. The Omnipotent God lives." I said that I heard that morning of his death from young Williams with whose family he had been intimately acquainted. On my wife making some remark, I said that he always seemed to me a worldly man. The pen went on again:—"Worldly indeed, my dear sir! I cannot, great God! call you friend. The Omnipotent Lord has shewn his love to you, but you will pray for the sinner. O what a sinner! How often I have laughed at you for a fool in talking of clairvoyance. You should both love and fear. O God, hear my prayer; Let my cry come unto Thee!"

Turning over my diary, now, I find, with numerous disjointed communications from long-forgotten friends and associates,—chiefly on a low plane—short and sharp sermons from my father, and injunctions to lay down the pen; I find also frequent commencements of sensible writing ending abruptly with the letters "S. M." With respect to these letters, I found that if I continued to hold the pen after they were written, the aching of the shoulder would come on. Questioning once the meaning of these letters, it was written that it meant to intimate the approach of a spirit of malice. Short prayers I also find written, some in my behalf, some in behalf of the writers, in which I was asked to participate. With respect to the latter the following was written:—"May 1st, 1858. My dear medium—You are more charitable than wise in mingling your magnetic aura with that of a spirit who declares himself evil. Blumenfeld makes me say that he was advanced by your prayers; but you were prevented from coming into *rapport* with many good spirits by such communication with him." Then comes in a handwriting almost the fac-simile of the earthly writing of Blumenfeld, the German Pantheistic Professor, whose history I related in the *British Spiritual Telegraph*:—"Unbounded love of truth is the all-important guide to man in philosophizing. God and man are one. Make a book on a never-ending progress to perfection. Your monadial theory lays the foundation of a philosophy of a greater scope than Jackson Davis's; for you make a demonstration of a commencement of every being from God. My dear friend, my fate was to make a——" Here the writing abruptly ended.

The next time I opened my writing-book, I remarked that the want of persistency in communications was very remarkable: feeling the movement, I held the pencil, and the following came:

“My dear medium—Many times you are at the disposal of the malicious spirit on account of the great many people who come to you ; but a man of good brings good spirits with him—such is your cousin who has just gone. Make him welcome.”

The following was written after reading a sermon by Spurgeon on *The Mission of Jesus Christ*:—“I believe that Jesus Christ came in the flesh. I want to address you on the same subject. You are to understand that man was created male and female. Jesus Christ was male in the body and female in the soul. To understand that you must read the Old Testament. My dear sir, you read that the man was created double: that woman was separated from him when in a deep sleep. What is meant by that is that man is not monadially single ——.” At this point I was called away; on return I hoped that the subject might be continued. “You are not at mind with the spirit who wrote, and he has gone. Much depends upon the state of the mind when you write.” This was written very slowly, and signed by a name which, through the medium before-mentioned, always followed rapid writing. I said, “You don’t write fast through me.” “No; you are more impressible to the thought-action of spirits. You are a medium for impressions more than for mechanical movements; but you do not distinguish the impressed ideas from your own. You are sometimes in a good state for our acting upon your sensorium. You might make yourself more impressible to us, my good sir. You are most impressible when you are most disengaged from things around you.”

Soon after my being used in this way, it was intimated by a spirit signing the name of my father—who had left earth nearly a quarter of a century—that my two children (the first still-born, but at maturity; the other deceased at five months old, twenty years previously), would be enabled soon to write through my hand. And at various times I had had, as if from the latter, scraps of sentences in a minute writing. It was also intimated that I should know the former by the name of Thomas Theodore, and the latter by the name I gave him, Jacob Secundus D. This is one, *Aug. 29*:—“My dear mother, mother, mother,—You are not much better than when I wrote before. Why do you weep? I am happy. My good father and mother, make me happier by making your own Father in heaven more the object of your thoughts and meditations.—J. S. D.”

Sept. 5.—We had just bid a farewell good morning to a neighbour, whom we agreed to be of the obtusest in everything out of his business: this we thought a pity as he was such a “friendly good fellow.” I felt the vibration, and, holding the pen, this came:—“Many duties or occupations are accommodated to individuals of ordinary capacities, on account of their being

adapted to their minds or tastes, and order is thus maintained in the economy of the Almighty's work, where otherwise disorder would ensue. Man has to advance to his Maker by work and study. Man must draw his own development or advancement by a diligent cultivation of his own nature and own acquirements. Advice from spirits can only be of service and account when he accepts it as lending him this sort of suggestive aid. Depend upon us only as giving suggestions. May you go on determined to be your own history-writer. On this self-reliance men must build, and they will say afterwards that they made the day their own." Then in different writing:—"Many times spirits only suggest thoughts,—move the mind. So many are about you now that it is difficult to write all we would say."

Nov. 20th.—In the interval between this and the last date, it pleased the Almighty Father to remove from his earthly parents, our dear son Robert, whom may He ever bless! The communications from him, and on his account, I may hereafter present in a separate register; I cannot yet. Spirits, of the same various kinds, I continued to find, were able to institute *rapport* with my hand, spirits, by their own declaration beneath me—some seeking for prayer in their behalf, others not; spirits above me, who prayed for me, and who made confession of Christian faith. I found that communications from all but the latter kind were likely to turn out spiritual annoyances. I therefore made it a rule to have no writing not heralded by a formula to that effect. At times, however, the handwriting would change from that of a spirit who had used the formula to some other. If I distinguished the change, I required the formula again; if repeated, very well: if not, I laid down the pen. A young friend, B. L., had, in the meantime, joined us. He became interested in the communications, and at his request, we used to sit for them after the business of the day was over. I find the following, but on what occasion or question I do not remember:—"The object of my writing is to say that Satan is not an individual spirit but a complex of spirits of a most evil character." B. L.'s father was a member of a religious congregation, and the son was well posted in its doctrines. He made a little speech here, and asked a question, to which the answer was:—"William Hitchcock" (the name of the spirit, I suppose) "is not a teacher of divinity." The writing resumed: "We are sometimes accused of inconsistency in our communications—we are disturbed in our action" (my wife had risen from the table to attend to some domestic affair) "at the breach of circuit. When a circle is formed it should be custodied until the spirit has ceased to say what he has to say, but this apparent inconsistency is often to be ascribed to causes operating in the circle. My dear Mrs. D. thinks she may

rise and leave without interrupting the proceedings, but not so. Many times, when a communication would be continued, the medium is called away. Again, unless sympathy with the spirit is felt, strength of action is not to be expected. The nice adaptation of force to produce the writing is a matter of calculation. Since that is the case, no disturbing element should be allowed to intrude on the part of those who assist." To the question, "Can you explain the nature of the force and the mode by which you operate?" it was answered, "We are not only the regulators of the force but the chief originators of it. Magnetism, self-originated, marks the operation in all its stages. Magnetism gives the key to all the physical phenomena of mediumship. Nothing else can make it comprehensible. The early sages of the world made profound and serviceable discoveries in the subject of mediumship by the aid of magnetism. From the time of Moses down to that of Mesmer——must leave off for the present." And so the writing ceased abruptly.

Nov. 21st.—This evening an Italian friend, named Accolti, was with us. He said he knew of writing mediumship twenty-five years ago at Naples, where at that time he lived, and where it was privately cultivated by a few, it being denounced by the priests. On our sitting down I read the communications of a few previous evenings. Holding the pen, B. L. asked a string of questions, to which short answers were given through my hand. While this was going on, Accolti wrote on a scrap of paper, which he folded and laid near me; saying, "When Buxton's questions are answered will the spirit favour me with an answer to this?" Immediately this was written:—"The Satan of New Catholicism seems a blunder." On unfolding his paper I could not read it: his question was in his own language. He said it was—"Is the doctrine of the Catholic Apostolic Church right in regard to Satan?" Accolti said he was a member of that church, and asked the spirit in what it was a blunder? "It implies sovereignty against God. Souls are not under any dominion but their own and God's. Accolti defines Satan as sovereign of hell." Hereupon ensued a discussion between Accolti and the spirit, which might not interest. What interested me was the fact of an answer being written through my hand to a question not known to me either in language or subject. Later the same evening, I had resumed the pen on feeling the admonitory sensation; B. L. approached and leaned familiarly over the table to watch the movement of my hand. It was written:—"Sit down—sit down—sit when we announce ourselves. The announcement of the spirits' presence should cause attention. Christ is our master and the recollection of Him should pervade the assembly.

The Saviour seeks man by all mediums if they are disposed to serve Him. Some mediums are impressible without piety; some are above the—" Here the handwriting changed: "Mary Anne, dear cousin—Seek the adorable Saviour, and it will be well with you. My dear sister in the Lord.—Harriet Clarke." The handwriting had changed again. "I never knew a Harriet Clarke," said my wife; "Your husband did," was written. I exclaimed, "Dear me, have you left the earth?" Harriet was the sister of Alexander Clarke, whom I have previously mentioned. "Yes, I have been here some year or two. To me the change has been a happy one, indeed. I was a lunatic. A dear friend told me of your mediumship, and I hastened to greet you, and thank you for your good offices at a time they were needed by me and my father; and which we never had the opportunity of reciprocating. Alexander is desirous of accosting you." I explained to my wife that on the death of Dr. Alexander Clarke, with whom I was at the time residing as assistant, I remained with his family until his affairs were settled. The writing was resumed in the well remembered characters of my friend:—"My dear Mrs. D., I have endeavoured to salute my good friend for a long time. My dear sister Harriet was long in the infirmity of insanity." Then the handwriting changed to hers again—"The infirmity showed itself soon after my dear brother's departure, as you may remember;" (there were some indications) "and the only—" Again a change in the writing—"Mary do not keep away from your duties." I asked, "Can I not receive my friend's testimony?" "The spirit of Clarke has gone.—S. D." This sitting gives a good instance of facility and shifting of *rapport*.

Nov. 22nd.—At our evening sitting, my friend wrote again:—"Alexander Clarke. My dear friend D.—Self-denial is the soul's alliance to God. No man can seek God who is self-indulgent." Then, in reply to some question—"My dear Mrs. D., I was. My friend D. makes no mention of circumstances which he might, to shew that." I said, "I prefer to remember circumstances which shew self-sacrifice on your part." "Thanks, my dear friend; I was self-sacrificing to my father and sister, but not to God." My wife said, "If he was good at home in his family, I do not think there was much wrong in him." The comment on this was:—"Home is the safeguard of morals, but morals are useless without religious devotion to God. Sin is the inevitable result of that indifference to religion which characterized me. Sin is the concomitant of God-denying; morality makes no counterpoise to that." "Does he mean that he thought there was no God?" was asked. The spirit responded to this:—"How a man can think so surprises me now that I am here; but when on earth such was my thought, because I never permitted myself to reflect

on the great and surprising evidences of His existence and action. How I could have been so blind I am astonished now myself. The beauties of this state of existence are beyond expression, but those of the earth are magnificent and overwhelming." The handwriting changed—"My dear medium, we don't wish to occupy your attention too long.—W. Hitchcock. Make an end now. Farewell." I have no other communication recorded of a spirit from whom I had expected so much.

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, AND PROFESSOR CHALLIS, OF CAMBRIDGE, ON SPIRITUALISM.

THREE years have elapsed since the article "Stranger than Fiction" appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and since then an impression has existed that no unkindly feeling towards Spiritualism existed in the mind of the editor of that journal. The inference was a natural one, for the public generally conclude that only such contributions are allowed to appear in its pages as are approved of and believed to be worthy of the attention of its readers.

To atone for the mistake of three years ago, it now resolves to make plain the follies of Spiritualism—to show how utterly fallacious are all the proofs of its reality, and how foolish and weak-minded are all its advocates. The task is a sensible one, if there is anything to put right; for if the public mind is running astray on such a subject as the supernatural, the sooner it is arrested and brought to truth and reason the better. We claim the same mode of developing the truth or errors of Spiritualism that is applied to all new objects of thought—all new sciences and discoveries. We ask this and nothing more. For facts will have to be multiplied and general principles established in connexion with Spiritualism, just as in all other departments of human investigation, before the public can repose a settled belief in their truth and reality.

It is somewhat amusing, however, to know on what grounds the *Cornhill Magazine* attempts to prove the fallacy of Spiritualism. It asserts that the proofs of supernatural influences are utterly worthless, *because of their improbability*; and that, although millions of persons may attest the truth of the phenomena, yet because of the assumed improbability of such facts, they are all to be described as foolish fallacies.

It is only necessary, therefore, to deal with the improbability of the case, in order to test the value of the argument so laboriously elaborated. On the word *improbable* hangs the

whole argument—the essence of the article is concentrated in that idea. There is no reason why we should deny that much that appears at first sight to be improbable is connected with Spiritualism; it carries us almost to the antipodes of modern research, and excites the mind to fathom some of the mysteries of an unseen world. The human mind has been almost wholly engaged in unravelling material questions, during the past half century—no doubt for some wise and beneficent purpose—and now, it may be, for a purpose equally wise, enquiry is being directed towards the supernatural and unseen. But whilst we admit that much that appears strange and improbable is to be found in Spiritualism, we totally deny that those things that appear to the senses, and which are called supernatural, for want of a better word, are beyond the cognizance of the human understanding. They are, on the contrary, exceedingly simple and conclusive, capable of more complete demonstration than usually attends the discovery of new facts, in other and more material branches of human enquiry: for instance, to communicate passing events in England to a distant part of Europe, by the electric telegraph, appears at first sight improbable, and yet we seldom meet with a person of moderate intelligence, who will say, as is said by the *Cornhill Magazine*, that because it appears improbable it must be a fallacy. Again, Admiral Fitzroy telegraphs to a seaport that a storm will occur at a certain time. That he should be able to foretell the coming event is highly improbable; the storm, however, frequently occurs exactly as the Admiral announces, and yet, although the fact is witnessed by the disbeliever himself, he must needs account it a fallacy, because of the improbability that such novel communication will prove correct.

The disciple of improbability cannot of course believe in the miracles related in the Holy Scriptures; his argument shuts him wholly out of that region of the mysterious, however divine its nature and teachings. The improbability of such events, it is argued, should stamp them as utterly unworthy the attention of intelligent minds.

All new discoveries have something of the improbable in them *to some minds*. The peculiar tendency of each individual's mind to accept or reject the proof of a new discovery is the measure of its improbability. To one person the evidence will be conclusive; a few moments' investigation suffice to place it in the storehouse of the mind, and to classify it with some kindred fact. To another the demonstration would fail to pronounce conviction; experiments and tests would be needed time after time, until the mind becomes at last subdued by the proof so oft repeated. Then the improbability that once existed would

vanish, and the wonder of the past would become the familiar fact of the present; such is the laborious process of acquiring knowledge: it cannot be secured by any other means. The advocates of Spiritualism asks no other mode of investigating; they seek no other support than that which results from the honest exercise of an intelligent and enquiring mind.

There is strong presumptive evidence that the writer of this article in the *Cornhill Magazine* has become almost a believer in the truths of Spiritualism. It is not necessary to strain the argument to arrive at this conclusion. We assume, of course, that the writer has carefully weighed the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism, and has sought for such proofs as have produced conviction in other minds of equal intelligence to his own. To suppose the contrary, would be to indulge in the *improbable*, and to assign a position to the writer which we charitably hope he does not deserve. Having investigated his subject, we may assume that the proofs of fallacy would have been readily and abundantly furnished had they been discovered. The article, however, controverts nothing, but on the contrary, it admits the completeness of the cases named by the well known writer of the former article, and by Dr. Gully, Mr. Home, and others. Hence we are led to the conclusion that the evidences of the truth of Spiritualism were found to be irrefragable, and as disbelief must still have scope for further activity, it seized upon the absurd idea of improbability. Surely this idea is but the invention of a mind that has grappled with the manifestations of the supernatural, and having failed to find any other explanation than that furnished by the supporters of Spiritualism, yet being determined still to disbelieve it, shelters itself in a mist of its own making.

Altogether the article is not creditable to either the writer or to the Magazine, for it is altogether shallow and unprofitable. The main purport of it appears to be to inform the public that the writer does not believe in the statements made three years before in the same Magazine, which he admits to have been made by credible persons. How this affects the truth or falsehood of the statements themselves is not very apparent, nor is it easy to say in what way the public can be supposed to be interested in the belief or non-belief of the writer. Such articles merely reveal the egotism of the writer, and do not touch the real question at issue. The best commentator on such an article is our new friend "Mary Jane."

Another equally unsatisfactory review in the *Clerical Journal*, on Mr. Howitt's work, has been too bad even for its own friends to pass over in silence, and it has brought Professor Challis, of

Cambridge, who in the number of the 16th July, takes the Journal to task in a clever and well-reasoned letter, from which we will make a short extract. It is an easy task thus to set off one public writer against another, and we suggest that the press should have a private meeting together to arrange their differences on the subject of Spiritualism, so that they may be a little more of one voice. Professor Challis says:—

After reading the notice in the *Clerical Journal* of May 21, of Mr. Howitt's work on the "History of the Supernatural," I determined to commit to writing views which I have long entertained on the subject of Spiritualism, with the intention of giving you the opportunity of submitting them, if you thought good, to the readers of your journal. I begin with stating, that I have never at any time witnessed any phenomena of table-moving, spirit-rapping, spirit mediums, &c., nor been present on any occasion on which it was affirmed that such phenomena were seen by others. I was present on two occasions when the experiment of table-turning was fairly tried, and joined in one of the experiments, but no movement whatever took place. But although I have no grounds, from personal observation, for giving credit to the asserted spontaneous movements of tables, *I have been unable to resist the large amount of testimony to such facts which has come from many independent sources, and from a vast number of witnesses.* England, France, Germany, the United States of America, with most of the other nations of Christendom, contributed simultaneously their quota of evidence. So prevalent was the practice of table-turning in France that the Archbishop of Paris deemed it necessary to address a circular to his countrymen, warning them against abandoning themselves to Satanic influence. *In short, the testimony has been so abundant and consentaneous, that either the facts must be admitted to be such as they were reported, or the possibility of certifying facts by human testimony must be given up.* I refuse, for my part, to admit the latter alternative. The testimony to the character of the facts being admitted to be valid, the conclusion is inevitable that they were such as no physical laws can account for, and must, therefore, be regarded as supernatural, *i.e.*, miraculous. I refer, especially, to what was asserted respecting the movements of tables, which took place in broad day-light, and were so contrary to physical experience, and yet so palpably real, that the evidence of their supernatural character does not appear to admit of question. And if, with respect to these, the supernatural must be conceded, it would be to no purpose to contend against the same element in the other classes above mentioned, because all these extravagancies appear to require like spiritual conditions in the operators, and to be referable to the same abnormal state of the human mind, if further evidence of the exceptional character of these manifestations were needed, *it might be drawn from the perplexed and contradictory, and even unfair, discussion to which they have given rise in the periodical literature of the day.* One writer asserts that they are all imposture, another that they are not imposture, but that there is nothing in them; a third declares that he won't believe them on any evidence. *These asseverations amount only to proof of an unwillingness on the part of the writers to look an unwelcome fact in the face.* The more reasonable and manly course is to accept a fact, of whatever kind it may be, so long as it is established on incontrovertible evidence, and if it be of an extraordinary or miraculous character, to do our best to make out its bearing and significance. This is what I now propose to do with respect to the phenomena of Spiritualism, in no merely inquisitive spirit, but because these manifestations may be regarded as "signs of the times," which it is the part both of wisdom and of duty to endeavour to read aright.

PEEPING AND MUTTERING; OR, WHO ARE THE SINNERS?

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"When they shall say unto you, 'Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter: should not a people seek unto their God? *For the living unto the dead.*'"—*Isaiah* viii. 19.

"And while the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man that gathered sticks on the Sabbath Day. . . . And all the congregation brought him without the camp and stoned him with stones, and he died: as the Lord commandeth."—*Numbers* xv. 32, 36.

"Cursed be he that confirmeth not *all* the words of this law to do them."—*Deut.* xxvii. 26.

"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."—*Matt.* vii. 5.

There are certain bewildered individuals, chiefly country clergymen and old ladies who are amongst "the silly women who are led captive" by them, who are continually dreaming that they and we are living under the Jewish law, though every morning they complacently consume swine's flesh in the shape of ham, bacon, or savoury sausages at breakfast, and are continually at dinner devouring things strangled, namely, fowls. These sinners, against their own creed, are, nevertheless, continually pointing in holy horror at the Spiritualists, who, they say, "seek to them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter." It would be very obliging of these good Samaritans to let us know where these peeping and muttering wizards are to be found, for though I have been a Spiritualist these seven years, and in daily intercourse with Spiritualists of much longer standing, I have never been able to get a sight of these peeping Toms of wizardism, nor to find out any one who has. But when I am directed to the Jewish law as a code now in force and recognition in this or any other kingdom, I cannot repress my astonishment on looking round me, to find not this law, but the universal breach and rejection of it, and that fully as much amongst the pretended sticklers for it, as amongst all other classes of society. It is worth while, therefore, at a time when there is so much talk of hallucinations to look a little at this oddest of all hallucinations in those who complain of the hallucinations and mortal sins of Spiritualists.

The other day, a good simple soul of this tangle-brained school sent the following note to the editor of the *Evening Standard*, who inserted it as a matter of vital moment to the salvation of his readers:—

SPIRITUALISM.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Of late the subject of Spiritualism has not come prominently before the minds of the public, and it is not, perhaps, generally known that many Christian

men and women—people, too, of high mental and moral attainments, are swayed in their actions by its insidious, ensnaring influence. Husbands hold communion, or fancy they hold communion, with the spirits of their departed wives; fathers fancy their children are hovering near them; wives ask the opinion of their lost husbands on every subject of moment; and these invisible agents are denominated familiar spirits! Sir, I can keep silence no longer while such delusion is going on, and in searching my Bible I find so many texts which seem to point against this, that I will add no more, but simply give a few passages, which seem to aim at this sad state of mind:—

2 *Sam.* xii. 23.—“But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

Leviticus xix. 31.—“Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God.”

Leviticus xxii. 27.—“A man also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones, their blood shall be upon them.”

1 *Chron.* x. 13.—“So Saul died for his transgression, which he had committed against the Lord—which he kept not; and also for asking counsel of one that had a familiar spirit, to inquire of it.”

14.—“And inquired not of the Lord; therefore he slew him, and turned the kingdom unto David the son of Jesse.”

These are only a few of the many passages which occur in the Word of God, and I hope you will think them sufficiently applicable to allow of your insertion in your journal.—I am, &c.,

RUSTICA.

In order to give Rustica a little intelligence from town, I dropped into the editor's letter-box the following comment on her innocent little billet; but as editors much prefer printing stale platitudes against Spiritualism to furnishing any useful information on the subject to their readers, the document never saw the light, so far as I know, for I never see this *Evening Standard* of Judaism:—

To the Editor of the “Evening Standard.”

SIR,—A friend has drawn my attention to a letter signed “Rustica” in your impression of Wednesday last. Rustica is in great trouble on account of the breaches of the Mosaic law by Spiritualists. The texts which she quotes, and which she thinks binding upon us, because they are in the Jewish law, are quite correct as far as they go; but if Rustica imagines that we here in England in 1863 are living under the Jewish law, I am bound to add to her trouble by bringing to her knowledge a number of other breaches of it. For, if we are to be Jews and not Christians, we must take the Jewish law altogether. It is not a law which allows of picking and choosing, cutting a cudgel out of its wood to break our neighbour's head, and leaving another because it would break our own. One of the most striking characteristics of this law is, that it demands a total acceptance of it and obedience to it. Here I quote for the benefit of Rustica, and all such ardent Israelites; the concluding words of Moses himself, after having recapitulated the entire provisions of this code. “Cursed be he that confirmeth not *all* the words of this law to do them.”—*Deut.* xxvii. 26.

Now, as I take it, from the name she has assumed, that Rustica is a lady living in the country, and that she is no doubt a grave matron, having a husband, a troop of active lads, and a number of men and maid-servants, in fact, that she is living as a lady of some good country house; I will point out to her what she has to do to show us that she is honest and in earnest, and how, in short, she must act to get rid of her sorrows over the breaches of the Jewish law. And, in doing this, she must excuse me using some very plain words, because, as she is a zealous stickler for the Jewish law, and, therefore, undoubtedly has it read daily in her family, this phraseology must be very familiar to her, and by no means offensive to her ears polite.

Well then, what she has to do, is to send at once for the family surgeon,

and have her husband, her boys, and all her man-servants immediately subjected to the greatest of Jewish rites. This rite is perfectly indispensable under the Jewish law, both in Jews and in Gentiles. Every servant and "stranger within the gates," is bound to submit to it. Let Rustica turn for proofs of this to *Genesis* xvii. 10, and to the rest of that chapter.

As soon as her husband has recovered from the effects of this rite, Rustica will, of course, desire to see him inferior to none of the Patriarchs in all Hebrew customs, and she will, therefore, have to look out for three or four additional wives for him and bring them home, and as many fair handmaids for concubines. For the propriety of this she may consult the history of the Patriarchs generally.

But having now made a very good Jew, and a most exemplary Patriarch of her husband, Rustica will unfortunately find that she has not brought by any means the whole of this most exacting law into operation. *Leviticus* xvii. 10, 14, will start up, and inform her that every man who has eaten flesh with the blood in it, must be cut off from his people; and as in this un-Israelitish nation, no man can have reached manhood, nor even boyhood, without eating black-puddings, fowls that have had their necks wrung, instead of their throats cut, and hares strangled in nooses by poachers, instead of being shot, Rustica will have nothing for it but to muster all the sturdy clowns of her parish, and make them haul away her husband, her sons, and her men-servants to the village green, and there "cut them off from their people," by the Mosaic mode of stoning them to death.

But Rustica, as the vindicator of the Mosaic law, cannot stop here. This law is equally decisive against all who have gathered sticks on a Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath.—*Numb.* xv. 32 to 36. Rustica will, therefore, have to assemble all the old women who have been guilty of the deadly sin of gathering sticks on a Saturday. She will have no possible escape from this, for the texts referred to are most peremptory on the subject, and relate the summary infliction of the sentence on a man caught in the fact.

Having dispatched all the old women and a good many children of the parish for gathering sticks, she will have then to deal with the "presumptuous persons" there. *Numb.* xv. 30, "The soul that doeth aught presumptuously (whether he be born in the land or a stranger), the same reproacheth the Lord; and that soul shall be cut off from among his people." The next verse says, he "shall be utterly cut off." By the time she has dispatched the presumptuous—and I am afraid she will find the number great, unless her parish be much more humble-minded than parishes in general—she would have the blasphemers and cursers on her hands, and they must all be put to death.—*Lev.* xiv. 11, 16. All these being added to the gory stone-heap, the disobedient to parents, and those whose parents said they were gluttons and drunkards will have to be stoned too.—*Deut.* xxi., 18, 20, 21.

By this time Rustica will have brought her family and her parish to a tolerably pretty pass in carrying out the Mosaic law, nay, if she insist on its orderly execution, I doubt she will not have left a single soul, man, woman, or child alive, for "the stiff-necked and uncircumcised generation," the eaters of black puddings, of strangled hares, of hens and pullets with twisted necks, the gatherers of sticks on a Saturday, the cursers and disobedient, the drunkards and gluttons, make so formidable a portion of ordinary population, that the man who escapes Rustica's zeal for the Mosaic law, must be more than mortal.

But, as long before the consummation of this catastrophe—the result of an attempt to inaugurate the Jewish code in this Gentile country—Rustica would herself be arrested, tried and condemned for manifold capital offences against English law, and would be on the way to the gallows, no doubt the good chaplain would inform her of another book besides the Old Testament, a book called the *New Testament*, a *new* and very different law called Christianity, which Rustica, living in some very rustic place, seems never to have heard of, or if she have, does not happen to mention.—Yours,

Highgate, June 5.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

These instances of the breaches of the Jewish law, by those

who are arraigning the Spiritualists for a single breach of it, are tragic enough in all conscience, but they are not a tithe of the breaches that these sticklers for the law are perpetrating on it every day and every hour of the day. They tell us that it must be kept because God decreed it, and Christ fulfilled it. True, God decreed it for the Jews, and Christ as a Jew fulfilled it to the letter; but, that done, he promulgated a new law for his disciples which is opposed *toto cælo* to the old Mosaic law. And this termination of the Mosaic law Moses himself foretold—telling the Israelites that God would raise them up another prophet like unto him, unto whom they were to hearken.—*Deut.* xviii. 15. And Christ confirmed this great fact of the limited term of the Mosaic law, saying “The law and the prophets were until John,” only. I have shewn both in the controversy with Mr. White in the *Spiritual Telegraph*, in the *History of the Supernatural*, and in this magazine, in the recent article on the lying faculty of the critical press, how fully and expressly Christ abolished the law against “seeking to the dead:” how impossible it was for him to establish Christianity without doing it. But Christ abolished that law generally; and his great disciple St. Peter declared that it was a yoke not to be imposed on the Gentiles, because it was a yoke which neither their (the Jew’s) fathers, nor they, he said, “were able to bear.”—*Acts* xv. 10.

And who are they in any Christian country who do profess to bear the yoke of this law? Who are they who are not breaking this law everywhere every hour, and in every possible manner? This law, it is said, is divided into two portions, the ceremonial and the moral law; but the truth is, every atom of the Mosaic law is moral law to the Jews: for that which is deadly in its breach is moral in its maintenance; and the declaration of Moses already quoted makes every iota of the law moral. “Cursed be he who confirms not *all* the words of this law to do them.” He, therefore, who sets himself up to select and except from this law subjects himself to a curse which nothing but the Divine ægis of the Saviour protects him from, who has extracted the everlasting and unchangeable moral law from the ceremonial law of Judaism, and by that law alone we are bound. Let the Rusticas and their clerical advisers search the Gospel, and find a single sentence there which forbids us to receive the visits of our departed friends and of our guardian angels, or for ever after let them hold their peace.

If we are bound by the Jewish law in any one particular beyond the express law of Christ delivered in the Gospels, we are as I have shewn, bound by all; and what a set of wholesale transgressors we must be. We have no ark, no daily sacrifice, burnt offering, peace offering, wave offering, or any other sort of

offering, but that of a pure and grateful heart. We have no scape-goats, we eat hares, rabbits, tortoises, eels, and numerous other things forbidden. We have no cherubim in our temples, no curtains of fine twined linen of blue and purple and scarlet, no coverings of ram-skins dyed red, and of badger-skins for our tabernacles. The lamps of sacred oil, and incense, and boards of Shittim wood, the ephod, the breast-plate, the Urim and Thummim, and a thousand other things are all wanting amongst us, which if the Mosaic law is yet valid, it is a deadly sin to be without. Instead of going to Sir Cresswell Cresswell for divorce, any unlucky husband is bound to hand to his suspected wife a cup of the water of jealousy. Every clergyman who does not wear fringes on his garment, and on the fringe a ribbon of blue, is a criminal. In the omission of a host of institutions of feasts and fasts, new moons, and means of cleansing from uncleanness, of the great rite of circumcision, we are desperately wicked, if the Jewish law is yet in force. Every man who does not marry the widow of his brother who has died childless, and raise a family in his name, is an especial wretch. Every woman who marries out of the pale of her own kindred is equally culpable, and her property is to be taken from her and given to her relatives. But, perhaps, in the matter of art are we the most monstrous and universal delinquents against God's laws, if Rustica's notion be correct. "Thou shalt not make thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth."—*Deut.* v. 8.

What is to become of all the nations of the earth? They are all given up to the most unlimited violation of this law. Sculptors, painters, engravers, printers, photographers, carvers in wood and in stone, potters and calico-printers, men and women of almost every mechanical art under heaven, are living in the most profound contempt and violation of this section of the law, and the Catholics are still more guilty of bowing down to these images and, as Protestants contend, worshipping them. Our houses and shops are crammed with the unholy images, our walls blush with the pictorial desecrations, our public squares, and most grand temples bear the most public testimony to our violation of God's most positive commands; and the very persons, those Catholic priests, and country clergy and good old ladies who pin their faith on their sleeves, are living in polluted houses, and carry on their persons, in their brooches, their lockets, their figured dresses, their beloved photographic albums, these abominations, these impious breaches of the Biblical ordinances.

Perhaps of all the *reductiones ad absurdum* this is the greatest. People who are living in daily contempt of the Mosaic law in a

hundred points, a score of which are of the deadliest dye, and for which this law says there can be no compensation, are charging the Spiritualists with its breach in one instance—that of going to wizards, and in having familiar spirits. Yet nobody has ever seen a genuine wizard, or has desired to have communication with a spirit more wickedly familiar than that of his own father or mother, sister or brother. And all the while the new law, given to supersede this impossible law—all the while this more gracious and compassionate law of Christ, they would quietly suffer to sleep and be ignored. But it is Christianity and not Judaism—a barbarous code enacted for a semi-barbarous race and time—which we Spiritualists alone accept and obey. If our enemies convict us of one crime on the Old Testament they cannot do it without convicting themselves of a dozen, all as decidedly pronounced worthy of death by the law to which they appeal.

But we deny all appeal to the Old Testament, except on matter of historical evidence. We assert the law of the New Testament as full and perfect. By that and that alone Christians can stand; by that and that alone can they be judged. Your talk with awe-uplifted hands, and raised eyebrows of feigned terror, about familiar spirits, and people that peep and mutter, is just so much trash and trumpery in the presence of the great and precious law of Christ—the law of reason and liberty. By that law he who wilfully seeks to devils or wilfully acts with devils, or men no better than devils in any way, condemns himself not on any express clause in the Christian code, but because he knows and feels that the love of God and the purity of soul required of him cannot consist with anything that is essentially evil. That was the noble self-action and self-responsibility which Christ inaugurated and established. Though a Jew and asserting that he came to fulfil the law, yet in this liberty worthy of God and worthy of man he broke the Jewish law in its contracted renderings right and left—he repealed the law of retaliation—the eye for an eye, the tooth for a tooth, system. He filled the High Priests and Scribes and Pharisees with terror at his doings. He broke the Sabbath by wandering through the fields with his disciples and allowing them to gather their neighbours' corn and eat it. He vindicated the right on the Sabbath to perform cures, to look after your sheep and cattle, spite of the words of Moses, that whoever on that day did anything whatever, even lighting a fire in his house on the severest day of winter should be put to death.—*Exodus xxxv. 2, 3.* To shew his view of this matter he sate down on Sabbath days with his disciples, when invited by publicans and sinners, to well-cooked dinners, which implied not only fires, but all sorts of domestic labour on that day;

he plainly stated that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. In the country and under the law where it was death to eat blood, he told his disciples that they should both eat his flesh and drink his blood, a saying so appalling that many Jews, we are told, left him immediately and ceased any more to follow him.

Such is the captain of our salvation; such is the liberty with which he has made us free. Accepting and embracing with sacred earnestness all the moral law which our Saviour has extracted from the old laws of Moses and of Nature, and which he has purified from the savage severities which are necessary only for men whose half-savage nature could be restrained by nothing less mechanical and rigid, we, with all Christians, do homage to the law of holiness in the heart, of purity in the life, and of that intellectual liberty which walks not by the letter of prescription, but by the spirit of truth and of a conscience void of offence towards God and man. As to the mere bogus of "wizards that peep and mutter," or any other antiquated and beggarly elements of a past and finished dispensation meant for men who, like children, required nurses and go-carts to keep them from continually tumbling, we freely leave them to those who think them better than "that liberty wherewith Christ has made us free." St. Paul proclaims the very same doctrine as Moses: that if you put yourselves under the Jewish law you are "debtor to do the whole law. Christ," he adds, "is become of none effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the law; ye are fallen from grace."—*Gal. v. 3, 4.* The question, then, for us is, not about peepings and mutterings, but whether we choose to be under the law, and "fallen from grace." It is very curious and significant that whilst the Commandments under Moses are ten, and are thus emblazoned in our Christian churches, the commandments of Christ are really but five.—*Mat. xiv. 18, 39.* And these five he again reduced to two—to love God and our neighbours, and on these two he declared, "Hang all the law and the prophets."—*Mat. xxii. 40.*

This, then, is our answer to all the references to the old law. We prefer the option placed before us by St. Paul, and abandon that law to all who desire to be "fallen from grace." We leave our old schoolmaster, the Law, as we have left all our other schoolmasters, who ruled us when "we were under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father." It was our "schoolmaster," says Paul, "only to bring us to Christ," "that we might receive the adoption of sons."—*Gal. iv. 5.* How little must those who would condemn Spiritualists by the old law, have read or understood the new law; when they would bring the sons and heirs of Christ again into the bondage of servants, and

under a yoke which even those on whom it was imposed could not bear, "neither they nor their fathers."

The worldly wisdom of the foolish man
Is like a sieve that doth alone retain
The grosser substance of the worthless bran:
But thou, my soul, let thy brave thoughts disdain
So coarse a purchase: oh, be thou my fan
To purge the chaff, and keep the winnowed grain:
Make clean thy thoughts, and dress thy mixed desires:
Thou art heaven's tasker, and thy God requires
The purest of thy flour, as well as of thy fires.

Let grace conduct thee to the paths of peace,
And wisdom bless the soul's unblemished ways;
No matter, then, how short or long's the lease,
Whose date determines thy self-numbered days:
No need to care for fame or wealth's increase,
Nor Mars his palm, nor high Apollo's lays.
Lord, if Thy gracious bounty please to fill
The floor of my desires, and teach me still
To dress and choose the corn; take those the chaff that will.
Quarle's Emblems.

IN REPLY TO A SCEPTICAL FRIEND.

Yes! dearest friend! 'tis true I hold
(For all your gloomy doubts and fears)
The faith in love that ne'er grows old,
Nor withers in the track of years.

Though "gone into the world of light,"
Our hearts belovéd still are nigh;
They still—though passed from mortal sight,
See every tear, hear every sigh;—

Grieve over every idle thought,
Are with us in the hour of prayer,
Rejoice to see the soul outwrought
In forms of use divinely fair.

They seek to wean the soul from sin,
They strive to comfort those that mourn,
They aid us in the fight to win
The victory over hate and scorn.

Though parted from us for awhile,
They still, like God, are ever near.
Need this, dear friend, provoke a smile?
Is this a faith at which to sneer?

T. S.

Notices of Books.

STRANGE THINGS AMONG US.*

WE are glad to find that Mr. Spicer, who is known to those engaged in the spiritual inquiry, as the author of "Sights and Sounds," still retains his interest in the subject in sufficient force to impel his production of the present volume. It may be taken as a sequel to his former work, and to be, like it, a repertory of excellent ghost stories and other strange occurrences happening within the circle of the author's friends, or vouched for to him by trustworthy persons. "The circumstances of each case have," he says, "been verified with unusual care." With some of them we are acquainted, but others are new to us. They are all of them well told, and judging by their analogy to others of a similar kind, we see no reason to discredit them, though we think that a more plentiful supply of names, dates, and places, would have found for them a more ready acceptance with the public. The *Saturday Review* professes to believe that nothing happens to persons who are described by initials only. We prefer to judge by analogies and probabilities in such cases, and to make allowance for the weakness of the many who dare not let it be known that they have made acquaintance with the denizens of another world. They would as soon be seen walking down Regent-street arm-in-arm with a costermonger, as let it be known that their wives or children had appeared to them to comfort and console them in their bereavement, or that the communion of saints was possible in 1863.

Mr. Spicer himself is a notable example of this Nicodemian disease and unsoundness. Throughout his book he is painfully sensitive lest his own high reputation should suffer by its being thought that he is a Spiritualist. Throughout he writes in an apologetic tone, as if he regretted that there were such beings as spirits, and that there should be a spiritual world in which they exist, and occasionally have the power of communication with us. He professes to have a reverence for facts, and that alone has impelled him to bring his volume before the public; but he is careful, nevertheless, to disown the unfashionable facts of what he sneers at as "spirit-rapping." He is loud in his reprobation of the "spirit-rappers," but he draws a strong distinction, which we confess we don't see the force of, in favour of "table-turning." Let him shew us this weakness in his own

* *Strange Things among us*; by H. SPICER, Author of *Old Styles's*. London, CHAPMAN & HALL, 193, Piccadilly, 1863.

words:—"Let us instance 'table-turning,' *an experiment entirely distinct from 'spirit-rapping,' although commonly associated with that most objectionable and imbecile practice.*" It is well known amongst observers that the two are intimately connected together, and that equally through both intelligence is displayed, and messages purporting to come from spiritual beings are spelt out by means of the alphabet. A considerable proportion of those under whose hands the table is made to turn or to tip, may, by more frequently experimenting, obtain the rapping sounds, and other more striking phenomena. This much is known from long experience, and yet Mr. Spicer finds himself obliged to draw the line somewhere, as to what he will and won't believe, or in other words between what is or may be made respectable, and what would bring him into ridicule amongst his literary associates, and so he draws it at table-turning. His next object is to make table-turning respectable, by attempting to account for it by "a certain fluid force, radiating in streams from many finger-ends," and he gives it a physical instead of a spiritual origin by asserting that "the magnetic current, and that alone, imparts the action." This fluid force which can thus govern matter, "is itself governed by the mere *will*, thus leading to the conclusion that the will of man is in itself a natural force." Here he stops with Dr. Leger, and adduces the curious phenomena appearing in the use of the magnetoscope, to prove his position. We wish that some new Mr. Rutter would invent another machine which we would call a philosophoscope, by which the short-comings of would-be philosophers could be gauged and rendered as apparent as are the results of the magnetoscope. If Mr. Spicer were subjected to this new instrument he would no longer be satisfied to "darken counsel by words without knowledge." He would find also how impossible it is to conduct an inquiry into a new and occult science, when one has prejudices and predilections in favour of or against certain classes of facts, and when one has to protect oneself from the ridicule of the *savans* of our acquaintance, by throwing overboard what may be disagreeable to them.

It would be far better for Mr. Spicer not to come again before the public until he has not only made up his mind, but feels himself at liberty to express his convictions. At present he has only appeared as a trimmer in the subject, and his book therefore is in frequent contradiction with itself. His facts are too large for his philosophy, and he trots about before us as an overgrown boy dressed in the tightest of nankeen pantaloons and round jacket, through which his nether and upper limbs project, and in which his middle refuses to be confined. His clothes are too small for him, and he evidently requires a new suit before he can make a decent appearance.

He does not see that after proving the existence of "a certain fluid force" and that it is itself governed by the human will, the question remains whether such will may not be exercised by spirits out of the flesh, as well as by those who are still encumbered by it. This force itself when brought into action either by his approved table-turning or by what he calls the imbecile practice of spirit-rapping, at once and almost invariably professes to be influenced by and to give messages from spirits, and he does not account for the phenomenon of the human will being able "*unconsciously to the operator*," who produces the phenomenon by his human will, to allege falsely that it is not his will but that of a spirit which produces it. The human will must, therefore, be able to tell lies unconsciously! It is much easier to believe that spirits also have human wills of greater power than ours, and that it is their wills and not ours that produce the phenomena, by making use of physical laws existing for the purpose, in the very nature and constitution of mankind in all ages and countries.

If at this day we needed proof of the fact of spirit-rapping, as Mr. Spicer delights to call it, we should not have to go further than his own pages for excellent tests. Here is one of his stories:—

"A lady, known to the writer's sister, was, two or three years since, in close attendance on her father, who was suffering from an illness that almost forbade the hope of recovery. As she was one evening reading to the invalid, who was seated in his easy chair, she was interrupted by a tap at the door. Her 'come in' not being followed by the entrance of any one, the reading recommenced, but was again interrupted by a more emphatic tapping. Still no result followed the request to enter. Miss W—— then rose and opened the door herself. No one was to be seen! A little perplexed she returned to her seat, but had scarcely resumed her book when a third time the summons was repeated, and now, as it were, impatiently. The sick man rose from his chair. '*That is for me*,' he quietly said, and, opening the door, went into the passage. The next moment his daughter saw him sink upon the floor, and running to him, caught his last sigh."

The poor dying man not only believed more truly than Mr. Spicer, but gave a wonderful proof to others also. Mr. Spicer does not say if this daughter is also a disbeliever, nor what his (Mr. Spicer's) sister thinks of the imbecile practice of spirit-rapping. "Atmospheric changes and powerful electric streams subject to laws and conditions with which we are imperfectly acquainted," furnish Mr. Spicer's solution. He gives also the following story which appears far too large for the clothes into which he wishes to confine it:—

"Some circumstances of a kindred nature are known to have attended the last moments of a gentleman distinguished in journalism and general literature—the late Dr. M—— (Magee). For some hours preceding his decease a low incessant tapping sound was heard in the chamber, as though proceeding from the window, and defied all efforts to discover its precise locality and origin. This however, might soon have escaped remembrance but for a more inexplicable incident which immediately followed the sick man's dissolution, when the sound as of a heavy step was distinctly heard to quit the room of death, and descend stair by stair, passing the open door of the room below, but without revealing any object to the eyes of the astonished listeners."

Here not only are the raps heard, but the sound as of the footsteps of the retreating spirit. Is this to be explained also by atmospheric changes? Then, as if these were not enough, there is a somewhat similar case of the spirit of the adopted child of Sir M. and then Lady S. ringing at the bell twice, instead of knocking at the door, in the middle of the night, during which he was perishing at sea. As the butler was closing the door after the second ringing, Lady S. saw the lad standing at the foot of her bed, and on her accosting him, "What, Edward, you here?" *the figure disappeared.*" In order to be consistent, Mr. Spicer should have said, "the atmospheric changes and the powerful electric streams subject to laws and conditions with which we are imperfectly acquainted," disappeared from her ladyship's sight.

There are numbers of these interesting and excellent stories throughout the book, but we must again complain that there are hardly any which are authenticated by real names, dates, and places, and on this account they lose much of their value, especially when vouched for by a man whose only theory of their possibility is so manifestly incapable of producing them. The best part of the book is that which is borrowed from Dr. Leger's excellent essay, and which we should copy in full but for want of space. Had Dr. Leger been spared till this day, when so much more is known of these curious phenomena, we may safely say that his mind was sufficiently expansive to have worked them into a much broader philosophy than was possible for him in his day. Of Mr. Spicer we cannot say so much, since he has had the benefit of this longer experience without being able to make this good use of it.

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MARY JANE.*

SECOND NOTICE.

OUR notice last month was chiefly confined to the more remarkable facts of mediumship, narrated by the author with such truth and simplicity. We trust that many of our readers have since made themselves fully acquainted with the latter part of the book, which is what will chiefly interest them. Indeed as the author confesses that nearly the whole of his earlier lucubrations will have to be remodelled to square with the new body of facts so suddenly and strangely thrust under his notice, it is not doing him any great injustice to postpone the study of his old thoughts and opinions, until he has made them square with his new philosophy.

The author, however, is no ordinary thinker, as any one may see by glancing through the earlier portion of his book. Its title was intended to have been "Light, Instinct, and Intellect," until "Mary Jane" so unceremoniously intervened, and insisted on giving her own name to it, bidding the author at the same time to remodel his former opinions. Perhaps he has been as industriously obedient to Mary Jane's request, as was possible in the time, and considering what an entire remodelling became necessary. But to shew the author's capacity for thought, and his superiority to the ordinary run of persons on whom these unwelcome facts have made their first impression, he appears at once to have recognized their deep importance. To use his own words, he says:

What, then, is this mysterious being? I will explain to you my version of it—premising that science has an immense, an enormous, and a most invaluable field for discovery in its researches into the nature of it; and that if ever it is taken up by scientific men, in the manner it deserves to be, more light will be thrown on the generation and subsequent changes and progressive perfection of organic bodies of all sorts and in the action of food and medicines, and very probably on the causes of the motions of the planetary bodies, than by any study which has hitherto occupied the scientific world.

* *Mary Jane, or Spiritualism Chemically Explained, with Spirit Drawings; also Essays by, and Ideas (perhaps Erroneous) of "A Child at School."* London, 1863. Price £1 1s.; to be purchased only of THOMAS SCOTT, Printer, Warwick-court, Holborn.

These are noble words, and we hope that the author himself will continue his researches, and justify them as he is so well able to do before the scientific world. A mind like his, so frank and open, should not stay long in inconclusive or incompetent theories, and should the facts prove to him that his ideas of the relations between matter and spirit require the construction of a new and larger cosmogony, we look with confidence to his producing it before the world. At present he appears to be entirely enmeshed and trammelled by his intimate knowledge of chemistry, and natural laws, and to recognize nothing beyond or beside them, and he quotes with high approval from Professor Huxley's "Evidence as to Man's place in Nature," where that super-scientific perceiver of secondary causes renders God's Providence and man's highest attributes not only superfluous but impossible.

The whole analogy of natural operations furnishes so complete and crushing an argument against the intervention of any but what are termed secondary causes, in the production of all the phenomena of the universe, that, in view of the intimate relations between man and the rest of the living world, and between the forces exerted by the latter and all other forces, I can see no excuse for doubting that all are co-ordinated terms of nature's great progression, from the formless to the formed, from the inorganic to the organic, from blind force to conscious intellect and will.

The author has, however, gone at once into the only theory of a natural kind which has been found to possess any cohesion. Acquainted with the phenomena of mesmerism from observations under Dr. Esdaile in India, when these phenomena dawned upon him, he was led alone in his search for a theory to the od-force of Baron Reichenbach. He has made a hasty acquaintance with the Baron's great work, and has woven the discovery of od into a means of accounting for all the varied and extraordinary spiritual phenomena contributed by "Mary Jane." In doing this he has travelled unconsciously on the same track as Dr. Rogers of America in his well-known book, "The Philosophy of Mysterious Agents." Substantially he must stand or fall with Dr. Rogers, but it is highly to his credit that he has been able at once to place himself so high in the argument, for though as with many pet theories, Dr. Rogers has placed a duty upon it which is beyond its powers to bear, it still has within it a great amount of truth. Its fault lies in its excess; in exalting secondary causes and mere accompaniments and conditions, into laws of primary causation. That theory is always the best which contains and accounts for the largest classes of facts, and if we admit all that Dr. Rogers says of the od-force, as one of the most prominent conditions of spiritual phenomena, that is no reason why we should dwell with him there in his od-temple, as if it were the terminus of thought and knowledge, instead of only one of the myriads of conditions, every one of which is essential to the

smallest manifestation of life or creation. By such a theory we might as well attribute the manifestations to any other one of the concomitant facts, as to the od-force, if secondary causes are to be the rule. Thus they may be attributed to magnetism or to electricity, or to the brain, or to the lungs, or to the liver, or to any other of the organs which a man carries about with him to these *séances*. We suppose that there would be very poor manifestations, if a man had left either his head or his liver at home, when he went to a spiritual party, and yet he does not take these with him more ordinarily and regularly than he takes his od-force and his electricity. True, it may be said; but in mediums there is invariably found an excess above the average of od-force and electricity. The hands of mediums are found to be luminous in dark rooms, sometimes so much so as to be seen by all present, but at all events by those who are themselves sensitive or mediumistic; and in most mediums there has been observed an excess of electricity, so much so that some of them can light gas from the ends of their fingers. This is the case with Mr. Home, who at New York one evening lighted the gas thirty-six times in succession, by merely approaching it with the tips of his fingers. In the case of Charlotte Smith, "the magnetic girl," also a medium of great power, and with whom irons and other substances would follow her hands, it was found that the power ceased entirely when she was placed in a chair, isolated by glass stands from the carpet; but that if she were touched by a bystander, or her dress came in contact with the floor and the current thus restored, the power whatever it might be instantly returned. We ought, if we wilfully remain in the most prominent *cause* or concomitant which we observe present in such phenomena, to say that magnetism is *the* cause, or electricity is *the* cause, or we might say that Charlotte Smith's dress touching the floor is *the* cause, or that the absence of the glass isolators is *the* cause, and any of these obviously secondary causes would be as logical as to attribute the phenomena to the od-force as *the* cause. The truth is that all the forces and powers of the universe are engaged in every the smallest as well as the largest phenomenon whether natural or spiritual, and that all these forces are but branches of the great trunk-force, which, if we stop short for a moment in a secondary force for the purpose of scientific discussion, is the great soul of things, but if we go beyond, IS THE LOVE OF GOD. If God in His wisdom acts through mediate agents in all things, tempering Himself to us, through the filaments of His wondrous laws of wisdom, which are but so many electric chains to draw our souls towards Him, what reason for our intellects to enwrap themselves round and round with these filamental ends of things, strangling our noblest thoughts, and squirming in our insignificance

like earth worms at the roots of the tree of knowledge instead of taking our eagle flight into the realms of the serene empyrean!

Though we may make use then of all the labours of the man of science, who can discover nothing in the realms of nature, which does not add far more to our knowledge than it can do to his, we need not thank him for his shallow notion of making science into a god, in place of bringing God into science. This last is the true aim and scope of Spiritualism. It is the fault of religious creeds that science should be at this day found in full protest against their dogmas, and that scepticism and infidelity should have become almost the necessary consequence of the arbitrary exactions which they have made upon the free intellect of man. This battle, now in full progress, will be fought out to the end, and the result can only be the discomfiture of both. Each will have to learn of the other, and to modify its views by the new relations in which they will find themselves, and they will then for the first time begin to see how they ought long ago to have gone hand in hand as an united army against far other and more interior foes. The Land of Canaan, however, is worth these wanderings in the wilderness, and when it is reached there will be no Dr. Colenso to discredit the narrative which each human soul will tell of what occurred between its Exodus and its Mosaic Pisgah.

But we are travelling beyond our author, and writing the end before we have got to the beginning of his theory. Our readers, however, will have gathered what it is from the title of his book, "*Spiritualism Chemically Explained*." It is a true description of the author's mind. He only know or believes in the possibility of what is chemical, and he puts human beings into his alembic and resolves them into their elements. "Babies cry *chemically* for their food." If you want to know what a man *is*, you must go to the South Kensington Museum, and find his elements in the series of jars there exhibited. One wonders that their proximity causes none of the "family jars" such as we know of amongst the live men in the world. We will believe in this description of a man when we find that one of these chemists is able to reconstruct him out of the contents of the jars.

We, have, therefore, only to refer to the South Kensington Museum to find that a man is composed of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium and sodium, to the extent of 153 lbs. out of his total weight of 154 lbs., the remaining pound being sulphur, fluorine, chlorine, iron, potassium, magnesium, and silicon.

A photographic picture is the electric effect of light—the action of electricity on metals. But man is a compound of the very materials used in photography, only in solution. You have sodium, a white metal; calcium, a white metal: iodine, chlorine, and particularly phosphorus, and you have a continued internal spring of electricity. It is curious also that *any excess or diminution of phosphorus in the brain affects the sense and imagination.*

In a work I have before me, it is stated that the analysis of the brain of man and animals gives the following proportions of phosphorus:—

In animals of the lower order	1	per cent.
In imbeciles (men)	1½	"
In men of sound intellectual powers	2 to 2½	"
In men where a degree of eccentricity prevailed	3	"
Complete insanity	4 to 4½	"

Phosphorus is a substance in a great measure composed of light. I wish you first to reflect on the intimate connection of the light with thought, so that the state of the intellectual faculties seem to be regulated by it; and next, that these varying quantities are only the result of the different power of the absorbents of different individuals; so that the man whose constitution causes him to secrete an excess of phosphorus is actually in the state of a man obliged to go on drinking spirits.

It appears probable too that an excess of phosphorus brings him into a state for seeing spirits as well as drinking them, and there are also other curious properties which have been observed as to its proportion in the body.

We now come to phosphorus, which forms nearly 2 per cent. of a man. Mr. Kyan says, page 109: "If the brain of a man has only 1½ per cent. of phosphorus, he is an imbecile; if he has 2 to 2½ per cent., he is of sound intellect; if 3 per cent., a degree of eccentricity; if 4 to 4½ per cent. complete insanity." Evidently phosphorus has something to do with thought and intellect.

Not only phosphorus but iodine is a main source of chemical intellect.

We come now to Mons. Boinet's work on Iodotherapia, and find that Mons. Chaton states that the absence of iodine in the air, in certain countries, is the cause of the degradation of the human species. Further—the researches and observations of Messrs. Boussingault, Gange, Cantu, and a number of scientific men, prove that in those geographical, geological, and chemical "milieux," or situations where iodine is deficient, cretinism or imbecility abounds. This points strongly to iodine as having properties related to intellect—and salt, in which the metal sodium is but the vehicle for chlorine, what would the world be without it? The most noticeable facts in the case are—the large quantity of phosphorus in every human body—1¾ lb.; the fact that we imbibe phosphorus in each bit of animal and vegetable food we eat; that the lower the animal kingdom is in intellect or instinct, the less phosphorus their bodies contain; and that the odylie emanations and intelligent manifestations are generally and most probably always accompanied by phosphorus: and that chlorine, which we are always eating in salt, being a sister element to iodine, is full as likely as iodine to have a part in the development of intellect.

The following is addressed to the ladies, from which we must presume that phosphorus has feminine qualities or sympathies, and perhaps it may be from this that it is by our masculine phosphorus that we are attracted to that better part of the creation.

Let any lady go to the South Kensington Museum and see the jar of phosphorus, 1¾ lb., being part of a man weighing 154 lb.; and as females have more than men, she will see that she has 2 lb. of phosphorus in her body, daily being added to and eliminated—enough to make 300 boxes of lucifers—in fact, that she is a veritable glow-worm. That we do not see it always, is only because our eyes are made to act by visual and not chemical rays; but it is the chemical rays which make a photograph. If our eyes were so sensitive as to be acted on by the chemical rays, we should be blinded by excess of light.

The witching ways of woman are nothing but phosphorus.

The female of all animals, as well as man, is so constituted for the purposes of gestation and lactation as to eliminate more liquids and probably consequently more vapours—that hence more women are mediums than men. *That old women, from their sedentary habits, probably secreted more phosphorus, or at least eliminated it in confined rooms, where it produced those effects which we witness; and so becoming conscious of a power which they understood nothing of the nature of, they used it to get a livelihood, and thus poor things, from Moses's time downwards, got burnt as witches; and there is no doubt, that when they saw the extraordinary phenomena they could produce, and that the church, and the magistrates, and the judges, and the mob, all declared that they were witches and possessed by evil spirits, that the poor things really believed it—the wrong persons were burned, in my opinion.*

And again:—

I have given reliable quotations that phosphorus is a *sine qua non* to the life of plants, and that the quantity of it in the brain influences the intelligence of man; but I omitted a highly valuable detail, which is in the *Formulaire* Magistral of A. Bouchardat, a member of the *Académie Impériale de Médecine* at Paris. Under the head of phosphorus, after stating that in excessive doses it is a violent poison, he states:—

“On trouve dans les auteurs des faits très remarquables des malades sauvés d’une mort imminente par l’emploi du Phosphore. Aucun agent ne saurait lui être comparé pour l’énergie et la rapidité de son action pour ranimer les forces vives de l’économie animale défaillante.”

Medical men can probably give the world the best solution of this great mystery. They can find easily subjects in whom phosphorus is organically in excess, and would be able to study the effects of a diet increasing the quantity. My observations lead me to conclude that there are two states of body which eliminate phosphorus; the one that of the highest possible health of the subject; the other, that of a disordered action and delicate health.

Having now laid a basis by observation, let us see how the author commences to construct his theory according to the best mode of chemical analysis. He is writing after having given minute descriptions of the phenomena a portion only of which we extracted in the last number, and he asks

What is this power which issues from the human body; which—

1.—Puts to sleep, or paralyses, the sensitive plant?

2.—Causes mesmeric sleep in man?

3.—Gives motive-power to inert substances?

It is evident that nothing material can pass out of a man, that is not previously imbibed by him; and it is also clear that there is a quantitative stock in a man of all the elements he is composed of, and which is in a continuous state of addition by absorption, and of elimination by the excretions of every sort.

In the investigation of this subject, *I have adhered* (science must determine whether correctly or not) *to the proposition laid down in page 79, when I no more believed that a motive-power could be so given to a table, than I believed that Joshua stopped the sun*—namely, that “the universe is composed of substances or elements, possessing properties or qualities, and that from these properties or qualities all the effects we witness arise.” Adhering to this proposition, the case may be stated thus: Certain elements, having undergone a chemical animalisation in the human body, possess the quality of giving the effect of motion to inert substances, under certain conditions. Now, the quantity of power so evolved (although, from circumstances hereafter explained, it seldom shows itself) is very great; for, if you consider the case of a negro running away—running fifty miles—and that blood-hounds are set on his track, we see that the elements issuing from his feet attach themselves so firmly to the spots he has trod on, that for hours the hounds find his spur; and that in fifty miles,

at a yard a step, he will have made 88,000 steps, and, if his foot covered six inches square, he will have impregnated 44,000 square feet with the emanations from his feet alone, being about forty-four rooms of twenty feet square each. Now it is evident that, if that man had remained in one room all the day, although the emanations would not have been so excessive as during his flight, still they would have filled and permeated that room with these elements. There is another corollary to be drawn, which is, that as all animals are composed of the same elements as man, only in varying quantities, so the exudations from all probably have analogous effects. Nay, it may be even inferred that plants in their exudations have peculiar qualities which we yet want the key of. The most remarkable thing perhaps in this phenomenon is the intensity it acquires by the individual being conscious of his or her power. Here is the case of a lady, who looking on the whole in the light of a conjuring trick, sits down to try a very light table for half an hour, and succeeds in getting it to just move in twenty minutes; and, within three days, from a consciousness of her power, causes the heaviest table to move,—not only the table, but I got on it, and it still moved.

All this may be very well when applied strictly to the above three questions, from which the exhibition of intelligence in the phenomena is excluded, but presently the author finds himself brought face to face with intelligence answering mental questions and exhibiting all the qualities of an intellectual being. It was then that "Mary Jane" was born and shortly afterwards she was christened, and invested with all and more than all the attributes of the rest of her Majesty's subjects, excepting visibility, and a certificate from the superintending registrar of the district. The author is not at all taken aback, but shews himself quite equal to the situation; though some readers perhaps may think him rather hasty in converting particular facts into general propositions, and that his logic is a little slipshod.

I found myself now in presence of intellect; in fact, of an intellectual being; for, as I was satisfied that the phenomenon depended on the emission of certain elements, and that the phenomenon ceases the instant the hands were withdrawn from the table, *it was clear that the intellect was a quality or property of those elements*—or, perhaps more correctly, of that combination of elements.

The author calls "Science to the rescue," and warns the world that if the call is not obeyed it must take the consequences.

Now, until scientific men of the highest class have thoroughly explained this phenomenon, the world will be all at sea about it; and very great numbers (including those in America—millions) *will be of opinion that these phenomena are produced by the spirits of deceased persons*. I shall be perfectly open to believe in that theory, as soon as any evidence brings conviction to my mind; but I must here declare, that, up to the present time, not one communication, nor action, nor sentiment, has taken place or been received, by me or my wife, tending in the remotest degree to give rise in our minds to the idea that any of these occurrences were the work of anything whatever connected with deceased persons; and my wife has confessed to me, that she mentally earnestly wished for a communication from a beloved deceased relative, but that nothing of the kind has occurred to her. . . . That there is very high testimony to its being the spirits of departed persons, I allow, having continually seen ladies conversing with the (supposed) spirits of their deceased relatives at our table, and receiving the most assuring messages of love and affection, but whether it was really those spirits, and who accompanied them in their carriages on the visit, or whether it was our Mary Jane, who echoingly answered the sentiments they expressed, is a matter for discussion between scientific chemists and theologians. Our Mary

Jane delights in accompanying the violin on the guitar, in the fastest waltz, in playing cards and dominoes, and in making very smart answers to any remarks addressed to her, and when we are alone, gives her opinion respecting persons and things in the most unreserved manner; but as to her having at any time been the denizen of any other corporeal body than that which she now has, our evidences carry the most profound conviction to our minds of the contrary.

The riddle of man, which has puzzled the ages, is at length solved. Man is—*condensed gas*.

What is man? (and this term equally applies chemically to the whole organic world) Man is a condensation of gases and vapours, every one of which are floating round us in the atmosphere. Out of his total weight of 154 lbs., we have in the man—oxygen, 111 lbs., and he is inhaling it every instant; hydrogen, 15 lbs., a gas we burn; carbon, a gas, when combined with oxygen; nitrogen, part of the air we breathe; phosphorus, which is all around us in every plant and animal, which we eat at every meal; calcium, liquid in water; sodium, liquid with chlorine; and other metals in very small quantities, all susceptible of liquidity. Man is not conscious of it, any more than he is conscious that when he is eating roast beef, he is eating nitrogen, phosphorus, calcium, sulphur, potassium, and iron; few even are conscious that, in taking salt, they are eating chlorine. Man is continually giving out these vapours, which are in fact a part of himself; he is conscious only of one thing and that is, that if they escape a little too fast, he feels cold. The quantity of these vapours is immense; as I said before, the runaway negro leaves his track distinguishable by the blood-hound for 100 miles—we scarcely perceive it, but if a dog has lost his master, he knows if his master has been in any room he goes into; such is the absolutely distinctive difference of the emanations from each individual. These emanations are as positively material, as the individual himself is material—as material as, if you scent a large room with one drop of otto of roses, every particle by which you perceive the scent is as material as the whole drop itself was. Now these emanations correspond exactly with Baron Reichenbach's description, in his conclusions, of Odyle, p. 210, namely:—

"A peculiar force, distinct from all known forces."

"Essentially different from magnetism."

"Bodies possessing it do not assume any particular direction from the earth's magnetism."

"In animals, at least in man, the whole left side is in odylie opposition to the right. The force appears concentrated on poles in the extremities; the hands and fingers, in both feet, stronger in the hands than in the feet."

"The odylie force is conducted to distances yet unascertained by all solid and liquid bodies; not only metals, but glass, resin, silk, water, dry wood, paper, cotton cloth, woollen cloth, &c."

"Bodies may be charged with odyle, or odyle may be transferred from one body to another. In stricter language, a body in which free odyle is developed can excite in another body a similar odylie state."

"This charging, or transference is effected by contact."

"The charging requires a certain time, and is not accomplished under several minutes."

"The odylie light of amorphous bodies is a kind of feeble external and internal glow, somewhat similar to phosphorescence. This glow is surrounded by a delicate luminous veil, in the form of a fine downy flame."

"Human beings are thus luminous over nearly the whole surface, but especially the hands, over the palm of the hand, the points of the fingers, the eyes, certain parts of the head, the pit of the stomach, the toes, &c."

"Flaming emanations stream forth from all the points of the fingers, of relatively great intensity, and in the line of the length of the fingers."

"All these flames may be moved by currents of air; and where they meet with solid bodies, they bend round them, just as ordinary flame does. The odylie flame has therefore an obviously material (ponderable?) character."

"In the animal economy, night, sleep, and hunger depress and diminish the odylie influence. Taking food, day-light, and the active waking state, increase

and intensify it. In sleep, the seat of odyllic activity is transferred to other parts of the nervous system."

The whole of this description applies exactly to the force or power evolved by a medium in putting her hands on the table; after a while the table becomes charged, its movements are not subject to any known law. If my wife and I were sitting opposite, at times the table would force one or the other of us against the opposite wall of the room, at times go half round and back again, at times lift and stamp with one leg. Further, the Baron's description tallies with my experience; in sleep it stops—hunger diminishes it—after eating and taking wine it is stronger. The description is exact; but the Baron, although he states that the power evolved is a material one, does not state what it is materially composed of; nor does he, in the slightest degree, allude to the commutation of that power into intelligence. His book is, however, one of the most valuable that has been given to the scientific world. I pass now to Mr. Home's work, to notice particularly the continued appearance of odyllic phenomena; that is, of the action of a material element. Mr. Home truly says, "The manifestations came on me quite unsought; I have not, nor ever had, the slightest power over them. What may be the peculiar laws under which they may have become developed in my person, I know no more than others." As I have had at home the greater part of the manifestations detailed in Mr. Home's work, including also the manifestations (by our visitor friends) with the spirits of deceased persons, *I can corroborate the truth of the greater part of his narrative.* But why the spirits of deceased persons seemed to communicate with him, and why the mediums in Bloomsbury said they were present there to communicate with me, and that they should totally decline to visit me at my own house, and a lively, talkative, musical, and artistical Mary Jane comes in their stead, is what I do not understand. That Mr. Home was taken up to the ceiling, and carried about, *derives a corroboration from the circumstance of the zinc plate, which I have related—* and which proves that, when a number of persons, particularly if several have mediumistic power, are in a close room for some time, *the whole room, up to the ceiling, becomes filled with odyllic vapour.* . . . One part, in Mr. Coleman's book, p. 58, exactly corresponds with our experience.

"This result has only been arrived at after frequent sittings and the most patient attention to conditions. At first, the initials of the name, rudely done, was all the spirit could execute; but, by perseverance, from these rude beginnings, has the writing been brought to its present state."

So with us. We first had a table, or rather, I filled my room with tables, to see which moved the best; but it was nothing but motion. Then came talking, and Mary Jane's powers of conversation improved daily; then writing, or rather not writing, but quantities of unintelligible scribbles and flourishes; then drawing flowers with a pencil; then stencilling or drawings in colours in that style; and then varnished painting.

The author then gives a description of the theory of Mons. Allan Kardec, which does not at all commend itself to him, and he says:—

All this may be so, but I should feel more inclined to admit Mr. Kardec's theories, *if he was better up in the anatomy and chemistry of the human body;* and if, when he tells us that the *pér-esprit* is material, *he told us what material elements it is composed of.* The only thing valuable to the chemist in Mr. Kardec's works is the admission of a material substance in these phenomena; and, therefore, we can trace the existence of a material substance accompanying these phenomena in the works of every writer on the subject, say in Germany, France, England, and America. But this odyle or *pér-esprit* is easily traceable in the emanations which take place from the human body; and, though not so easily demonstrable by direct *catching* and condensation, are easily shown by inverting the reasoning. Take a candle, which is a solid comprehensible thing; now, burn it. Where is your candle? It exists materially, just as much as before you burned it; and, in so burning, or being decomposed into carbon and hydrogen, it has given out light. But to catch

it again in the state of a candle, it will have to be absorbed by the vegetables and eaten by the animals, and then you have your candle again. Therefore, to find what the *pér-esprit* or odyle is composed of, *we must find the constituent elements the person it emanates from is composed of.* As the rest of Mr. Kardec's works travel in the rail laid down by his first theories, the conclusions correspond with the premises. He proves, however (if his theories be true), such myriads of spirits of all sorts always about us, and those of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent, that, in mentioning the matter to my friend Baker, *I stated my apprehensions that accidents must happen among them from the crush*, as there were when the Prince of Wales and his bride passed through London. Baker, however, relieved my mind by assuring me that spirits can walk through one another and not feel it. This I consider as one of the most valuable communications I have had from the spirit-world; and, if we could imitate the spirits in that respect, it would be delightful in crowded thoroughfares.

We think it is Swedenborg who has quite a different idea of angels. "The more angels the more room." The author proceeds, and we are getting very near now to his grand discovery.

The proposition may therefore be stated thus:—The human body is continually giving out, in the shape of vapour, the elements of which it is composed, and which are as essentially material, as the steam from a steam-boiler is as material as the water. That these elements, after being elaborated in the body, are, so to say, distilled, somewhat as a chemist distils essences. These vapours will represent, therefore, Oxygen, Hydrogen, Carbon, Phosphorus, Sodium, Chlorine, &c. &c. That these vapours have peculiar qualities. That, *owing to the quality and quantity of these vapours given out by certain persons, under certain conditions, they possess a living, acting, and thinking vitality; a vitality, in some cases, superior to the being they emanate from; for, if a human being be suddenly and entirely deprived of air, its existence terminates in a very short time—whereas, instances appear to exist where the vitality of this eliminated vaporous being must have existed for a considerable time after the parties from whose bodies it was eliminated have left the room. That the properties of the vapours so eliminated, are power and intellect.* That the power is manifested in modes which, to us, at present, appear to be at times without any intellectual intentions. That the intellect manifested appears to be, in great part, the reflection or embodiment of the minds of the parties present, and by contact with the table giving out vapours, not by any means entirely of the medium, *as the medium seems to act rather the part of a steam-boiler, furnishing the materials for the vapours eliminated by the other parties present, of developing that intellectuality which otherwise would not have strength enough to make itself evident.* Thus we see that, in a reunion of talented ladies, music is played, flowers, and butterflies, and birds drawn, and a lively conversation takes place. Where the opinion firmly exists that the intelligence is the spirits of departed persons, the reflection of sentiment is precisely such as the parties holding that opinion would anticipate from the objects of their affection. If the mind of the parties present is deeply imbued with superstition, the reflections will be given fully in that sense, as exemplified in Kardic and Guldenstubbe's works. In Baron Guldenstubbe's publication, you have the signature of Heloise on the tomb of Abelard and Heloise, and the signature of a nun on a church. The fervent French officer would have a communication from Napoleon I. in his terse style. . . . At the same time, *the nature of the living and thinking being so called into action is very wonderful.* . . . It appears that, when several persons sit down to a table, and procure what are called spiritual sentiments, they will represent the summing up of the mixed ideas of those persons.

Still, there is another very important phenomenon, *the being so produced has certain faculties which the parties producing it do not possess; and this gives colour to the surmise, that there is a universal thought-atmosphere which pervades the whole earth; and with which this being enters into communication—*for how else could it answer mental questions, if it was not in thorough telegraphic rapport with the mind of the person asking? How read a folded-up writing which no

one but the writer has seen? How tell unfailingly whether cards are honours or not when not shown? How point out what dominoes are with their faces reversed? How do a hundred of these wonderful things recounted in spiritual publications occur, which would be utterly unbelievable, but for that reasoning on antecedent facts, by which we should not hesitate to-morrow to believe that we could travel at the rate of two hundred miles per hour on the railroad? I must now pass to another subject—*this being—this emanation from our bodies—thinks; it sees, hears, smells, tastes, feels, and is pleased, laughs heartily, or is offended and will shake the room and knock the table like a sledge-hammer—but it thinks, and thinks deeply and profoundly. Chemists have hitherto had nothing to do with thought.* It appears to me that they must take up thought as a quality or property of matter. Here is the case for consideration. A medium, a thinking being, places her hands on a table, and after a lapse of some minutes, holds conversation with another being, which has been eliminated from her body, but which is totally distinct from her body, as distinct as the child at the breast is from the mother, and exists just as the child, on the conditions of the supply of nutriment being kept up—and this being is composed of nothing else but the vapours which have emanated from the medium's body; and this being can tell the medium things which her own faculties are unequal to. . . .

If scientific men take up this matter at all, it is evident that they must take it up on the consideration of intellect as a property of matter; otherwise, it will go on as it is now, as a theological belief; that is, a belief without a proof; for, as to the theory that these manifestations are spirits of departed persons, the reason to the contrary is, that all force expended requires to be furnished from some source, and a medium kept without food would soon cease to make a table move. And even admitting that, for some time after apparent death, the fluids of the body may possess a quasi-existence, as is demonstrated by the effects of galvanism on the dead body; still, this is only an ever-diminishing effect, like the phosphoric lights seen over recent graves, and which proceed from the liberation of the phosphorus contained in the bones, and for want of nutriment must cease, as it was observed by the Baron that the phosphorescent appearances were only over recent graves. That a perfectly reasonable and highly intelligent being is absolutely produced by one or more persons sitting round a table, the said persons being all the while in the same health and state of entity as they were before; and that, abandoning that one to go out, as a lamp without oil, they can go into another room, or to another table, and produce another material, though vaporous being, and this three or four times a day, as our friends in Bloomsbury have for years past, must inevitably force the conviction on chemists and scientific men, that matter and intellectuality stand in the relation of cause and effect. As to persons being touched by supposed spirits, it has occurred continually at my house, and my wife has had her dress pulled, and her chair (with her on it) drawn back bodily; but these are secondary things; for, given an invisible power that can raise a gentleman up to the ceiling and carry him round a room, and we shall be able easily to believe many other feats of the same power. That this material vapour may have also the power of taking the shape of hands, &c., is credible, though I have not seen it; and that it may take the shape given it by the imagination of the medium, or of some person the medium is in communication with, is not absolutely deniable with the facts before us; and it is also conceivable that a phosphoric vapour, though invisible by day to the human eye, may affect a photographic plate, and so produce a spirit picture of a lady playing a guitar, or a young gentleman reading a book. I do not vouch for the *modus* of these so-called spirit photographs; I only endeavour to account for them materially, upon the supposition that, if the spirit of a lady could come to have her portrait taken, it is difficult for the most acute theologian to account for her bringing the spirit of the guitar she was in the habit of playing on while alive. That the theory of so-called spontaneous generation is fully accounted for by this phenomenon I fully believe—first, a vapour being a power, and then a formative intelligence; so cheese, highly phosphorescent, evolves a vapour, and the power and intelligence form a maggot; and so of all the animalculæ formed in water.

The cures wrought by Mesmerism are equally clearly explicable by this

phenomenon; for, if we reflect that the emanations from the fingers have the actual power of moving a large table, we can well imagine that they have the power of removing and forcing into the circulation, or of neutralising, the humours which by their stagnation caused the disorders; and I now firmly believe that in the case of the man whom I saw cured by a Mussulman in Calcutta, of the bite of a cobra di capello, the poison of the snake was, by the mesmeric power, positively drawn out of the pores at the end of the finger, and the man's life thereby saved. As for believing in the phenomena produced by mediums, no one could possibly disbelieve it more than myself and my wife, for we saw the mediums perform twice—once at their own house, and once at mine—and still we did not believe; and when my wife told me that the table moved for her, I only believed that she believed, and I passed through an oscillating state of belief already described to me—"You will believe, and then you will consider it merely the effect of imagination, and disbelieve, and then again believe, and again disbelieve." As soon, however, as the phase of intelligent conversation is reached, disbelief is impossible, for the answers are given without the medium seeing the alphabet, and by pointing to the letters, and not calling them out aloud; and the medium is perfectly unconscious of the replies, or sentiments expressed. . . . The effect is far more striking when you are not the motive medium, for there is a mediumship of intellect, which, though it can neither move a table nor rap, still has a powerful influence. If the motive medium understands nothing of drawing, you will get only scribbles, but if another lady, though not a perceptible medium at all, but a good artist, sits at the table, flowers may be produced. The effect produced seems to me to be this;—a human being, composed of condensed oxygen, &c., as we see it, gives an opinion; *but the vapours issuing from that human being's body, under certain circumstances, and in a sufficient state of condensation, will equally give that opinion*, either by answers to leading questions, or by means of spelling by the alphabet, or by guiding the medium's hand. But now comes another curiosity—suppose the medium who causes the raps, &c., to have no opinion on a subject—not to understand anything about it—such as politics, &c., *the intelligent vapours from the other party, who does understand the question will adapt or embody themselves in the motive-power of the medium, and give an answer in the sense of the party understanding the subject.*

Having thus given the *rationale* of spontaneous generation, mesmeric healing and the mediumship of intellect, the author continues, enlivening with anecdote his philosophical disquisition.

In the evening, one of our friends came, and we sat down to the table, and Mary Jane was excessively talkative, keeping this lady constantly occupied with the alphabet. Nevertheless, we had other conversation, and talked over the immense advantages India would derive from the edifying exhibition the Americans are giving; then we got to Scinde, with one of the Ameers of which I had been intimate; and then down to the Mahratta country and Mahratta wars. In the midst of this, I said, "Mary Jane, do you recollect all about the Mahratta wars?" "Yes," said Mary Jane, as pat as if she had been born there. My wife opened her eyes at Mary Jane being so learned on a subject she knew nothing about. To me it was clear—the lady in question had lived in the Mahratta country, read their history, and the odylic emanations from my wife and this lady forming a telegraphic communication, Mary Jane became possessed of all the information in the same way as my wife would have been if she had attentively read the History of the Mahratta Wars. The farther I go on, the more I am convinced that this is a very highly scientific question, founded on the effects of positive elements in a state of vapour, and leading to clear explanations of the causes of all deleterious miasma; also the effects of real spirits, such as brandy and gin, which become vapour by the action of the body; and, of the effect produced by the vapour of the poppy, when in opium it pervades the frame. . . . I shall be asked, "How do you account for long and continued conversations with deceased relatives?" I account for them in this way—first, examine the enormous power developed by a medium, and, apparently, by every human and

by every animal body; next, consider the enormous effect of the vapours emitted, as demonstrated clearly by mesmerism, where the same odyllic fluid penetrates the body, and superinduces a state, in which the whole nervous system is acted on in a manner I am unable to explain clearly; but, most evidently, material portions of another person's nervous system enter the body. . . . That there take place emanations at the table which, though mixed with and deriving force from the emanations from the medium, still respond to the thoughts of the person they emanate from; and you may conceive that the "wish is father to the thought," and the intelligence responds in the sense of that thought. In fact, in Allan Kardec's work, he says, p. 376, that "If a person invokes a myth or allegorical person, he will get an answer in the name of that person." That some one called for Molière's *Tartuffe*, and forthwith *Tartuffe* was answered for by some spirit. In fact, p. 334, and many other pages, where he says spirits take the names of St. Paul, the Archangel Raphael, St. Michael, &c., &c., are enough to shake to the foundation any reliance on the name given being in the slightest degree any proof of the phenomenon being connected with the spirits of departed persons. To me—declaring previously that my mind is quite open to the conviction of the phenomena being produced by the spirits of departed persons, if ever circumstances force that conviction on me—it appears that the belief in its being the spirits of departed persons is the narrowest, the most incomplete, and the most uninteresting part of the phenomenon. That the communications from deceased relatives are consolatory to those particular individuals I allow; but really if the concomitant idea is fact, that the spirit of a deceased husband is day and night in the room with his wife, it would operate rather against second marriages. Then, the rest of the communications are of every kind—philosophical, religious, sensual, witty—but not, after one is accustomed to them, very interesting. On the contrary, *when I contemplate the fact of a living, thinking, acting vapour*, and that the same description of emanations take place from every animal, from every plant, and possibly from other sources—I see the earth, or at least the solar system, as constituting a self-acting intelligent being, and which, in the phases of the world, is, *per se*, progressing from power to intelligence; and that this power and intelligence, of which the sample is so extraordinary, developed by mankind, when considered as pervading all nature, is so far superior to electricity alone, that electricity may be considered, perhaps, as merely the mineral phase of it. . . .

I think it not extravagant to surmise that *every element of about the eighty we are acquainted with, has some share in the production of intellect—that intellect is an effect produced by the qualities or properties of elementary substances. There is much yet to be unravelled in this.* I take an opium eater in his state minus opium—miserable, dejected—his eye lustreless, his mind morbid and prostrate—I infuse through his system, by smoking opium, or laudanum, the vapours of the poppy; forthwith a new life is apparent in him, a thousand bright ideas pass through his mind. How is this? What quality of the poppy produces this intellectuality? If phosphorus, and iodine, and other elements influence intellectuality in man, and, by inference, in animals, why not in plants also?—they look happy enough in the sunshine. And, talking of vapours, as Baron Reichenbach says, page 218, "In the animal economy, night, sleep, and hunger, depress and diminish the odyllic influence," and as this is most effectually demonstrated by Mary Jane, who, if the medium is cold, hungry, or tired, will not make her appearance, or hold conversation at all; so, a bottle of champagne, or a bowl of punch, will immediately increase and enliven the manifestations. . . .

The most troublesome thing in investigating this matter, is to divine the sudden causes of the sentiments expressed; that such exist, there is (in my mind) no doubt, as there must exist some hidden cause for every extraordinary dream we have, as no idea can arise without a motive. The difference is, that, in dreams, the absurd, incongruous, and impossible, appear to take place; whereas, in this phenomenon, positive high sense, sound judgment, and very lively and witty remarks occur, not in any incongruous manner, but perfectly *apropos* to the subject under discussion or asked about. . . . *At first sight*, it appears ridiculous that a vapour should have such effects; but when we look at the stringent and necessary regulations of quarantine on ships coming from ports where infectious

fevers exist, and at the malaria of hospitals, and reflect that all these are vapours which exude from the human skin, and that these vapours attach themselves to clothing, and to the walls of rooms, and remain active for a very considerable time, and that in many cases the disorders induced by these vapours result in the formation of animalculæ in the blood, the seeming absurdity of deducing such great results from such unseen causes is very much diminished.

Man being all gas, it of course cannot surprise us that demons should be at length resolved into "odyle vapour." The knowledge of this power has always been part of the stock in trade of priestcraft, but now that we know the properties of oxygen, hydrogen, &c., we mean to change all that.

We know that man is a condensation of gases, which, in their separate state, occupy about the size of two dwelling houses; and out of 154 lbs., if the man weighs that, the gases, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, weigh 150½ lbs., and that the other 3½ lbs., phosphorus, sulphur, &c., are most of them floating in the atmosphere. That being the case, when an author puzzles people's heads about demons, he ought at least to prove the existence of demons otherwise than in his own imagination. That the odyle vapour, when so produced and concentrated, has telegraphic powers far beyond the medium or the persons present, is certain, because it can tell what is passing in the minds of those present, and can tell what is written on paper when no one present has seen it, and what a domino is with the face reversed, and most surprising things also. And I should not be surprised, supposing that a murder had been committed in a room, and the blood of the victim had saturated the floor, if the extreme sensibility of the so-produced vapour enabled it to make some communication alluding to it, for essences remain attached to bodies, as in cases of the clothes worn in contagious fevers, for a very long time; but all this may be accounted for by an investigation of the qualities of the vapours so eliminated. *In short, I believe that all the phenomena can be chemically and philosophically investigated and accounted for, without calling in the aid of the souls of deceased persons.* To those who wish to study the subject, I recommend the perusal of Baron Reichenbach's "Researches on Magnetism," particularly also, because, although he at first sought for his sensitive persons among invalids, he afterwards found that the property was equally possessed by persons in the highest health; in fact, as far as my own experience goes, the quality of mediumship is dependant on a state of the highest health and strength of the individual possessing it. The study of this phenomenon, must, I am convinced, ere long occupy the attention of many classes of mankind. That the power has been known through all ages, under the titles of witchcraft, sorcery, divination, sybils, demons, and devils, is certain; that it formed an important part of priestcraft in all ages of the world, is also certain. But in viewing the subject now, we must expunge all reasonings of the ancients, for the simple reason that this question is one intimately connected with the elements of which man is formed, and that the ancients were utterly and entirely ignorant of those elements. They knew nothing of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, phosphorus, iodine, chlorine, and a host of other elements. They had some facts; they knew the powers of mesmerism, but they could not analyse the causes—the consequence of which was that these phenomena were ascribed to angels, or devils, as suited best the pockets of the professors.

The author thus discourses of the uses of these phenomena, and avows his conviction that nothing can stop the movement.

The philosopher will be astonished in contemplating in this phenomenon the correlation of Power and Intellect, convertible one into the other—Power ceasing while intellect is being evolved. Power and intention everywhere, through the whole solar and doubtless other systems. The medical man will find a great field open to study in the mechanical and curative effects, not only of mesmerism, but of all medicines, inasmuch as every medicine, after being taken, resolves itself into what may be termed a vapour, permeating the fluids of the body. The causes

of mental alienation, and probably the modes of cure, may result from the study. The superstitious devotee may have communications from every saint in the calendar whom he firmly believes in—while affectionate relatives may still continue to converse with those dear ones whom they have lost, and who will respond to their wishes by assuring them that they are continually near and ever watching over them. Nothing can stop this movement and this investigation now. Poor mankind and womankind have been burnt, and drowned, and stoned to death, for 3,000 years by the priests, merely on account of a natural quality which all possess, but some more than others. It is very evident that this phenomenon, as well as mesmerism, was perfectly known in times of the remotest antiquity; for Moses (Lev. xx. 27) says, "A man also, or woman, that hath a familiar spirit, shall surely be put to death." And, up to a very short time ago, old women were burnt and drowned as witches. W. tells me, that over 30,000 were so burnt and drowned in a very short space of time. The present state of the case is, that facts are daily accumulating of the existence of an agency, which will prove to be as real as magnetism; and the best plan for all those persons, whose minds are in doubt on the subject, and who have no opportunities of investigating it, is to suspend their judgment and belief, until recognized and influential scientific men have thoroughly investigated it. And I venture to predict that the health, welfare, and advancement in civilisation of the human race, will make more rapid strides by the knowledge of nature, developed by this phenomenon, than by any modern discovery whatever.

The author favours us with the following summary of what he regards himself to have proved:—

1. Man is a condensation of gases and elementary vapours.
2. These vapours are constantly exuding from the skin.
3. They charge (to use an electrical term) certain things, *viz*: The sensitive plant—and it droops. The human body (as in mesmerism)—and it becomes insensible to pain. A table—and—
4. When these vapours (which Reichenbach calls *odylic*) emanate from certain persons, who appear to have phosphorus in excess in the system, *they form a positively living, thinking, acting body of material vapour, able to move a heavy table, and to carry on a conversation, &c. &c. &c.*
5. That the other persons sitting at the table affect the quality of the manifestations, although the *odylic* vapours from them are not sufficiently strong to move the table, or act intelligently alone.
6. That we do not see the *odylic* emanations from their fingers, has nothing to do with the question; for we can neither see heat nor electricity—and yet we admit the existence of both, from their effects.
7. Thus, if the medium knows nothing of music, and holds a guitar, the sounds given out will be discordant, or such as might be expected of a person knowing nothing of music; but, if a good performer sits at the table at the same time as the medium, the sounds will be harmonious; so, if a medium understands nothing of drawing, and paper and pencil be put under the table, scribbles will be produced; but, if an artist sits at the table, flowers or other artistical drawings will be produced; although, in neither case, could the artist produce the slightest movement of the table, or manifestation whatever, without the medium.
8. That this *odylic* being thinks and feels exactly as the persons from whose bodies it emanates; that it possesses all the senses—seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting, feeling, and thinking;—that it makes up for the want of the muscular organs of speech, by either an electrical power of rapping, or by guiding the medium's hand, or by direct writing with pen or pencil.
9. That its power of sight is electrical, for it can see under a domino, or what is in the adjoining room—in short, where the human eye cannot.
10. That its power of hearing is also electrical or superhuman.
11. That it is highly sensitive to odours, delighting in those of flowers, and expressing repugnance of some.
12. That it can rap in two and probably more places simultaneously.
13. That it can carry on different conversations with different individuals at the same time.

14. That its conversations with different persons will be responsive to the affections, the sentiments, and the religious belief of each person it is talking with, although they are drawn from one common source—the odylc vapour concentrated at, or with which the table is charged—and although those religious creeds are entirely at variance. And if asked for the name of the (pre-supposed) spirit, it will give the name either of the desired relative, or of some high authority (on religious matters) in the specific creed of the person making the enquiry.

15. That, from various concurrent testimony, it appears fully proved that this odylc vapour possesses the power of taking the shape of hands, arms, dress, &c., and even of an entire person, dressed; and, such fact being certain, the statement that in America photographs of both dead and living persons have been obtained, ceases to be preposterous—but that the souls of those persons produced or had anything to do with those shapes, does not appear to be any more proved, than that if a good Turk received a message signed, “Mahomet,” it would be accepted as proof, either of the truth of the message, or that the deceased Mahomet had anything to do with it.

16. That, nevertheless, the high thought, philosophy, independence, conciseness, and deep reflection evinced by many of the answers and sentiments expressed by the odylc fluid, point to its connection with a general *thought atmosphere*, as all-pervading as electricity, and which possibly is in itself, or is in intimate connection with, the principles of causation of the whole universe.

As to consequences from the exercise of mediumship in a sanitary point of view, the author favours us with the following opinion:—

I have been asked whether I thought that the production of odylc vapour, by continued sitting at a table, was injurious to the health. I think not in the least—in fact, it seems to favour *embonpoint*, when the medium is perfectly free from the prejudice that the manifestations are caused by the spirits of departed persons; but I can readily believe that the minds of susceptible persons may be worked up to a very hurtful state of irritation, by the belief that the phenomena are produced by the souls of departed persons, and by demons, and all sorts of hobgoblins, as laid down in M. Kardec's works.

From the miscellaneous reflections on various points of the inquiry with which the book concludes, we extract the following paragraphs:—

I think then, when the scientific world has done its duty, and investigated the subject as it does electricity or any new physical discovery, all public sensation on the subject will cease. It is, no doubt, highly and deeply interesting for a man or woman to converse with his or her deceased husband or wife, but when that “most respectable and honourable prejudice,” to use Lord Palmerston's expression, is scientifically done away with; and it is proved to have no more *bonâ fide* reality than a dream, and that these spirits are but mental photographs, the sensation will take quite a different channel.

The conversion of power into intellect is very remarkable. While the odylc vapour moves the table, it does not converse, and *vice versa*—so, in the human being, power and motion begin long before birth, while intellect follows long after; so in the man, youth is distinguished by its muscular activity, which becomes converted by age into mental activity; so, in the progress of the human race, the muscular powers are less used and consequently less developed, while the thought power becomes from generation to generation more developed, and more capable of profiting by the ever-accumulating discoveries of science.

The being produced by the odylc vapour seems to me to have a *great affinity* for what we call *conscience*; in fact, the expressions we use admit tacitly the existence of a duplicate person. What means the expression, “My conscience will not allow me to do so and so?” “His conscience told him he was wrong?”

"The still small voice of conscience?" And as each different religion assumes full as much conscientiousness as any other, so the odylie vapour accommodates itself in its responses to every "respectable and honourable prejudice."

Several occurrences of the same nature occur in the American narratives, but they are all founded on the belief of spirits of deceased persons; and, of course, if that theory be true, the occurrences are at once accounted for. But the question is, how to account for them on the principle of odylie vapour. I believe it is the odylie vapour which has been attached to seeds found in the case of a mummy, which, after 3,000 years, makes that seed germinate. To what is it then attached, with all its attributes of design and colouring, in the case of a picture? Does it stay in rooms, active and alive, like the epidemic of the small pox or other disorders? In many of our *séances*, the cards and paper were put under the table in the morning, and a short *séance* held, and the ladies went home to dinner, and returned to the evening *séance*; but we never had any evidence as to whether the morning *séance* was of any use, except as to the conversational powers of Mary Jane; nor have we any idea of the time actually occupied in making the pictures. I can give you no further explanation than the facts, but as the manifestations and motions of the table, and conversations are reducible to the same rules in the various *séances*—I have been present at different houses—I conclude that persons studying the phenomena will find analogous events occur. Perhaps the same properties of odylie vapour may hereafter account for toads being found alive embedded in rock and coal.

Another fact is, that habit is, if possible, more influential in this than in anything else connected with the human body; so that, by-and-by, the habit being encouraged, the odylie vapour which is being eliminated has at all times the qualities of intelligence, and the wish to talk and *express its sentiments as a distinct person*; and, as, from the fact of husband and wife sleeping together, there is a mesmeric or odylie chain between them, the habit and intelligence are much facilitated by it, until at last, if encouraged, you have at all times *an intelligent third person with you*, and the more and the oftener you talk with it, the stronger it becomes, exactly as professional singers or dancers acquire their extraordinary talents by continued exercise. So, on the other hand, if no notice is taken of it, no conversation entered on, and no notice taken of any of the phenomena, the manifestations will gradually diminish and perhaps cease altogether; but whether or no the odylie vapour so continuously issuing from the human body will continue to have the properties of intelligence, is what I have not evidence enough to give a valid opinion on. . . . I repeat, however, from many conclusive observations, which I do not detail, the most positive assurance that none of the phenomena I have witnessed are in any way traceable to the souls of deceased persons, and that such belief is a complete illusion.

The treatment of insanity will, I think, be influenced by the knowledge of this phenomenon. First we have Kyan, "Elements of Light," p. 109, that when there is 4 or 4½ per cent. of phosphorus in the brain, there is a state of complete insanity. We next prove, in this phenomenon, that excess of phosphorus makes this dual being apparent—and I have reason to think that this dual being, where vividly produced, is always active, and influencing the person, although they may never have heard of table-turning or spirit-rapping. We then see, that when an insane person is kept in a close room, the whole room becomes permeated with these odylie phosphoric vapours, and it is highly probable that the action of these vapours, reflecting the disordered state of the mind, confirms the impression that the invalid is this or that person, just in the same way as people who converse by means of rapping believe that it is their deceased relations they are talking to. The abstraction of phosphorus from the system, and out-door occupations, and excessive ventilation, would seem to be indicated.

Discarding, then, all notions of mankind on this subject, which tradition has handed down, from the time of Egyptian priests with their magicians and sorcerers, who performed before Pharaoh, all through what is called the dark

ages, when the priesthood settled all questions by fire and faggot, or the still more ingenious question whether a human being was a witch, according to her floating or sinking in water, down to the present professors of the science, who are seeking to found a religion on the basis of innumerable spirits, good, bad, and indifferent, which fill the whole atmosphere about us, and are always playing all sorts of pranks (see Kardec and the American books)—let us see what could be proved to-day to the satisfaction of the most sceptical chemist.

1. The possession and action of all the senses, including thought, can, may, and does exist in a vapour.

2. This vapour combines the powers of force and intelligence.

3. It is formed by the action of the emanations of the sun on the elements of the earth.

4. It emanates from all organic creation, vegetable and animal.

5. It is the cause of what is called spontaneous generation.

6. It is the formative vapour.

7. As its action depends on immutable qualities, it is to-day as it was from, and will be to, all eternity.

A new phase and perfectly new question opens now to our inquiries—that is, the nature and extent of intellect embodied in a vapour, which combines at once power and intellect. . . .

A friend who has witnessed these conversational phenomena, and to whom I read over these last fifty pages of manuscript, has made the following very apposite remark:—"Admitting the existence of a vapour which is a reflex of the medium and of the persons present at the *séance*; admitting also that that vapour has telegraphic qualities in addition to thought—and we can account for a great deal—a witty remark, a highly moral sentence, may all come within the faculties of the persons present; but you produce here pictures which are totally beyond the art of any of the persons present at the *séances* to have produced. How do you account for this?" The remark is excellent, for it points to a superior, or at least distinct power. We that were present at the *séances*, have not the slightest idea how the pictures were produced, any more than the reader would have if he locked a blank sheet of paper in a box over night and found a drawing on it the next morning. It is a subject requiring great consideration; but it does not follow that we are to jump into the absurd or unscientific in discussing it. I will give the best elucidation I can. . . .

It appears to me that the word medium does not give an entirely clear view of the faculty. If we lay down as the axiom, that every person produces a manifestation apart from his conscious waking faculties, we shall obtain a better view of the subject, for unquestionably the intellectual manifestations are influenced by the minds of the persons sitting at the table, although those persons could not produce any motion of the table. Mediumship may therefore be divided under two heads, mental and corporeal, just as, in mankind, one individual may possess enormous power of mind with a very feeble body—so another may have the strength of Hercules, with but average mental power. It is the peculiar quality of producing the odylie vapour in quantity, that produces the effects of tilting, rapping, and moving things; but if two persons are in the habit of sitting in *séance*, the one eliminating the motive power which makes mediumship apparent, and the other without any of that motive power, still the emanations from the person without the motive power will affect the communications most decidedly—just as when masons and carpenters build a house, the architect who made the plan, though he has neither touched brick or wood, has still had a great deal to do with it.

If we consider it proved that the action of the odylie vapour, forcible and mental, does not emanate entirely from the will force, but is an emanation from that Supreme Intelligence which develops all the powers, bodily and mental, of the human being, from the size of a speck, invisible without a microscope, up to the full-grown being, whose intellect searches deeply into the nature of all elements of time, of space, and of eternity; we tread on unknown ground, but it does not in the slightest degree follow that we have any need to lay aside the

axiom I have contended for throughout this work—namely, that every thing or effect that we are witnesses of, is the result of elements, and the qualities or properties inseparably attached to them. *There is an Intelligence at work in the universe, whose mental productions possess that perfection, at once, to which the educated intellect of mankind only attains by long practice.* That intelligence is called instinct. It is perfect intelligence without reasoning. The comb of the bee is an instance. It is perfection of design and mathematical precision, without the aid of reasoning faculties; so, in these manifestations, we have exquisite designs of all sorts, without the aid of the educated reasoning faculties of the medium. This is the only reasonable channel open to us for the investigation of these phenomena.

We have presented the author's hypothesis fully and in his own words, and have little space for comment. That hypothesis is certainly a very bold one. That the emanations of the human body form themselves, without our knowing anything about it, into a distinct personality, with the faculties of perception, memory, reason, and conscience;—a personality that raps, writes, draws, carries on general conversation, makes witty and moral observations, and not only thinks, “but thinks deeply and profoundly;” and, in short, in every way conducts itself like an educated and well-behaved member of society; is certainly an astounding instance of the prodigious capabilities of —“*Odylic Vapour.*” We think it an hypothesis which, if it does not merely amuse, is likely to startle men of science even more than the spiritual theory itself; and their surprise is not likely to be diminished on learning that the odylic vapour is convertible into intellect; that the odylic emanations actually create life and intelligence; and that there is a universal thought-atmosphere, resulting, we presume, from the phosphorescent and other chemical emanations from the collective brain of humanity, from which these vapourous personages acquire the information and ideas which at the time they may not in themselves happen to possess.

Much that we have said in a previous number, in reviewing the work of the Rev. Granvil H. Forbes, is equally applicable to the daring and ingenious hypothesis under consideration. We will only, however, reproduce a quotation there made from Professor Brittan, as to the insufficiency of the odylic force to account for only one, and that the simplest class of the phenomena—the physical manifestations:—

This class comprehends the illustrations of what appears to be a spiritual agency exhibited in the mysterious movements of ponderable bodies. As Professor Mahan refers such phenomena to the Odylic Force, we will institute a comparison, showing the nature of the accredited facts, and the insufficiency of the alleged cause to account for their occurrence. It is very well known that bodies weighing several hundred pounds are moved by an invisible power that is often well nigh irresistible; sometimes it is so violent and destructive, as to excite serious apprehensions; and yet, if we may judge from the results of the Baron's experiments, the impalpable currents of this gentle and noiseless *aura* would scarcely ruffle the plumage of a turtle-dove. His experiments abundantly show that the odic flames

are harmless as the glowworm's light, and all the forces of this agent might dance on the face of a waveless pool and not ripple its surface in a thousand years.

Again, similar bodies are frequently hurled with remarkable force across the room, and with a momentum as great as if they were thrown from the right hand of a strong man. Let any one throw a ball a distance of fifty yards, and he will find that less than *ten seconds* are required for its passage. The invisible powers make things move with an equal or greater momentum. Now, how does it happen that the objects thus moved, far transcend in the rapidity of their motion, the greatest possible speed of the Od Force. That agent could never travel that distance, by the most frequented routes in Austria, in much less than *thirty seconds*, as will be perceived from the following brief statement, which is copied from the Baron's book, page 236:—

"The transmission of Od in the best CONDUCTORS, as in metallic wires, goes on SLOWLY—twenty to forty seconds are required for a wire fifty yards long. Electricity traverses a million times longer space in immeasurably shorter time."

Here is a difficult problem for Professor Mahan to solve. *Can an object move three times as fast as the motive power that propels it?* If it cannot do this, the Baron's Od Force will never enable us to account for those mysterious movements of ponderable bodies, which so frequently occur in the presence of spirit-mediums. According to the statement of Von Reichenbach, *thirty seconds* is the average time which *Od* requires by the best conductors, to go fifty yards. At this rate *it would travel one mile in something over a quarter of an hour!* A fast-trotting horse would make the same distance—on a good road—in *two minutes and thirty-eight seconds*. Thus it appears that *Od*, under the most favourable circumstances, gets over the ground *about as fast as an ox team!* And this is the agent to which our author refers the modern miracles of strength and speed, and the still more "spiritual gifts" which were once reverently ascribed to a Divine source.*

As we advance to the more complex phenomena—those indicating intelligence—the difficulties on this, or indeed on any purely physical hypothesis, increase upon us. Even admitting the extravagant assumption, as it seems to us, of a being evolved from the chemical emanations of our physical substances; nay, more, admitting even that these emanations are imbued with our special idiosyncracies—with our mental and moral qualities, still, as a derivative being, it could have only the knowledge, ideas, and qualities of those from whom it proceeded. That cannot come out of a man which is not in him. Hence, as our author very consistently says in the words we have quoted:—"This odylie being thinks and feels *exactly* as the persons from whose bodies it emanates." Of course, if the hypothesis were true, it *must* do so. But then, unfortunately for the hypothesis, this "odylie being" won't do as he ought to do. He will sometimes think and feel *differently* from the persons from whose bodies he is an outbirth. No fact in this inquiry is better known or more firmly established than that spirits exhibit powers, and maintain opinions surpassing, different from, and sometimes, even antagonistic to those of both medium and circle.

In some instances mediums will give information altogether outside the knowledge of themselves or of any person present, and exhibit a mental force transcending their own natural powers,

* *Spiritual Magazine*, November, 1861. See also *Confessions of a Truth-Seeker*, chap. iv.

as in others it will be equally below their natural capacity. We might give many illustrations. In Mr. Wilkinson's work on *Spirit Drawings* is an account of a lady known to the author of *Mary Jane* and to many of our readers, who, without any knowledge of drawing, has her hand moved to draw in ever new variety flowers and forms of which she has no previous conception, and many of which have no natural prototype; these are executed when alone, under the influence—shall we say of her own “odylic emanations.” Mr. Howitt, in his *History of the Supernatural* testifies to a similar faculty being developed in his own experience. Judge Edmonds, of America, has published in his tracts names and addresses of more than a score persons, his own daughter and niece among the number, who inspired by—“odylic vapour,” (according to our author) have spoken and written in languages with which they were totally unacquainted. And not only is “odylic vapour” an artist and a linguist, it is a messenger which in its powers of locomotion outstrips steam. The Rev. Adin Ballou, in his *Modern Spirit Manifestations*, says:—

I have requested what purported to be the spirit of a friend many years deceased, to go to a particular place, *several miles distant from that of the sitting*, and to bring me back intelligence respecting the then health and doings of a certain relative well known to the parties. In *three minutes* of time, the intelligence was obtained, numerous particulars given, some of them rather improbable, but every one exactly confirmed the next day, by personal inquiries made for that purpose.

And so Professor Hare in his *Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations*, testifies that it carried a message from a circle in Cape May to another in Philadelphia, a distance of nearly a hundred miles, and brought back an answer in half an hour. More strange still, he and the odylic vapour which he called his “spirit-father,” “could not come to one opinion on some points after much discussion.” More extraordinary still, the odylic vapour which he called his “spirit-sister,” by *its* statements and arguments converted him to Christianity after he had been a sturdy materialist for half-a-century. Just as Mr. Howitt avers that the “spirits,” (or shall we say with the author of *Mary Jane*, the phosphoric and other emanations of his brain) drove him from his former Unitarian opinions. If then, one class of communications appears to favour the notion that in some way they are a reflection or emanation from ourselves, another and perhaps not less numerous class demonstrates by intrinsic evidence their independent origin. Our author has himself found out that his “Mary Jane” has a will of her own. She, very properly, will not allow family quarrels, and when he set an ingenious little trap for her, she at once saw through it, and indignantly tore his paper, and not satisfied with that mark of her displeasure, carried it away in bulk and hid it. To meet this difficulty our author has nothing

better to offer than the "surmise" that there may be a "universal thought-atmosphere." But as there is neither argument nor science in a mere surmise, it need not be taken into consideration at present. We leave it to stand over the more readily as its invention is evidently more due to the exigencies of an hypothesis than to any pointing of the facts; and as even were it proved it would be utterly inadequate to explain them. A curious inquiry suggests itself. How long does this odyllic being survive the body from which it emanated? A gentleman who is giving his experiences in this Magazine, receives communications as from persons with some of whom he was but slightly acquainted, and who have been dead twenty, thirty, forty years, and who yet in these communications exhibit the peculiarities, the ideas, and the information which they possessed on earth. We certainly were not aware that "vapour" ever attained such remarkable longevity as it must do in cases like this.

We might pursue our argument from every phase of the manifestations:—from vision and prevision; from dreams and apparitions; from impressions, presentiments, and warnings; from clairvoyance and trance; from prediction, possession, and personation: these all demonstrate the same conclusion—that the acting power is no way a part of ourselves, but is wholly discredited from us, with independent thought, affection, and volition. The fact is that our author confounds conditions with causes. Certain conditions are found necessary to certain effects, *therefore*, he reasons, they are the efficient cause of them. This is just such a mistake as it would be to attribute a telegram to the wires instead of to the operator at the end of them. He finds that certain facts co-ordinate, *therefore* they stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect, which is only a modern form of the argument that Tenterden steeple was the cause of Goodwin Sands. In photography there must be the camera, the plate, the chemicals, and the solar light; but you may have all these, and without the operator, where will be your *carte de visite*? So in spirit manifestations. Magnetism, od, and other physical elements may be necessary as conditions, but without the invisible intelligences operate by and through them you will have to wait a long time, and wait in vain, for spirit manifestations.

The subject has its physical side, and also its spiritual side; and neither should be ignored. The author of *Mary Jane* approaches the inquiry from its physical side, and we are glad to hail him as a fellow-labourer in this field. We have no fear that any investigation can eliminate the spiritual element, and if he can aid towards attaining a science of conditions, he will have done the cause of truth good service, beyond what he has done already by an honest recognition of the facts he has detailed, and

which we hope will be submitted to such a searching investigation as will, if true, place them entirely beyond suspicion.

We have only one other observation. To build up an hypothesis on a small body of experiences, however extraordinary they may be, is simply to invert the pyramid, to rest it on the apex instead of the base. A much wider range of observation and investigation is needed to justify our author in building a philosophical theory of the spiritual phenomena. Many of his inferences and statements we are sure would be corrected by a larger acquaintance with the facts of mediumship in other instances than appear to have been brought under his personal observation. These, however, are a valuable addition to the great store already accumulated. We commend to his consideration "A Clergyman's Experience," on another page of the present number.*

PSYCHOLOGICAL EXPERIENCES.

FOR years after I saw shadowy visions of my deceased friends, I did not know but all persons saw the same. I had the idea that they were mere reproductions of my memory and imagination. When the spiritual, or supernatural phenomena appeared in the case of the Fox girls, I disbelieved the facts, considering them impossibilities. I opposed a belief in them, with all my power and influence. Five years before the appearance of these phenomena, a friend of mine, who had exercised a very controlling power over my mind and moral nature had died. Prior to and during the excitement consequent upon the supernatural developments above named, I was haunted by a vision of my friend, not as he had looked in life, fresh, fair, and beautiful, and always most carefully dressed in the best material, and the most approved fashion, but in old, rusty, and very miserable garments. His mouth was drawn on one side, as if by a stroke of palsy, and his form was emaciated and his whole appearance distressing in the extreme. Why I should be haunted by such an imagination, or hallucination I could not conceive. As I would not admit that there was any thing supernatural about the vision, I concluded I was hallucinated, and I bore the infliction as I would have borne weak eyes, or a singing in my ears. As I had never seen a vision of any person except some friend, I was sure it was no real sight, but something morbid. Having been educated a physician, and having remarkable magnetic power, my husband being also a physician, I took very naturally a pathological view of my case.

* In the article on *Mary Jane* in last number, page 346, fifteen lines from bottom, for "we put it on the table," read "we put the zinc plate on the table."

There might be some occult magnetic relation established between me and my friend when he was alive. As a rule I influenced others, but this friend had influenced me very strongly.

I have noticed often that the explanations which sceptics give of spiritual phenomena when they do not deny, but condescend to attempt to explain, need explanation quite as much as the phenomena. For a time the theory of hallucination answered the purpose of a reason in my case of the haunting and distressing apparition of my friend; and with all my power I opposed so-called Spiritualism. One day a gentleman called, who was a stranger to us, and asked if I could visit a child of his that lay very ill of suppressed measles. "We have lost one," he said, "and are much alarmed with regard to this one." I went directly to the child, and remained two hours, using such remedial means as brought out the measles and saved the child's life. I said to the parents, "Send for me to-morrow at eleven, and we shall make all right with our little patient." I knew nothing of the family beyond this visit. The next day at half-past ten I sat in a large, well-lighted room, in brilliant sunshine, when the vision of a young girl rose before me, just as I had before seen the vision of my deceased friends. She said to me, as I have heard words in a dream, "I am Mr. S——'s little girl of Thirty-first-street. I died last week. I want you to look at me, so that you can describe me to my father. If he knows that I am his little girl, I have a message that I want to send him." She then went on to tell me some facts of a private nature that I was to tell her father as evidence of her being his little girl. After this she faded away like a mist. The father came in half an hour. I was then so opposed to any belief in, or tolerance of the spiritual phenomena, that I would not have had the father know that this appearance came to me for any consideration. I said to him, "Was your little girl who died last week small of her age?" [thirteen] "Yes," he replied. "Had she dark hair; and did she dress it in plain bands, like a grown woman?" "Yes." "Had she a very remarkable mole on her——cheek?" I have forgotten now, which cheek it was, but I described it and then told which side it was on. "The mole was the most noticeable thing about the child," he said. I then told him the several facts which she had given me, and asked if they were true. He said, "Yes," to all. I said, "One of the mediums professes to have seen your child and gives these facts as evidence of the reality of the appearance. The child says if you recognise her she has a message for you." He said, "I do recognise her: I want the message." We had now reached his door, and he remarked "My wife is dreadfully against Spiritualism." We came into the room where was the sick child, who was now out

of all danger, and very comfortable. The gentleman said to his wife "One of the mediums says she has seen our little S—— and has described the mole on her cheek." "Which every body saw first, when they saw her," said his wife, and then she seemed to freeze in her manner. I gave some directions about the babe, and left; and from that day to this, I have never seen, or heard any thing of one of the family. The incident had a great effect upon me. It convinced me that the visions which I saw were not hallucinations, or a compound of imagination and memory.

My next vision explained why my friend had haunted me with a paralytic and distorted countenance, and in miserable worn-out garments. After my opposition to the supernatural movement was subdued by experiences, such as I have related above, and many others which my limits forbid my detailing, I again had the vision of my friend; he had more than his mortal beauty, and was clothed in white linen, and crowned with diamonds; and I was told that his previous miserable and distressed appearance was an image of my state, and that his present appearance denoted the good of faith, a life from love and wisdom. This friend had been in life a wise and most virtuous instructor to me, and a shield from evils, by influence, as well as good counsel. By this guardian, who was visible and invisible to me, I was guided and directed in a way at once wise and prudent, and yet trying to the habitual feelings of myself and my friends. I was so to speak, set apart from the world, I saw no one, but those whom my interior monitor impelled me to see. I left the promiscuous practice of my profession, and my gifts in healing were greatly increased, as were also my sympathy and clairvoyance. I knew, with certainty, thoughts and actions of distant persons. On two or three occasions I was invaded by bad spirits, but by constant watchfulness against evil, and an all-pervading prayer for good in all of my life, these were banished, causing me only some hours of acute suffering. My sympathy was so great with my patients, that on one occasion I had spasm of the heart, at the same time a patient, some ten miles distant, was attacked with it. To such patients I was a medium for restoring health in a remarkably short space of time, but never without their co-operation. They were obliged to obey the law of health and virtue, and then all remedial means were blest to them. My clairvoyance and intuition of cases were entirely correct. I do not now recollect but two cases in several years, where I could get no sympathy with the patient, no intuition, or clairvoyance of the case, and consequently could do no good.

My obedience to my spiritual guardian was variously commented on by my friends. Some said I was giving up to a despotism over my conscience like that the Roman Catholic

Church had over its members; others said I was going mad in resigning my judgment to the arbitrary rule of I knew not what. I knew that I was breaking false and worldly relations—that I was in all things obeying my own best wisdom, and highest conscience. I might have felt too weak to go against custom—to assert my sense of right in opposition to many friends, if I had not been isolated from them. I was constrained to see only those who could do me good, or to whom I could be of service. At no time have my peculiar gifts been so strong and clear in manifestation as in this period of isolation from worldly connexions and relations.

M. N.

“THE TRUTH-SEEKER,” AND THE INTERVENTION OF SPIRITS.

The Truth-Seeker is a monthly publication devoted to the exposition and defence of Unitarian Christianity, and is edited by the Rev. John Page Hopps, of Sheffield. An article in the June number called forth the following letter. In a note to the writer of the letter the editor says:—“Thank you for your interesting letter. I would insert it, but it is quite out of our plans to insert letters. I hope you will find us inconsistent enough to have, before long, articles quite on your side. For myself, I very much incline to that side.” For our own part we think there is no inconsistency in hearing both sides of a question, especially in a publication bearing the title of our contemporary. We are glad to learn that its editor intends to act on this conviction, and find no fault with his choosing his own time and mode of doing so.

To the Editor of “The Truth-Seeker.”

SIR,—In the introductory chapter of the article on “The Science of the Bible,” in the last number of *The Truth-Seeker*, I find the following remarks:—“A belief in the operation of evil spirits is a sure indication of the absence of science. . . . It (science) is utterly at war with a belief in the intervention of invisible spirits, good or bad, working according to their own caprices; and wherever such a belief exists, there is no science.” Again, in another paragraph of the same article, after adverting to the “strange and almost incredible superstitions which stand in such striking contrast to the boasted enlightenment of our time and country,” the writer goes on to say, “It would be easy to shew that the belief in witches, and in the interference of evil spirits in the affairs of men, is sustained by the letter of the Bible; and these things once granted, the follies of spirit-rapping may well follow from them.”

In reference to these statements, permit me to ask a few questions, and to make a few observations. It is affirmed that science “is utterly at war with a belief in the intervention of invisible spirits, good or bad, working according to their own caprices.” As “science” is a mere abstract term to convey the idea of knowledge as systematized in specific sciences, may I ask—*What science* is here referred to? Is it either of the sciences named in the article—Astronomy, Geology, Chemistry? Please to specify it, and shew *where* and *how* “it is utterly at war with a belief in the intervention of invisible spirits?” I make the inquiry

in all sincerity, being ignorant which of "the grand discoveries of recent centuries," is thus at issue with the faith in question.

I am not indeed ignorant of the way in which such inquiries are usually parried, *i. e.*, by vague phrases about "the uniform operation of the laws of nature;" or, as the writer of the article puts it, "One Great Power working according to invariable results throughout outward nature." But who affirms that spiritual intervention takes place contrary to law? It may, indeed, be contrary to a particular law, looking at that law as standing apart from the general system of laws, natural and spiritual, but no law does stand thus apart. Every time we lift our foot from the ground we do so contrary to the law of gravitation; but it is not contrary to law that volition, acting upon the organism, should overcome the law of gravitation. And what is this but an illustration of the grand—the supreme law of man's sovereignty over nature—of the subordination of material to spiritual laws—of the "intervention" of our own "invisible spirits," working in and above nature, and ever more and more achieving a conquest over it? Can we be certain that when man loses his animal corporeity this law ceases with him? Is it reasonable to shut out the mass of evidence to the contrary, and proclaim that that which the Bible confessedly asserts on this subject is impossible, and a proof of the ignorance of its writers? Do not all the analogies of nature strengthen the Bible teachings on this matter, and point to the conclusion that the "One Great Power" works out his purposes through intermediate agencies?

To say that the belief in spiritual intervention "is sustained by the letter of the Bible," is a very inadequate statement of the fact; it is still more fully sustained by the *spirit* of the Bible. The Bible is pervaded and penetrated with it from Genesis to Revelations. More than this, it is an element in every religion, it has been held by men in all ages, and of all nations and races—by the learned as well as by the ignorant—by Jewish prophets, Christian apostles, Pagan philosophers, Protestant Reformers, and by the most eminent Roman, Anglican and Nonconformist divines and teachers. It is true that since Voltaire and the Encyclopedists this belief has declined;—and so has all earnest religious faith declined also, and Sadducism and Materialism have been in the ascendant.

I am so far behind "the boasted enlightenment of our time," as to believe in this "gross and inexcusable superstition," "sustained by the letter of the Bible." The "enlightenment" of Greece and Rome, eighteen centuries ago, was equally sceptical with that of our own time, and treated with like scornful incredulity the tales of spiritual intervention, and of the signs and wonders and mighty works, wrought by a "carpenter's son," and his humble disciples the tent-maker and the fishermen.

I am glad to know that many men of science who have fully and fairly investigated the facts and the evidence which establish the reality of the "intervention of invisible spirits," even in our own day, have not shared the views of the writer of the article. Quite the contrary belief was held by the late Professor Hare, of Philadelphia—the Faraday of America—a man who had devoted half a century to the investigation of physical science; by the late Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh; by Reichenbach, and Ashburner, and Wilkinson; and Esquirol, perhaps the highest authority on insanity, has avowed his conviction that there are cases of possession now. What then becomes of the assertion that "wherever such a belief exists there is no science?"

I am glad to know, too, of Unitarians and Unitarian ministers who still hold to the Scripture teachings on this matter. It was only two or three Sundays ago that I had the great pleasure of hearing a powerful and eloquent sermon by the Rev. Mr. Applebee, at the Free Christian Church, Kentish-town, on the text, "The pure in heart shall see God;" in which he with great fervour insisted that guardian-spirits ministered to us, in temporal, as well as in spiritual things, and pointed out some of the uses which this ministration served in the Divine economy. As an exposition of my own faith herein, permit me, in conclusion, to quote an extract from a sermon by a minister of another denomination, the Rev. W. Landells, Baptist minister of Regent's-park Chapel:—"It cannot be denied that we need the aid of unseen beings as much now as ever—that their protection, their succour, their gentle influences, the consolation which they

minister, are as much required as at any former age. And if equally needed, surely in an age of greater privilege, we are not to suppose that their services have been withdrawn. To me, the doctrine of ministering spirits, next to the revelation of God's fatherly character, is one of the most comforting which the Bible contains; and to restore and confirm the church's belief in it, and teach her what it implies, is to render her most valuable service."

Apologizing for the length of this letter, which, I trust, you will insert, in the interest of that truth, which, with the writer of the article I desire to have, "so far as that may be possible," "untainted by any foreign intermixture."

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

A TRUTH-SEEKER.

A CLERGYMAN'S EXPERIENCE.*

THE Rev. J. B. Ferguson, is an American clergyman who for the last fifteen years has been the pastor of a Christian church in Nashville, Tennessee. In 1842-3 he satisfied himself by a thorough investigation and repeated experiments in animal magnetism, of—"First, the possibility of mind acting through the outward senses of other bodies besides its own. Second, of its acting apart from its own and all external senses; and of holding communion with disembodied mind." He was convinced on scriptural grounds of the doctrine of ministering spirits, and had in 1844 written his conviction "that from the invisible world there will be such a manifestation of the saints that the veil of flesh and sense will be rent away and the connection will be permanent." His faith in the reality and nearness of the spirit-world became so deepened and confirmed that it gave a marked character to his ministrations. When the phenomena at Rochester and other places were arresting public attention he was, however, so occupied with pastoral and editorial duties that he paid no heed to them, and was disposed to regard them as a mixture of fanaticism and imposture; but on one occasion, when attempting, in company with a medical friend, to relieve a case of physical suffering, finding the subject to be in the state of clairvoyance, he made inquiry concerning the Rochester manifestations, and was told that they were from spirits, and that he would find it to be so. In 1853, at Springfield, Ohio, he learnt to his surprise that the friend at whose house he was visiting was "a medium," and that his brother was one also. By a little persuasion they were induced to sit for manifestations. Soon, he heard "raps," and witnessed "tippings of the stand," and "received, also, responses by the aid of the alphabet, and the name of an aged and deceased preacher companion of mine, was spelled out." Having an engagement with some other friends at the house of a relative, he

* *Spirit Communion, Addresses, &c.*, by the Rev. J. B. FERGUSON, Nashville, Tennessee, U. S. A.

was soon obliged to leave, but persuaded his host to accompany him. Here the investigation was resumed, and Mr. Ferguson relates that :—

Spirits that had departed in the room we occupied were said to be present; and among many strange things revealed to us was that I myself would receive unmistakable manifestations shortly, and manifestations of some degree of palpability during the ensuing twenty-four hours. Those who witnessed the proceedings concluded that all we had seen and heard were involuntary effects produced by the medium. We retired to rest, dismissing the subject. Late in the night I awoke from a most delightful dream, when I recognized distinct “raps” upon my right shoulder and breast. Of course I was all attention. Satisfying myself that I was entirely awake, I directed several questions to the rapping power, and I received not very remarkable replies.

A few pages farther on we read that both his wife and daughter became mediums: the latter “both writes and speaks under spirit-impressions. Her manner, voice, and language are graceful and appropriate in the extreme. . . . We had no thought of her as a medium till we were advised of her peculiar organization and capacity, from the spirit-world. She. . . . is more interested in what she has been writing or speaking than even the astonished listeners, who witness her happy and impressive transformations.”

Mrs. Ferguson is a medium for visions as well as writing. She always sees the spirit while communicating; whether through herself or others. Frequently, while engaged in her household duties, she receives a request from some spirit-friend to give forth a communication. In such cases, she sometimes refuses, and again, after her duties are over, will sit down and in a few moments, pour forth the wishes of her invisible visitants. She often recognizes them while engaged in ordinary conversation with her friends; while visiting among her neighbours; at church, and on the street; and refers to such greetings, only in the sacred privacy of confiding friendship; and then with evident wonder that all do not realize their presence. She sees them come and go; marks their pleasure and disappointment, and were it not for the materialistic scepticism she meets, would, perhaps, never meet an earthly friend without calling attention to a presence near them, they may still cherish in their memory, or may have forgotten. We would delight to give you many of her visions, but have failed to secure her consent. Nothing but the highest sense of religious duty, and that after repeated admonitions from her spirit-monitors, could induce her to allow even this brief notice.

During six weeks that he remained in Springfield he was regularly engaged in the examination of “spiritual phenomena.” Here is an account of what he witnessed at a *séance* where “physical demonstrations” were requested :—

A large company of ladies and gentlemen, of the highest respectability, were present, and a circle of sceptics and believers surrounded a large dining table, weighing, I suppose, not less than fifty pounds. My attention was directed to a little girl of some fifteen years, perhaps more, very small of her age, who was declared to be the medium of these wonderful appeals to the outward senses. I learned that she was an orphan, and a day labourer in a factory, for her own support and that of an aged grandmother. She was well known to two of my brothers-in-law, who had accompanied me to the meeting, but who had never witnessed a spiritual demonstration. They spoke of her kindly; said she had been in their employ; was uncultivated, but worthy of the highest commendation for industry, and kindness to an aged relative; and that they regretted to see her engaged in a work they regarded as deceptive and dangerous. She appeared awkward and timid, when introduced to the company, and evidently

manifested a desire to retire from the gaze of so many strange eyes. Her confidence was soon gained, and she took her seat at the table. We had been seated but a few moments, when I discovered a sensible agitation of the table under our hands, which I was ready to ascribe to the unconscious pressure of the party, or some person in the circle. Soon, however, our little "Mary"—the only name of the medium, with which we were favoured, evidently passed through a strange transformation, that gave regularity to her features, kindness of expression to her countenance, and exquisite grace to her general demeanour. She lifted her hands as if to catch some invisible influence descending from above, and placed them upon the heads of several persons present, and among the rest, that of Mrs. F. Her eyes were closed, and I was impressed by her entire manner, that she either was a most adroit deceiver, or was entirely unconscious of her movements. After completing this pantomimic anointing, she again placed her hands on the table, and the following effects immediately succeeded. The table was thrown suddenly from her and against the persons opposite; it was tipped down on each side and again elevated with a rapidity, almost inconceivable. Our hands were thrown above it by a power we could not appreciate, and several of the party present were made to clap their's above their heads, among whom was one of the most confirmed sceptics present—who has since become a remarkable writing medium. I prescribed several movements of the table which were made, as with the velocity of thought; and loud raps were heard under and upon it, to the astonishment of all present.

This character of demonstration was carried on for some twenty or thirty minutes, when "Mary" said, "Mr. M. cannot rise from his seat." We examined the gentleman referred to, and found him firmly seated, his feet and chair riveted to the floor. Several persons, of great physical strength, attempted to remove his chair, and failed. A number of experiments of this kind were repeated, and repeatedly examined by all the scrutinizing powers our company could command. The company seemed confounded. At length, a Mr. F., a connection of mine, who was present and an open denouncer of Spiritualism, spoke and said, "If Mary can have that table moved without our or her hands upon it, I will believe." Of course, I did not expect that this could be done. Immediately, with graceful gesture, she motioned every person from the table to a distance of not less than four feet. She seemed to examine—eyes still closed—to ascertain that neither human foot nor dress were near it. She sat down in her chair at the table, and was suddenly moved six feet from the table, her chair carried, as it were, by invisible hands. She then remarked that her chair was fastened and could not be moved. A gentleman attempted to move it, and confirmed her statement. She ordered all to be seated and quiet, with an air of authority, that would have provoked a smile on a less serious occasion, had it not been for the true dignity of her manner. Then, pointing to the table, she commanded it to "come." It moved more rapidly than any two men could have moved it, over a rough carpet, no human hand, nor any dynamic power, that we could recognize by the external senses, being near it. She commanded it back again, and it obeyed her order; when the alphabet was called, and a name, which was said to be that of her deceased mother, was distinctly rapped, each rap answering to the letters as she called them. My sceptical connection spoke out and said: "It is enough, I am convinced." I need not describe the effect upon our company, as his honest conviction was theirs, and many who were then present are now avowed believers. I have since witnessed many similar demonstrations, at my own house and that of others, and could refer to gentlemen who, with me, have heard distinct sounds, made at our request, upon doors, furniture, and the floor and ceiling of rooms; and have felt them upon their own clothing and persons, and under circumstances that admitted of no doubt.

At another *séance* he received a communication purporting to come from a cousin, recently deceased. Doubtful of his identity, Mr. F. asked for evidence, and was answered:—

"My dear Cousin—You doubt that the spirit now communicating is your relative, and you ask for the evidence of identity. I will give it, so that you

cannot doubt. Did I not tell you before my departure, that I had——? You know I told you.” I replied, I remembered a strange conversation with him on that subject, but could not tell when or where it took place. “It was between your house and Bosley’s Spring, immediately after crossing the little bridge, as we were ascending the hill. You thought it might be so, but you doubted me. I told you—— . . . But you shall have other evidence. My books I ordered to be sold to defray my funeral expenses; but it was not done. I am afraid, too, that there will be some flaw picked in my life policy, and if so I wish you to order my books sold to pay my debts, and if they fail, do not fail from any delicacy of feeling, to write to my mother, and she will have all properly settled. The policy now is in the hands of Mr. Hitchcock. To show you further that I am he, I will remind you of the bill you paid Mr. Hough. The medium, I know and you know, knows nothing of that. I disliked, in your condition, pressed as I knew you were with your own obligations, to have you add that to your many kindnesses to me.”

After recalling to the recollection of Mr. F—— what, before his departure from the world, he had said of Theodore Parker, and expressing a somewhat different opinion he had formed of him since he had been in the spirit-world; he proceeded:—

“Do you remember your dream last night. I was near you all day and tried to impress you. I wished to show you that I had no evil feelings towards—— my enemy, as you remember him to have been. No hatred, no malice, no envy here towards even the worst of mankind. Love, mercy, benevolence and charity towards all. You dreamed that—— extracted a sound tooth for you and wiped away the blood with his own kerchief, which was dark—unwilling to soil yours which was white. That tooth represented me as your friend, dear as a tooth to the body. The blood your suffering on my account. His handkerchief received it all which foreshadows an event that will come upon him and his family. Remember I have told you. Do not forget this. I have withdrawn all ill feeling against him and every human being. But I tell you this, that you may know it is your cousin-friend, now communicating. To my friend, W—— M——, I would say, Let me address you as one desiring to come into close Spiritual communion with you. Did you not hear a loud rap upon your wardrobe, and on your floor on last Wednesday night? Did it not arouse you from your sleep? I would address you as regards my indebtedness to you, but I can see you would not like it. But I have ordered my friends in St. Louis to attend to that matter. Oh, that I could have spoken a word to you before I departed, to tell you how your many kind favors had cheered my heart. I found you a stranger but more than a brother.”

Mr. Ferguson remarks on this communication:—

Truth and candour require me to state that the evidence of identity, presented by the above communication, was overwhelming. At the time it was received the only account we had respecting his death was a brief telegraphic despatch. We have since had every particular confirmed, and I will also add that his statement respecting my privileges in Spiritualism, which at the time I did not and could not understand, is now literal truth, as scarcely a day has since passed, in which I have not received, from every variety of mediumship, clear and inspiring Spirit-communications, enabling me to bear an amount of care, and perform labours, I would then have regarded insupportable. His life policy, to which he refers, was, from some neglect, without an endorsement of the payment of his premiums, which fact was not known to any of us till six weeks after his death. It was allowed, however, by the generous justice of the company, without difficulty; and without the knowledge on their part of this fact. At the time Mr. P. gave us the spiritual communication, I supposed the policy to be in the hands of Mr. Meriwether, of Ky., for whose security it was issued. In the last conversation with respect to it with Mr. P. in life, he informed me it was his intention to leave it with Mr. M., and on his way to St. Louis he stopped in Kentucky for that purpose. It should also be stated, that

at the same moment, upon my return to Nashville from Kentucky, where the above was received, some eleven days after the death of Mr. P., when I handed it to Mr. M. C. C. Church, he handed me letters from St. Louis, detailing the circumstances of his death, and the state of his effects, confirming the particulars given from the spirit-world. Of course no language could express our gratification at the incontrovertible evidence of the reality of our intercourse with the spirit of our worthy relative. *There are no less than eleven distinct particulars stated in the communication, which could not have been stated, under the circumstances, by any other than the spirit of our cousin-friend.*

Not to weary our readers with details of phenomena with which many of them must be familiar, we will allow our worthy clergyman "to sum up briefly the phenomena I have witnessed since my investigations began:—"

First—I have seen tables and other furniture moved, with and without hands; heard distinct, and sometimes loud, raps on the ceiling, floor, and furniture of various rooms, which were changed from one locality to another, as doubts arose as to any unobserved causes, to which we would have attributed them but for the transition. I have had them upon my person, clothing, pillow, and pulpit, and still have them in almost every serious hour of thought and meditation, and have them near me as I write; and I find this experience to be that of hundreds who, with me and others, believers and sceptics, have witnessed or realized, all I here state to be true.

Second—I have heard—in the presence of scores, whose names are at any man's command who may desire them for an honest reference—native Americans, who never spoke a word of German, discourse for hours in that tongue, in prose and in poetry, in the presence of native Germans, who pronounced their addresses pure specimens of the power of their language. I see, daily, lengthy essays and books, written under what claims to be spirit-intelligence, above, far above the capacity and culture of the instruments through whom they are written. There is scarcely a day in which I do not receive such communications; and if a day passes without it, it is my neglect, not that of the intelligence, that seems ever ready to speak when a proper medium can be secured. At home and abroad, in the houses of strangers and acquaintances, such mediums have described the age, appearance, time of death, and the peculiarities of character of the deceased relatives of persons present, and where they could have had no acquaintance with them, and in many instances, could not have known of their existence or death. I have had meetings of mediums who knew nothing of each other, occur at my house, and elsewhere, without their knowledge, and to which they were brought from a distance of miles, and which seemed as inexplicable to them as to me, until after some effect, for their benefit, was secured by their meeting, and explained by their spirit-monitors. To prove the identity of spirit-intelligences, communicating to me through others, they have detailed private conversations held with me during their earth-life; referred to incidents and events of which the mediums could have known nothing; described accurately, occurrences taking place at a distance of hundreds of miles; answered questions that had been written in my private records for future investigation, months after they had passed from my active memory; stated the state of my investigations of various subjects, with the folly or wisdom, as they regarded it, of my difficulties; leaving me, on the whole, no choice as to whether I would regard them as what they claimed to be, save that of an honest conviction or the most shameless hypocrisy. Allow me to say, therefore, that there is no event of history; no fact in mental philosophy; no conclusions in logical dialectics, more fully and forcibly established, in my convictions, than the following:—I believe, I know, that I have held, and now frequently hold, communion, intelligible and improving, with kindred and elevated spirits, who have passed from fleshly sight.

He adds, addressing the friend to whom the letter containing the foregoing summary was originally written:—

You will not be surprised, therefore, at my willingness to risk reputation, the

dearest ties of friendship, and prospects of earthly gain and honour, if need be, in the avowal and propagation of this faith, and the results to which it must inevitably lead. God knows, and every intimate friend on earth knows, that I would hesitate, long and seriously, to avow a faith that was doubtful in my own mind, or of doubtful influence for good in my dim foresight, where so much is apparently at stake. I think I may safely appeal to my past life as proof, that the dearest personal and earthly considerations, have often been sacrificed, where it was thought my action would affect the interests or happiness of others. Know, then, that it is from the maturest consideration of duty, and the obligation that every man owes to truth and right, and especially when truth and right are ridiculed and denounced, that I detail to you these results of a long experience and the most serious and solemn investigations of my life. Willingly, I cannot find it in my heart to disappoint a friend or injure an enemy. And with such friends, as in the Providence of God have surrounded me: who have proved themselves true and enduring when every form of bigotry and animosity were aroused against my position, reputation and influence;—with all this pressure of enmity and friendship upon me, you must know, and all will hereafter know, that nothing but loyalty to conviction and a desire to preserve privileges I have learned to esteem above what men call life or death, could induce me to lay these facts before the world.

In a separate pamphlet addressed to his congregation, *On the Relation of Pastor and People*, Mr. Ferguson gives a "Statement of Belief," from which we take the following passage:—

It has been said, you believe in *Spiritualism*. I answer, unhesitatingly, *I do*. So far as the word Spiritualism represents the opposite of the materialistic philosophy, I do not remember when I was not a Spiritualist. So far as it might represent devotion to spiritual things, such as truth, holiness, charity, it is my profession to be a Spiritualist. And so far as it represents now, an acceptance of the possibility of spirit-intercourse with man, it is but candour to say, I believe it without hesitancy and without doubt. That there are many absurdities and some mischief connected with what claims to be spirit-manifestation I know, but I know also that there is much truth and good. My brethren: I have examined this question in all the reverence for God and love for truth of which my nature and circumstances are capable. At home and abroad, for days and weeks together, alone and in company, with believers and sceptics, I have investigated; and I could neither be an honest man nor a philanthropist, did I not say I know that I have had intelligent and blissful communion with departed spirits. . . . I call upon heaven to witness that I have no consciousness of ever having stated a conviction in your presence that was more a conviction of my highest reason than the solemn and yet joyous asseveration, that I believe God has granted spiritual intercourse to these times. And this conviction does not lessen any faith I have in God, in Christ, in the Spirit of Holiness; but only enlightens, hallows and beautifies it, and deepens my reverence.

In one of the notes appended to this pamphlet, Mr. Ferguson says:—

In the reference made to our belief in the reality of spirit-intercourse, we desire to be understood. We esteem it the height of folly to meet this grave subject with ridicule and sneers; and especially so from men whose professed duty it is to guide the faith and train the religious sentiments of their hearers. If from no other consideration, the fact that some of the wisest and best of men, in and out of churches, go by our churches to what are called mediums to seek or replenish their faith in spiritual realities, must awaken attention in all serious lovers of their kind. We cannot fail to see that there is a faculty in man which waits and longs to lay hold of immortality and that will not be put off by vague generalities. Has the modern pulpit baffled or met this faculty? Has it fed or starved this want of the soul? Is the dread future it presents a vast inane—a land of selfish separations, clouded in superstition, or is it a land of sun-bright and satisfying realities? Have we a consistent pneumatology alike satisfactory to the reason and captivating to the imagination of man? I leave the reader to answer.

There can be but two modes of communication between the spiritual world and the natural: one through the reason and affections, the other through the external senses. The first is the ordinary method of Divine Providence by which our hearts may be renewed and our understandings illuminated. By this method, I doubt not, the angels of God constantly guide and strengthen us, giving light to our minds and love to our hearts. They are with us in trial to soothe us; in the day of conflict to nerve our arms with conquering strength; and as our natures become more spiritualized, we will realise that we live in their society, and although we may not see them, they encamp as a wall of fire around. Such influence tends not to repress but to unfold all our highest powers. It ennobles our nature; fortifies or makes our manhood; acts within our own faculties and gives them growth and compass; purifies our affections, and opens them as a clear mirror of heavenly truth. Thus spirits unfold the angel and transform the animal within us, and make our faculties so clear and strong that we anticipate the bliss while we see the Divine laws of the spiritual world. We do not deny that we have witnessed appeals to the grosser nature of man. But these appeals we regard as intended to awaken many who could not otherwise be awakened from the moral lethargy that pervades their spiritual horizon. The apostle Paul has laid down the axiom that "signs are not for those that believe, but for those that believe not." So I have seen the physical demonstrations of modern Spiritualism. Like index boards, they are not the road but only indicate it. Those who are satisfied with signs, doom their moral powers to inaction and bring upon themselves all the weakness of the old superstitions. They move like too many professed but blinded Christians, among spectral shadows, lose their self-reliance and degrade their God-given reason. . . . From my own personal observation and experience, I would say to all my friends:—The privilege of spirit-intercourse exists; and it may come to you in all gentle and peaceful influences; in all Christian graces and charities; in bright and blessed assurances of immortality; in faith made full and clear that realizes already the solemn ranks and sweet societies of the radiant homes, whither the departed have gone; may come as Christ has ever sought to come into the heart of humanity, refining its spirit and forming his bright image within you. It will be our own shame if we abuse so high and holy a privilege. The elements are certainly at work by which the objects of immortality will be made as real to the soul as matter is to the senses; and the day is at hand when the light of the spirit-world will throw its steady splendours over all earthly affairs. As a Christian teacher I desire more than I desire any earthly good to be ready for the crisis that day will reveal. My position then can be easily understood. I am not a propagandist of Spiritualism. If true it will propagate itself despite all opposition and every mistake of its friends. Knowing it to be a real privilege, I stand ready to accept and appropriate its helps, I trust, with becoming humility and sincerity, and faith in the benevolent purposes of God.

The bold, plain avowal made by Mr. Ferguson of his belief in Spiritualism gave offence to certain of the "unco' gude" among his congregation, and they proposed to take the sense of the church as to whether Mr. F. should be continued as its pastor. It is gratifying to learn that the church had sufficient sense and Christian charity to know how to deal with such a question. It was soon found that the great body of the members were so decidedly in favour of his retention, that those who had proposed a vote insisted it should not be taken. But by the advice of the trustees of the church it was submitted to the congregation, who by an overwhelming majority re-elected Mr. Ferguson as their pastor, and an affectionate address, numerous signed, was presented to him. Would that the example of this Christian pastor and congregation were contagious!

T. S.

SPIRITUALISM IN MANCHESTER.

WE hear very interesting accounts of the progress of Spiritualism in the capital of cotton. From one point, the house of a well-known gentleman of talent and taste, the manifestations have spread and are spreading rapidly, and with a vigour which shows how much of mediumship lies in the population there, and that very striking phenomena and stirring effects in consequence may be looked for. The following letter has been forwarded to us by the gentleman in question:—

SIR,—Since I told my story about the “Sos Moss” medium, I have had a little personal experience in this spiritual business. I told you then, I was not, after all, a Spiritualist. But I am nearer now than I was then, I have had more chances of examining for myself, I have, with my own eyes, scores of times, seen phenomena, which I admit I can’t account for on any principle so satisfactorily as on that of spiritual agency. Yet, I can’t say I have reached a conclusion absolutely, further, than that there is intelligence associated therewith. And that which I have *seen*, *felt*, and *heard*, is not in my mind to be set aside by jokes and laughter, or by rash and ignorant denial.

My “Sos Moss” article created a little enquiry in those parts, and the jolly good-natured farmer had something to do to answer all the queries of the inquisitive Cheshire folk. Since then, I have heard that the farmer himself, with his family, now and then passes an hour or two with the table and the spirits, and that he is wonderfully puzzled with these things. Before I went to Sos Moss, myself and friends could never get any manifestations, though we frequently met in the hope to elicit them; but since then, the physical manifestations have been frequent, and intelligent answers to questions have through them been conveyed to us. At first the movements were faint and feeble; but they gradually increased in breadth and vigour, and now we have convulsive heavings and tossings of a large square table, not much inferior in power to those I saw at Mrs. Marshall’s. During our sittings, we have probably had hundreds of questions answered accurately, very many of them being questions the correct answers to which no one present knew at the time. Often the table has walked or moved across the room with nothing but the merest touch of our fingers on it, and this mostly in obedience to a request, sometimes of one at the table, and at other times of some one away from it. We have often seen it move with a force apparently sufficient to break it. The communications are made by fixed signs previously agreed, and in order to know whether certain spirits are really present, we have a sign, or test. These tests are given regularly. On several occasions my mind was engaged on a subject of considerable importance to my worldly interests. My mother (who has departed this life) professed to be at the table, and I asked whether she knew what had been engaging my mind during some days? She replied, “Yes.” I inquired whether it would be a wise step, she said, “No, it would not answer.” I asked, “Are you sure?” she replied, “Yes.” This was repeated in other forms several times, with the same result. I then went from the table to the other side of the room, some yards distant, while the rest remained. No one, not even my wife, knew to what subject I alluded in my questions, and I now asked; “Are you sure you know what I am so much interested in?” She replied, “Yes.” I said, “Will you tip out the number of letters in the word which represents my anxious thoughts?” she said, “Yes.” My wife had guessed at quite another subject, and when the answer came, she said, “No, it is wrong.” I did not choose to satisfy any one present; but the number of letters was right, and the word was an unusually long one. I put the question in other forms, but always with the same result.

Shortly after we were favoured with the manifestations—an aged gentleman, whom I had known for some years, called upon me; he had heard of our doings in

this line, and came apparently to laugh me out of them. He was a shrewd old gentleman, held very strict religious views of the Puritanical cast. He is, too, about the last man in this city to be taken in, in any way. At first, he began to jest about Spiritualism. Though he had seen nothing of it, he could easily account for the whole thing; it was all delusion, and I was the last man he should have dreamed of being led astray by it; if it were not delusion, it was a trick of the devil, and a most wicked thing to have to do with. When he had done talking, I said, "Well, Mr.—, will you believe if you see?" He said, "Yes." "Will you sit down with me at that table?" He said, "Yes." In fifteen minutes the table was going, and Mr.— was staring, he looked keenly around and under the table. I induced him to ask questions. He sat for nearly two hours, asked scores of questions, and declared that every one of them were correctly answered. Many of these questions, perhaps, nine out of ten, I did not know the answers to. Many of the answers *he did not know himself*, and I had to perform arithmetical operations to decide as to their accuracy. His deceased wife professed to be present, and replied to his questions—all, as he affirmed, correctly. The old gentleman sat astounded; he had little to say. I asked at last; "Do you think now you have really talked to your late wife?" "I think so," he replied. "Do you think there is good reason for thinking so?" He replied, that he did not see what other conclusion he could come to. "Have you done laughing?" "Yes, there is nothing to laugh at; it seems a very serious thing." I have not seen my respected friend since, but I believe he was for some days much impressed with what he had witnessed. He had always believed in a spirit-world, and now he does not see why spirits should not communicate with us in this. He left me, I believe, a more thorough Spiritualist than I was at that time myself.

Here is another striking instance of spirit-intelligence which struck me forcibly. I have a particular friend in Yorkshire, who, twelve months ago, was brought almost to the grave with inflammation of the lungs. He had the best advice, but was given up by the physicians as consumptive. My spirit-son, however, said that he was not consumptive, and with great care would recover. Last summer he went to Brighton, and came back much worse. Meantime, the wife of the invalid who was at my house, was most anxious about her husband, who had rallied considerably after his return from Brighton, and we consulted the spirits several times. The answers were nearly all favourable, but at length, after some days, there came one which said he had that day become much worse, and that she had better return home. A letter came from the husband next day. As he said nothing about his health, the wife was uneasy and went home. A day or two after her arrival we received a letter to say that on the *very day* named by the spirit, her husband, in carrying a box across the room, had ruptured a bloodvessel in the chest, which had much reduced his strength, and thrown him back seriously. Still, the table, or the spirits, said that he might after all recover, but that the chances were now less than before. This young man still lives, and though not strong again, he appears likely to resume business, and to belie the confident predictions of all his doctors.

Some twelve months ago, while busily engaged with my books and pen, I was surprised by what, for a second, appeared to me an apparition. It was about midnight. I had taken my attention from a book I was reading, and which lay before me, when in a moment a figure appeared before me. Its countenance beamed with the most beautiful expression I ever beheld. It was kneeling, nearly at my feet, and its eyes turned up towards me, with the benignant expression of an angel; while a smile played about the mouth which almost oppressed me with its beauty. This was the form of my late wife. I never saw her more clearly in my life. Yet, it struck me, "I must be asleep;" then, "my eyes are misty;" and I closed them that I might clear the mist away. I did not move, but when I opened my eyes again all had disappeared. I wondered for a few seconds, and at once concluded, as I knew I was not only awake, but without the least desire to slumber, that it was an illusion. The thing almost as quickly as it had appeared and gone left my thoughts, and I went on with my studies. Once or twice it flitted across my mind, and again when I retired to bed; but I dismissed it as before. Next day I thought more of it, and felt as if it must have been real. I am sure, had it been real, it could

not have been more distinctly seen. A few nights ago, I asked my late wife at the table whether the vision was real or not. She declared that it was real, and that she would shew herself to me again one day. I then requested a Mrs. F——, who sat at the table, to enquire as to the mode in which she appeared to me, and as to my position and occupation at the time; and though Mrs. F—— knew nothing of these particulars, they were all accurately given.

We have sung hymns at our sittings, and the spirits have tipped the table in perfect unison with the notes as to time. There is no mistake about the things I now relate. They are clear enough to any honest, sensible mind.

A family with whom I often now sit at the table to invoke the spirits, a very short time since were apparently incurable sceptics on this question. With them, or the head of the family at least, a man of good common sense and intelligence, the spiritual movement was the most irreligious thing under the sun. The most shameful waste of time was that devoted to reading spiritual books. The "devil" was the master of the whole movement; it was the most revolting business on earth, the most diabolical and impish thus to play with the solemnities of the other world. His good lady, however, a person of strong intellect, always suspected that there might be something in it more than her philosophy had dreamed of. She was inquisitive and ready to witness some of the phenomena. I challenged the husband to a *séance*, and he accepted it. His father professed to come and communicate. This gentleman and his lady, strong and good Wesleyans since their childhood, both left the room with a full conviction of the reality of the spiritual phenomena. Since then, they have scarcely wavered, and now, every week adds to the strength of their convictions. In "sittings" with this family, the phenomena have regularly developed themselves more vigorously, and they declare themselves satisfied that they communicate with invisible intelligences. The lady, I believe, will turn out a strong medium. I have other matters to say in connection with our experiences more remarkable than anything here stated, but at present I refrain until they are more fully developed. Some day you will probably have them. In the mean time the sceptical can shake their heads, the sarcastic can bandy coarse jokes and curl their lips, and the fanatics can shriek "Beelzebub;" but after all, the things I have here stated, really are so.—Yours, &c. J. B.

The same zealous Spiritualist sends also an account of a *séance* at Manchester, at which a little girl about nine years of age whispered to her mother, "Mamma, I have just seen my grandmamma; she was on Mrs. F——'s dress; I saw her quite plain. It was just my grandmamma; she was dressed in white, and had a thin white veil over her. I saw her quite plain, and I was not frightened; but she went away in a moment." Our correspondent adds, "There was such an air of conviction and reality about the child as she told her tale, that none doubted her statements."

He mentions further that a young man accidentally calling on him at his house while some manifestations were taking place, he invited him to stay and witness them. The young man was much astonished at what he saw. Meeting Mr. B—— a few days ago, he said, "Well, Mr. B——, what about this table turning? We have been trying it, and the table at our house rose a foot from the ground, and it walked about and shook tremendously. It answered a great many questions quite correctly, until our people all became quite alarmed. Moreover, we had loud rappings all over the room, and my cousin's chair was drawn right across the room while he sat upon it. We all got still more alarmed, and my uncle, a very religious man, came in, and said we had

better have nothing more to do with it. He assured us it was all the *Devil*, and we have been obliged to cease. What think you of it, Mr. B——?" The substance of Mr. B——'s answer may be judged from the foregoing letter, and may be still further divined from the following extract from a letter he has addressed to the Rev. J. G——, of N——, Staffordshire:—

You are a minister of the great and glorious Gospel of Christ—the brightest, the loveliest, the divinest emanations of the Great and Universal Father. I know that you know your duty, and feel your obligations; and I know that nothing would more rejoice your heart than in any way to bring that Gospel to bear on the hearts and lives of those who reject it. But, my dear G——, you should remember that the Alpha and Omega of that Gospel is the great doctrine of a spirit-life beyond this. It is this, or it is nothing. And are you afraid of this doctrine being made too plain? If a future life is a reality, why kick against all palpable evidence of it? And not only is a future spirit-life to be found in the Bible, but spirit-communion and spirit-intercourse are there too. Why, then, are you so shocked at the notion of Spiritualism?

We hope the worthy divine has pondered this question, and that it has had its legitimate influence upon his mind. There are many others to whom its consideration may be also commended.

GOOD NEWS FOR PROFESSOR OWEN AND MR. SURGEON BUCKLAND, OF THE GUARDS.

THE readers of the *History of the Supernatural* are aware that the author has, in his last chapter, shown that the same spirit, not of mere scepticism, but of absolute denial of everything extraordinary, which blinds scientific men to the supernatural, is rapidly seizing them regarding the natural. In their own particular department of physics, they are fast losing the power of actual observation of facts. Mr. Howitt, in the chapter referred to, collected a number of the most decisive proofs of the power of toads, frogs, and other reptiles, to live for ages in the heart of solid rocks!—a familiar fact supported not only by hundreds of people in different periods, many yet living, but by the highest scientific authorities—Humboldt, Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, Geological Professor some time ago at Cambridge; Beccaria, Drs. Phipson and Gosse, distinguished practical naturalists; yet positively denied by Professor Owen and Mr. Buckland as impossible. Here is a new blow for these fine physiologists. Nature is always exposing those who ignore her rarer wonders. This is from the brother of the famous African lion slayer, who has now himself had a dead shot at the more blundering lions of some of our learned societies:—

TOADS IN THE HOLE.—Sir A. P. Gordon Cumming writes to the *Elgin Courier*:—"In cutting the Inverness and Perth Railway through the Lochnavandah Park in Altyre, we have unceremoniously trespassed on the privacy and retirement of a numerous colony of ancient toads. The cutting is here from 20

to 25 feet deep, the lower part being through from 10 to 16 feet of freestone and red conglomerate. The interesting old residents are found in the red freestone, about 15 to 20 feet below the surface, where they certainly must have seen several 19 years' leases out on the land above them. They are sometimes turned out by the heavy hand-pick or the great iron crowbar; but a blast of powder, of which a vast amount is here expended, seems to cause the greatest upset in the establishment, as a shot is sometimes the means of exposing as many as a dozen of the sleepy old fellows. They seem none the worse for their long repose, but after giving a few winks at the 'new light,' thus suddenly let in upon them, and taking several gasps of the unwonted air, they leisurely and deliberately proceed to hop and crawl down the line along the small watercourse towards the lower fields. I have seen them in numbers, and some of the men have counted forty at once."

This is one of the best and most clinching cases that has ever been put on record. It is to be hoped that some of the rock, with the cavities in which the toads have been enclosed, will be preserved, and placed in some of our museums.

It was but the other day that Professor Owen put his foot down, as positively as Abraham Lincoln himself, against the rumination of hares, declaring that, too, impossible, because they have no second stomach; and yet Cowper saw his tame hares ruminating every day, for years, and all day long. If Professor Owen should be compelled to confess that hares can ruminate, without ruminating stomachs, he will hardly be able to defend himself against ghosts appearing without bodies. He and his fellow-positivists had better *ruminate* a little themselves. They are fast exposing the fact that a man may know anatomy off by heart, and yet know next to nothing of the commonest habits of living creatures. Many of these habits, curious as they are, are not more astonishing than that such learned men should make such fools of themselves by talking off-hand of what they have not tested.

It is scarcely possible to open any old newspaper or magazine without finding fully attested cases of this wonderful retention of animation by toads and frogs. Numbers of such cases might be collected from the *Gentleman's Magazine*. Opening the well-known Newcastle-on-Tyne publication, *Richardson's Local Historian's Table Book*, we find the following entries made from the local newspapers of the time:—"June, 1797. This month, in working a slate quarry near Barnard Castle, a toad of great magnitude was discovered in a large stone, solid excepting the spot occupied by the incarcerated animal. The toad died immediately on being exposed to the air."—Vol. ii., p. 302.

"1809.—On opening a gap in a wall near Bamborough, for the passage of carts, a toad, which had been incarcerated in the centre of the wall, was found alive and set at liberty. A mason named George Wilson, when building this wall sixteen years before, had wantonly immured the animal in a close cavity formed of lime and stone, just sufficient to contain it, and which

he plastered so closely as seemingly to prevent the admission of air. When discovered, at first, it seemed, as must naturally be supposed, in a very torpid state, but it soon recovered animation and activity, and, as if sensible of the blessings of freedom, made its way to a collection of stones and disappeared."—Vol. ii., p. 392; see also *Mackenzie's History of Northumberland*.

"1862, November 18.—Some workmen employed in a quarry at Byker Hill, near Newcastle, on splitting a huge block of freestone, nearly three tons weight, found a living toad in the middle of it. The cavity that contained the animal, to which there was no passage, was the model of the figure, and was lined with a black substance suffused with moisture."—Vol. iii., p. 92.

"1818, October 11.—As Joseph Madelin, a miner, employed in South Moor Colliery, in the county of Durham, was hewing a solid stratum of coal, about six feet in thickness, and thirteen fathoms from the surface of the earth (seventy-eight feet), he found a frog enclosed in the solid mass, which immediately on being liberated, began to exercise the functions of animal life. The recess in the coal in which it was found was exactly fitted to its body, and had apparently no communication whatever with the surface of the rock. The animal was exactly the colour of the coal, but on being put into a vessel of water its sooty covering disappeared, and it appeared speckled like the rest of its species."—Vol. iii., p. 192.

"1828, July.—In removing the old battlements of Framwellgate Bridge, in the City of Durham, a large, living toad was found in the very middle of the wall, where it must have been confined for a number of years. The bridge was built by Bishop Flambart, in the year 1120, but when the battlement containing the animal was built was not known."—Vol. iii., p. 382.

Since making these extracts Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming has again come forward to confirm his former information regarding the toads found in the cutting of the Altyre Railway on his estate :—

TOADS IN A HOLE.

To the Editor of "The Times."

SIR,—A short time ago you quoted a letter written by me to the editor of the *Elgin Courier*, in which I mentioned the discovery of living toads in making a railway cutting through rocks near Altyre.

As many of my friends have questioned the authenticity of the signature, will you allow me to avow myself to be the writer, and in confirmation of my statements to forward the enclosed extract from the *Forres Gazette* of last week.

The ground under which these living toads are found consists of two feet of black soil; from six to twelve feet of water-worn gravel, and four to eight feet of hard sandstone, all resting on a bed of red conglomerate.

While inspecting the railway works I have myself seen large numbers of living toads taken out of the conglomerate at depths of from fifteen feet to

twenty-four feet from the surface. An extensive, and seemingly unbroken bed of rock covers the stratum in which these living toads are found.

In sloping the sides of the cutting to one-and-a-half in one we may anticipate a further release of prisoners.

I shall be glad if any scientific person will account for the presence of living creatures in such a position.

I am your obedient seryant,

ALEXANDER P. GORDON CUMMING.

7, Park-street, May 18.

"TOADS IN ROCK.—The *Forres Gazette*, referring to a letter from Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming of Altyre, which appeared in the *Courier* some time ago, regarding the discovery of a number of toads found in a rock on the estate of Altyre, says:—'This fact was farther confirmed last week by an examination of the men present at the blasting, who produced portions of the rock, showing the precise spots where some of the toads were embedded. These were indentations on the stone of a size, but not so deep, of a hen's egg cut lengthwise in half. When the shot went off, the workmen ran to the spot and found the toads scampering away. The nests which became exposed in the solid rock by the blast, appeared to have a coating of soft, black, viscid stuff, in which the toads had lain. The rock is not sandstone but a kind of conglomerate, very compact, but with open spaces around which crystals of silica appear. That the toads were embedded in the solid rock we have no doubt whatever, but to make assurance doubly sure the workmen are to carry large pieces of the rock to a given place, where they will be broken leisurely and carefully in the presence of intelligent witnesses, who will be at no loss to verify the facts which may be presented.'"

We shall be glad to see the result of the promised examination of the pieces of rock "in the presence of intelligent witnesses." Here then, we have already, in addition to the number of living witnesses mentioned in Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, the evidence of a gentleman who not only has no motive to fabricate or fabulate, but who has been accustomed to observe natural phenomena. If Professor Owen and Mr. Buckland are really desirous of ascertaining whether it be *impossible*, as they assert, for toads and frogs to exist for ages under such circumstances, they will surely avail themselves of the opportunity offered by Sir Gordon Cumming, and be present at the proposed examination, or we imagine a visit any day to the railway cutting mentioned may be perfectly sufficient to put their scepticism to flight. It would do some of the critics good to be of the party. Those we mean who have regarded it as a proof of Mr. Howitt's unlimited credulity that he believes in "toads in the hole." Mr. Howitt merely believes in facts, but the critics and natural philosophers are come to believe that facts are not facts, if they do not square with their preconceived ideas of things, and the worst of it is that these gentlemen do not take any trouble to examine facts when they are put under their noses. If Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming states a great fact, and reiterates this fact with fresh proofs which any man may go and witness, surely the critics so positive in their assertions owe an apology both to Mr. Howitt and the public for their ignorant ridicule.

The number of these toads found in the Altyre rock is one

of the most extraordinary facts of the case. It would seem that they must have been enclosed there at some period when reptiles abounded on the spot, and it is not to be supposed that toads alone were on it. Yet toads alone, it seems, are found alive. This indicates that they, frogs and lizards, have a power of survival under such circumstances not possessed by other reptiles. This is a very interesting inquiry for naturalists, but we have no expectation that Professor Owen or Mr. Buckland, or any of the know-nothing critics will be amongst the number of those who will make personal and practical inquiries into the subject, as they must now be fully well convinced that they would have to make a very humiliating confession of rash dogmatism. Such physical philosophers, however, as do not wish their souls to be withered up into a very cinder, incapable of any rational comprehension of Nature's more subtle laws, will take the opportunity now so publicly presented and advertised, to examine into this very curious case. It concerns them and their scientific interests intimately. The present astounding scepticism is fast locking up the faculties by which science can only be extended. It is substituting blind conceit and idiotic contempt of observation for rational research, which must be fatal to scientific progress itself. The Spiritualist is only interested in this question as a demonstration of the advance into the very heart of the province of physics of the same paralyzing influence, which has already to many thousands of *soi-disant* clever fellows completely annihilated the whole region of psychological life.

THE MOLLYMAWKS OF LITERATURE.

VOYAGERS in the tropical seas are familiar with large birds of the gull kind called Mollymawks, which follow the ship for thousands of miles, and live on the filth and garbage ejected from the vessel. It is an amusement of passengers to angle for these birds with a bit of red rag, and the singular habit of the creature is, the moment that it comes on deck, to vomit up the vile contents of its stomach on the first person who unsuspectingly approaches it. An author who witnesses this habit of the bird is instantly reminded of a critic. The critic follows the ship of literature—books—and by a natural depravity of appetite, feeds greedily on all the offal and filth that they contain. Gorged to the chin with this sewage, the moment that they are arrested by a new idea, they eject the odious contents of their stomachs full upon the propounder of it. Everyone must have noticed this phenomenon strikingly in the late criticisms on spiritual works, and it is another proof of the accurate observation of Hudibras, that:—
 “There is no creature on land but has its counterpart at sea.”

Notices of Books.

A DISCOVERY CONCERNING GHOSTS.*

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK has published a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, illustrated with woodcuts, to announce to the world a "Discovery concerning Ghosts." Never did "the cock that crowed in the morn," crow more loud and shrill, or with more evident self-satisfaction, than our discoverer over the peculiar nest which it has been his good fortune to light upon. Gentle reader, can you think what this "discovery" consists in? Well, you'd better give it up—you'll never guess. It's a conundrum that beats any of "Brother Tham'th. So here it is, as printed by G. C., in large capitals befitting its importance.

From all I have been able to learn, it does not appear that from the days of Pliny the younger down to the days of Shakespeare, and from thence down to the present time, THAT ANY ONE HAS EVER THOUGHT OF THE GROSS ABSURDITY, AND IMPOSSIBILITY, OF THERE BEING SUCH THINGS AS GHOSTS OF WEARING APPAREL, IRON ARMOUR, WALKING STICKS, AND SHOVELS! NO, NOT ONE, except myself, and this I claim as my DISCOVERY CONCERNING GHOSTS, and that therefore it follows, as a matter of course, that as ghosts *cannot, must not, dare not*, for decency's sake, appear WITHOUT CLOTHES; and as there can be no such things AS GHOSTS OR SPIRITS OF CLOTHES, why, then, it appears that GHOSTS NEVER DID APPEAR, AND NEVER CAN APPEAR, at any rate not in the way in which they have been hitherto supposed to *appear*.

There! Is'nt that going to China, and bringing home a wheelbarrow as "an invention?" If Mr. Cruikshank has never met with the objection before, "from the days of Pliny the younger, down to the present time," we suppose it must be on the same principle as the man who could not see the wood because of the trees. And, as if to cap the joke, Mr. Hans Friswell has had a passage at arms with Mr. Cruikshank, for the "honour" of this "discovery;" while the editor of the *Star* points out a prior claimant in the author of *The Youth of Shakespeare*.

Mr. Cruikshank's "discovery" it will be seen is of wide range. It applies not only to the well-attested accounts of ghosts in secular history in all ages as well as in contemporary records, but also to those in the Scriptures. Samuel, when called up by the witch of Endor, came "*wrapped in a mantle*." Of the angel who rolled back the stone from the door of the sepulchre we are told, that his "*raiment*" was "*white as snow*." We are told that when Mary saw the risen Saviour, she "knew not that it was Jesus," but supposed him to be the gardener, He must therefore have appeared *clothed* like ordinary humanity. The

* *A Discovery concerning Ghosts; with a Rap at the "Spirit-Rappers,"* by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. ARNOLD, Fleet-street.

angel who appeared to Daniel appeared as a man "*clothed in linen.*" And John the Revelator saw seven angels "*clothed in pure and white linen, and having their breasts girded with golden girdles.*" And again, he says:—"I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the seven candlesticks, one, like unto the Son of Man, *clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about the paps with a golden girdle.*" And among the words which He enjoined the seer to write, were these:—"He that overcometh, the same shall be *clothed in white raiment.*" And the same seer saw armies in heaven, "*upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean.*" Now we do not mean to assert that Mr. Cruikshank has intentionally sought to cast ridicule upon these narratives, but the fact that he has thus, however unconsciously, supplied material for ribald jesting to the sceptic and scorner of Holy Writ, will, we hope, make him pause, and reconsider the propriety of burlesquing a subject, capable, at least in other hands, of this application; and to reflect that, perhaps, he may have made a mistake, and that the Bible, and universal experience after all are right.

And why should there not be spiritual garments for spiritual people in a spiritual world? When the Maid of Orleans was, in mockery, asked by her judges about the clothing of the spirits who visited her, she asked them in reply:—"Is it possible to conceive that a God who is served by ministering spirits cannot also clothe them?" Mr. Cruikshank seems to think that spirit-clothing must of necessity be formed of the same physical substances, and by the same processes as the garments made by the shoemaker, the tailor, and the milliner. How does he know this? Does he know all the powers of the disembodied spirit, and the laws of production in the spirit-world? We are beginning to learn something of the magical power of the will, even when still clothed in this "muddy vesture of decay." How far this power is transcended by the freed spirit, who shall determine? Swedenborg affirms that in the spirit-world all clothing is representative, and is outwrought from the affections and states of its several inhabitants. An illustration of this will be found in the article "Psychological Experiences," on another page. But, admitting we do not understand the *modus*, are we, therefore, to deny the fact?

The inhabitants of the world who know nothing of Western civilization and science, cannot conceive *how* carriages can be drawn without horses or animal power; *how* electricity can convey a message instantaneously from land to land; *how* the sun can be our portrait painter. These things would have been a fairy tale to ourselves a hundred years ago. Are there then no steam engines, no telegrams, no photographs? Need it surprise

us that we have not learned all the laws and principles and secrets of the spirit-world? Is our knowledge the measure of truth? Are we to deny and scoff at all we do not comprehend? If Mr. Cruikshank will burlesque every subject of which he is ignorant he will find abundant scope for the exercise of his pen and pencil. But then his must be a condition of mind which we certainly do not envy. When at school we used to write from copy in round text, "Modesty in youth is highly commendable." Mr. Cruikshank, though young perhaps in his understanding of spiritual things, is not exactly a youth; but nevertheless, a little more of that quality of character praised in our school copy-book would in his case be "highly commendable."

Mr. Cruikshank is evidently a good deal disconcerted by the facts which occur at spiritual *séances*. The strength of testimony in their favour he unreservedly admits, as in the following passage; though, mounted on the hobby-horse of his "discovery," he determinedly overrides it. He says:—"From the high and pure character of many persons well known to me, who are mixed up in these *séances*, it is *almost* impossible not to believe their statements of these wonders, the truth of which wonders they so *positively* assert. *If* true they are *indeed* wonderful; but *if* tricks, then do they surpass all other tricks ever performed by all the 'sleight-of-hand' gentry put together, who ever bamboozled poor credulous, simple creatures, or astonished and puzzled a delighted audience." Some "credulous, simple creatures" may be quite as readily "bamboozled" by their own fancied discoveries as it is possible to be by any sleight-of-hand performance.

The subject of spirit-clothing has been already raised and discussed in the *Spiritual Magazine* for September, October, and December, 1860. The reader may further consult on the subject, *A New Theory of Apparitions*, by Newton Crossland; and Swedenborg's *Heaven and Hell*.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—While giving public mesmeric demonstrations in Newcastle-upon-Tyne in the month of October, 1858, I had a patient upon whom I had frequently operated, and who had become an introvionist. Being desirous of developing in him a higher state of clairvoyant power, he met me at the house of Mr. Walton one afternoon to allow me to experiment upon him for that purpose. He was then about sixteen years of age, little in stature, uneducated, and of nervous temperament.

In the presence of Mr. Walton I put this boy into the sleep-waking state. He sat upon a chair with his right side against the wall of one side of the room, directly underneath a photograph of Mrs. Walton, who had died upwards of a

year previous; and I may here state that William Trotter (the name of my patient) knew nothing of Mr. Walton or of his family, or of his being a widower. Having inducted him into the mesmeric state, with the view of testing whether he had the power of becoming acquainted with what was transpiring at a distance, I put several questions to him; and continued my manipulations for upwards of half-an-hour, but without success. Feeling disappointed, and while still endeavouring to conduct him in an imaginary journey to South Wales in search of a dear young friend of mine, he looked up, and accidentally (I believe for the first time) saw the photograph of Mrs. Walton, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Ah, she is gone! Oh, she is happy! I should like to be there!" He continued talking in a similar strain for some minutes, notwithstanding all I could do to divert his attention, and bring it to bear upon the subject for which we had met, until I found my efforts were in vain, and I had no other choice but to allow him to follow his own course. "What are you talking about, boy?" I asked, rather pettishly; "What do you mean about being gone, and happy, and the like? who is it that is gone?" "Don't you see her?" he replied. "No," I answered; "how can I see her if she is gone?" "Why, she is standing there," he said, pointing to the corner of the room. "Can you converse with her?" I enquired. "Yes." "Then please oblige me by doing so, and tell me what she says." In the course of a few minutes he said, "She wishes me to convey a message to her children." "Then she left some children, did she?" "Yes." "How many?" "Three." "Are they all boys?" "No; there is one boy and two girls, and she has got *one little girl in her arms*. I should like to be with her." A message of an affectionate and religious character from this visitant (to me unseen and unheard) was then given, to be communicated to her children. This was followed by an affecting message to the husband (Mr. Walton) who was present, but sat behind the boy, and unobserved by him. I asked the clairvoyant if he would know the lady's husband if he saw him. "Yes," he replied. "Would you know his voice if you heard it?" "Yes." I then motioned for Mr. Walton to speak, and instantly the boy heard his voice he exclaimed, "That is him." He then communicated another message, the particulars of which it is not necessary to relate, except to state that Mrs. W. hoped that a Mrs. M. would fulfil the promise which she had made to her shortly before she departed this life; namely, to attend to her children. The clairvoyant now rose from his seat, and looked towards the corner of the room where he had previously pointed out the spirit of Mrs. Walton as standing. The moment he did so, he fell upon the floor, as though he was struck dead by the insupportable brilliancy of a supernatural vision. This incident somewhat disturbed my usual equanimity; I however felt the boy's pulse, and placed my ear over the region of his heart, and was glad to discover even faint indications of vitality, for I was afraid that he had realized his oft-repeated wish, and joined the happy spirit whom he declared he had seen and held converse with.

Now, sir, what are we to make of this case, and under what head of psychological phenomena must it be placed—*natural* or *supernatural*?

I repeat that William T. knew nothing of Mr. Walton's family, yet he stated correctly the number and sex of the children Mrs. W. left to mourn their loss; and described her as having a "little girl in her arms," a circumstance not less remarkable than interesting, when coupled with the fact that she had been preceded into the spirit-world only three months by a lovely daughter fourteen months old.

A few days before Mrs. W. died, Mrs. M. was summoned to her bedside with all haste, and when she arrived Mrs. W. told her, with great composure, that she was near her journey's end, and was fully resigned and prepared to change worlds. She then affectionately spoke about her dear children, and said though they would be left in charge of a good father there were many little matters which it was the especial province of a mother to attend to, and which a loving father might overlook, and she begged Mrs. M. as far as she had opportunity, to assist their dear father in promoting the comfort of her darling children; which Mrs. M. readily promised. This fact could not possibly have been known to the boy, yet Mrs. M. was reminded of her promise by or through him as stated above. There is also the minor fact of Mrs. Walton's death, how did he get a

knowledge of it? Some probably will answer that the boy was reading my thoughts; to which I reply that during three years' experience, and after experimenting upon him hundreds of times, I never knew him able to read my thoughts, though I frequently endeavoured to impress them on his mind—still, I cannot prove he did not do so in this instance. But supposing at this particular time he had this power, or that I had the ability to impress my thoughts upon his mind, would he not rather have read off my mind certain information which I possessed of my friend's residence, &c., which at that time occupied my thoughts, and to which I was especially desirous to direct his attention? But, instead of this, he, having accidentally caught a glimpse of Mrs. Walton's photograph, instantly declared "she was gone," meaning she was dead, and said he saw her (spirit) stand with a little girl in her arms, &c.

I may state, in conclusion, that W. T. did not know he had been the medium of these revelations until he overheard me relating the circumstances upwards of a year after their occurrence, and both he and I were totally ignorant of the simplest so-called spiritual phenomena.

I am, Sir, yours respectfully,

Monkwearmouth, July 7th, 1863.

NICHOLAS MORGAN.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—Having recently met with a peculiar phase of spiritual manifestation that may interest your readers I send you an account of it. During the month of May, Mrs. Bliss, of Springfield, Massachusetts, a trance medium, was engaged to lecture for us. She had never visited Philadelphia before. We met in our hall on Sunday morning, the 3rd of May, and on being introduced we mutually exclaimed, "I have seen you somewhere before," but on a careful inquiry we were not able to find that we had ever met.

On the 6th of May, I was receiving a communication through a trance medium, Mrs. Danforth, and she remarked, "Here is another spirit coming, her name begins with B, it is Bliss; her spirit has not passed out of the body entirely, but it has the power of leaving it temporarily, and is now here. She is often in more than one place at the same time; perhaps she will be impressed with having met you now. She has seen you this way before, and you have seen her, and so you think you have met in the form, but you have not. (I had not said anything about this to the medium.) Her spirit often goes out to visit her friends. There are some of your spirit friends who are influencing her now. They can draw elements from her spirit friends, and, in return, they will give elements to her spirit friends and to her. She may not be conscious of this presence here, she is drawn here by the power of spirits." The communication then described her condition, and gave directions as to the proper course to be pursued for her. I called upon Mrs. Bliss the next day, she did not recognize this visit; remembered being alone in her room, which was about half a mile distant from the medium's residence. "But," said she, "this is a very common phenomenon with me;" and she recognized in the communication a very accurate description of her state of mind. She then related the following instance to me:—"I have a very intimate and dear friend who lives near me. On one occasion, when I was just about starting out on a lecturing tour, she made me a present of an article that I very much needed at that time, but in the hurry of leaving home I neglected to make any expression of thanks in return for it. Soon after I left it occurred to me how thoughtless and unkind it was in me; for a little while I felt very sad indeed, and almost cried, then the feeling passed off, and I thought nothing more of it. I was to be absent several weeks in a place about thirty miles from my home. On the following Sunday afternoon I laid down after my lecture, and the thought of my unkindness and ingratitude to this dear friend filled me with sadness, and I felt a strong desire that she might not feel hurt at this neglect. I soon passed into an unconscious state bodily. I went home and visited my friend, and said to her, 'Lizzie, I have been so sorry ever since I left you whenever I thought of that beautiful present you gave me, that I had not expressed my thanks for it. I am very grateful for it—

you will forgive me, won't you?" She smiled, and said, 'Surely, I knew you felt all right about it, and I did not think anything of your silence.' " On returning to consciousness the impression as of a dream was upon her mind, and there was no further regret. At the end of three weeks she returned home, and on meeting her friend, who is also a medium, she found that her dream had been literally fulfilled—her friend had seen her, and had held the conversation as given above.

I am always glad to obtain facts of this character, now that we can in some measure comprehend the philosophy involved in them. The spiritual body which at death leaves these outward forms permanently, can under certain circumstances leave them temporarily, and go to distant places, and not only be recognized by clairvoyant vision, but give actual demonstration of its presence and intelligence. It is, therefore, not positive evidence that an absent friend is really deceased if they are seen thus temporarily by clairvoyants. It has been the popular idea that it was only at or near the time of dissolution that these "doubles" could be seen, and in many instances it has so occurred; but I had lately the pleasure of removing a very unpleasant state of fear from the mind of a lady who told me that she had seen her son pass through her room a few days before, and as he was far away on ship board, she thought he must be dead. I found that the idea was making her ill; I told her that my impression was that her son was *not* dead, and that I had known several cases of this kind, where the persons seen were not dead. She was satisfied, and in a few months her son returned home safe and well.

Yours, &c.,

HENRY T. CHILD, M.D.

634, Race-street, Philadelphia, U.S.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Tynemouth, 7 mo. 20th, 1863.

The following statement of your able and esteemed correspondent, William Howitt, in the number for July, I believe to be founded in misapprehension, and will thank you to insert this correction in the next month's number:—"There are said to be evidences of the spirits haunting Willington Mill, having done so to an older house on the same spot for two hundred years." I believe no such evidences exist, the premises having been erected in 1800, on ground never before built on. Persons acquainted with the neighbourhood, and knowing the statement I have quoted to be an error, might thus be led to discredit the whole narrative, as truly and circumstantially related in the number for January. There is an older house about two hundred yards from Willington Mill, in which there was a mysterious ringing of bells about forty years ago; and about twenty years since the person who then occupied it, told me, that occasionally at night, very strange noises were heard, adding, "it must be *rats* you know." That is, however, more than I know, and may be left as a doubtful question.

I am, respectfully,

JOSEPH PROCTER.

[We have submitted Mr. Procter's note to Mr. Howitt's attention, and he has appended the following remarks:—"Some years ago a gentleman of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whom I deemed very good authority, informed me that Mr. Procter had met with a book printed two hundred years ago, which showed that similar apparitions to those seen in the modern house at Willington Mill, had been seen in a house of that period on or near the site of the recent house. As the 'clairvoyants' mentioned by Mr. Procter, in the correspondence given in the January number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, described 'a man with a surplice,' and 'a woman long ago deceased,' this appeared to carry the facts beyond the house erected only sixty-three years ago, and I ventured to mention it. Mr. Procter, has, however, done the readers of the Magazine a real service by contradicting, what after all, was a misstatement. We don't want a fable on a subject so serious and important, but all possible fable and imagination sifted from the truth."—ED.]

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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:—JOHN BUNYAN.

WHAT an eventful period in English history is comprised in the sixty years in which Bunyan lived—from 1628 to 1688, from the passing of the Bill of Rights to the accession of William the Third! What vicissitudes of parties, what conflicts of men and principles were witnessed!—The turbulent reign of Charles—the Star Chamber and the High Commission, Laud and Papistry, Strafford, and “Thorough,” Episcopacy abolished in Scotland; the Civil War, Edgehill, Marston Moor, Naseby; the execution of the king; the abolition of the House of Lords; the Protectorate; the Restoration; the reign of the saints followed by the reign of the strumpets; Titus Oates and his sham Popish Plot; the Act of Uniformity, which in one day ejected two thousand ministers from their livings; and the Conventicle Act, which made it treason for a vesper hymn to rise from the forest, or a solemn litany to quiver through the midnight air; the Great Plague of London; the accession of James; the conspiracy of Monmouth; the bloody assize of Jeffrey; the butcheries of Claverhouse; and the trial of the seven bishops! And, truly, there were giants in those days, mighty men, men of renown! Pym and Hampden, and Elliot; Russell and Sidney; Falkland and Blake; Marvel and Milton; Cromwell, “the greatest Englishman God ever made,” to quote an emphatic saying of Carlyle; Butler, Dryden, and Herbert; Henry and Owen; Howe and Baxter; Cudworth and More. Such were the times, such the men, in which, and among whom lived the “inspired tinker,” “the divine dreamer,” whose *Pilgrim’s Progress* is alike the delight of youth and age, of the ignorant and the learned, a work as homely as the English Bible, and as life-like as *Robinson Crusoe*; a prose epic, which if it has not the sublimity, has yet much of that force of imagination which we find in *Paradise Lost*.

Of the sixty pieces written by Bunyan, three only retain any extensive popularity,—The *Pilgrim’s Progress*, the *Holy War*, and *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. The last is a

valuable piece of autobiography. In it Bunyan lays bare all the secret workings of his soul: it is a record of his temptations and conflicts, defeats and victories. His own experience was the chief storehouse on which he drew for the materials of his allegories. *He* had fought the Holy War waged between the hosts of Diabolus and the armies of Emmanuel for the town of Mansoul. *He* was a pilgrim on his journey from the city of Destruction to Mount Sion. *He* had fought with Apollyon and been wounded by his fiery darts, and been healed by the leaves from the tree of life. *He* had heard the "doleful voices," and had experienced how "as he resolved to go on, the fiends seemed to come nearer and nearer." And many a time had "one of the wicked ones got behind him, and stepped up softly to him and whispering, suggested many grievous blasphemies to him which he verily thought had proceeded from his own mind." It was doubtless Bunyan's own case which *Hopeful* describes. "Thus it was, one day I was very sad, I think sadder than at any one time of my life, and this sadness was owing to a fresh sight of the greatness and vileness of my sins, as I was then looking for nothing but hell and the everlasting damnation of my soul; suddenly, as I thought, I saw the Lord Jesus Christ look down from heaven upon me, and saying 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"^{*} And had not he too even on this side the river of death, in the good land of Beulah, been "met" by "some of the inhabitants of the celestial city, for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of heaven;" and "here they come to wait for the pilgrims, and comfort them after their sorrow." Doubtless, too, at the close of his pilgrimage, he was sustained by these same "shining ones" in crossing the "deep waters" of that river where there is no bridge, and was by them "compassed round on every side," and conducted with joyful welcome to the golden gate of the celestial city.

Bunyan was born at the village of Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628. He says, he was "of a low and inconsiderable generation," probably of gipsy descent. His father followed the occupation of a tinker, and brought up his son to the same business, but took care that he should be taught to read and write; "though," says Bunyan, "to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly." In youth, Bunyan was emphati-

* Bunyan was not unaware of the way in which all such experiences are generally received by those who deem themselves, and are called, 'Philosophers,' as is shown in the conversation of *Christian* and *Hopeful* with *Ignorance*. *Hopeful* gives *Christian* the hint—"Ask him if ever he had Christ revealed to him from heaven?" *Ignorance* at once catches at the suggestion, and scoffingly replies, "What! you are a man for revelations! I do believe that what both you and all the rest of you say about the matter, is but the fruit of distracted brains."

This, it will be observed, Bunyan represents as the speech of *IGNORANCE*.

cally, as Southey has characterized him, "a blackguard," or to use his own phrase—"I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness." But he was not, during this time, without, what he considers, were divine warnings and special providences. He says:—"Even in my childhood, the Lord did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For, often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted, while asleep, with the apprehensions of devils, and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. . . . These terrible dreams I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been. . . . But God did not utterly leave me, but following me still, not with convictions, but judgments, mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat, into Bedford river; but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time, being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I having a stick, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end. This also I have taken notice of with thanksgiving. When I was a soldier, I with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet and died."

Soon after this last event, when only about nineteen years of age, Bunyan married. He says, "We came together as poor as poor might be, not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both." His wife's parents, in the language of that time, were "godly people," and she brought him, (her only dowry) two books. *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*; and *The Practice of Piety*. These books, and his wife's conversation, and especially what she used to tell him of the character and conduct of her father who was dead, "though they did not," he says, "reach my heart to awaken it; yet they did beget within me some desire to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit: to go to church twice a day, and there, very devoutly, both say and sing as others did; yet retaining my wicked life." It was customary at that time after Sunday morning service for men and boys to engage in games and sports, and Bunyan took great delight in them. One Sunday he listened to a sermon on Sabbath-breaking which for the moment deeply impressed him, but "it lasted not." Before

he had dined it began to wear off, and, shaking the sermon out of his mind, he returned to his favourite diversion, when, to quote his own narrative—"As I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was, as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices. . . . Suddenly this conclusion fastened on my spirit, that it was now too late for me to look after heaven. . . . Then while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late, and therefore resolved in my mind to go on in sin. . . . I am very confident that this temptation of the devil is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of. . . . Now therefore I went on in sin, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month, or more; but one day as I was standing at a neighbour's shop-window, and there cursing and swearing after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, who heard me; and though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me farther, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing, that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company."

This reproof, from such a person, silenced him, and put him to shame, and, he says, "I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority; now I could, without it, speak better, and with more pleasantness than ever I could before."

Soon afterwards he fell in company with a poor man who "did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion," and this sent him to his Bible, and he began to take great pleasure in reading it. Soon his neighbours observed a great alteration in his life and manners, and began to speak of him as an honest and godly man. "This," says Bunyan, "pleased me mighty well; for, though as yet, I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly."

But one day, while tinkering in the streets of Bedford, he

overheard three or four poor women talking over their religious experiences. He was now "a brisk talker in matters of religion," but he found their discourse far above his reach. They talked about a new birth, and the love of Jesus, and the suggestions and temptations of Satan, and how they were borne up against his assaults. "And methought," says Bunyan, "they spake with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world—as if they were people that dwelt alone, and were not to be reckoned among their neighbours. . . . I was greatly affected with their words, because by them I was convinced that I wanted the true token of a godly man, and also because I was convinced of the happy and blessed condition of him that was such a one."

He, therefore, as often as possible sought the conversation of these pious women; and soon he "began to look into the Bible with new eyes," and "was never out of it either by reading or meditation, crying to God that he might know the truth. Reading in St. Paul that faith was a gift of the Spirit, he began to question whether he had any faith or not. While thus considering, he tells us:—"The tempter came in with his delusion, 'That there was no way for me to know I had faith, but by trying to work some miracles;' urging those Scriptures that seem to enforce and strengthen his temptations. Nay, one day as I was between Elstow and Bedford, the temptation was hot upon me to try if I had *faith* by doing some miracle; which miracle at this time was this, I must say to the puddles that were in the horse-pads, be dry; and to the dry places, be you puddles; and truly, one time I was going to say so indeed; but just as I was about to speak this thought came into my mind, 'but go under yonder hedge, and pray first that God would make you able.' But when I had concluded to pray this came hot upon me; that if I prayed, and came again, and tried to do it, and yet did nothing notwithstanding, then to be sure I had no faith, but was a cast-away and lost. Nay, thought I, if it be so, I will not try yet, but will stay a little longer."

About this time the state of happiness of his poor acquaintances at Bedford, whom he felt to be so much farther advanced than himself in the religious life, he states, "Was thus in a kind of vision presented to me. I saw, as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds; methought, also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain; now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could I would there

also comfort myself with the heat of their sun. About this wall I bethought myself to go again and again, still prying as I went, to see if I could find some way or passage by which I might enter therein; but none could I find for some time; at the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass; now the passage being very strait and narrow, I made many offers to get in, but all in vain; at last, with great striving, methought I at first did get in my head, and after that, by a sideling striving, my shoulders and my whole body; then I was exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of their sun. Now this mountain and wall was thus made out to me: the mountain signified the church of the living God; the sun that shone thereon, the shining of his merciful face on them that were therein; the wall I thought was the world, that did make separation between the Christians and the world; and the gap which was in the wall, I thought was Jesus Christ, who is the way to God the Father, John xiv., Matt. vii. 14. But as the passage was wonderful narrow, even so narrow that I could not but with great difficulty enter in thereat, it showed me that none could enter into life but those that were in downright earnest, and left the wicked world behind them; for there was only room for body and soul, but not for body and soul, and sin."

But though he now prayed wherever he was, "whether at home or abroad, in house or field," instead of attaining "any comfortable persuasion" of faith, he was assailed with fresh doubts—especially these:—Whether he was one of the elect, and whether the day of grace was not past and gone. This question, he says, "would stick with me, 'How can you tell that you are elected? And what if you should not be? How then?—O Lord, thought I, what if I should not indeed. 'It may be you are not,' said the tempter. It may be so, indeed, thought I. 'Why then,' said Satan, 'you had as good leave off and strive no farther; for if indeed you should not be elected, and chosen of God, there is no hope of your being saved, for it is neither in him that willeth, nor in him that runneth, but in God that sheweth mercy.' By these things I was driven to my wit's end, not knowing what to say, or how to answer these temptations. Indeed, I little thought that Satan had thus assaulted me, but rather it was my own prudence thus to start the question; for that the elect only obtained eternal life, that I without scruple did heartily close withal; but that myself was one of them, there lay the question. Thus, therefore, for several days I was greatly perplexed, and as often ready to sink with faintness in my mind; but one day, after

I had been many weeks oppress and cast down therewith, as I was giving up the ghost of all my hopes of ever attaining life, that sentence fell with weight upon my spirit, 'Look at the generations of old, and see; did ever any trust in God, and were confounded?' At which I was greatly encouraged in my soul: for thus, at that very instant it was expounded to me: 'Begin at the beginning of Genesis, and read to the end of the Revelations, and see if you can find that there was ever any that trusted in the Lord and was confounded.' So coming home, I presently went to my Bible, to see if I could find that saying, not doubting but to find it presently; for it was with such strength and comfort on my spirit, that I was as if it talked with me. Well, I looked, but found it not, only it abode upon me; then I did ask first this good man, and then another, if they knew where it was, but they knew no such place. And this I wondered that such a sentence should so suddenly, and with such comfort and strength, seize and abide upon my heart; and yet that none could find it (for I doubted not but that it was in the Holy Scripture). Thus I continued above a year, and could not find the place; but at last casting my eye upon the Apocrypha books, I found it in Ecclesiasticus, chap ii. 16. This at first did somewhat daunt me, because it was not in those texts that we call holy and canonical; yet as this sentence was the sum and substance of many of the promises, it was my duty to take the comfort of it; and I bless God for that word, for it was of good to me. That word doth still oft-times shine before my face."

Then came the second doubt—"How if the day of grace is past?" It would, however, be too long to trace here in detail all Bunyan's floundering in this "Slough of Despond," or his distress while shut up in the castle of Giant Despair, and how he finally unlocked the gate of that grim keep with "a little key in his bosom, called promise." Southey, writing of him at this time, says:—"He heard sounds as in a dream, and as in a dream held conversations, which were inwardly audible, though no sounds were uttered, and had all the connexion and coherency of an actual dialogue." As an instance of this I give the following relation of Bunyan. "Now I was much followed by the Scriptures, 'Simon, Simon, behold Satan hath desire to have you,' Luke xxii. 31: and sometimes it would sound so loud within me, that once, above all the rest, I turned my head over my shoulder, thinking verily that some man had, behind me, called me; being at a great distance, methought, he called so loud; it came, as I have thought since, to have stirred me up to prayer and to watchfulness; it came to acquaint me that a cloud and storm was coming down upon me, but I understood it not."

This "very great storm" came down upon him about the

space of a month after, and, he says, "It handled me twenty times worse than all I had met with before; it came stealing upon me, now by one piece, then by another. First, all my comfort was taken from me; then darkness seized upon me; after which whole floods of blasphemies were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment. . . . I often found my will suddenly put upon it to curse and swear, or to speak some grievous thing against God, or Christ his Son, and of the Scriptures. Now, I thought, surely I am possessed of the devil; at other times again I thought I should be bereft of my wits; for instead of lauding and magnifying God the Lord with others; if I have but heard Him spoken of, presently some most horrible blasphemous thought or other would bolt out of my heart against Him. . . . Kick sometimes I did, and also shriek and cry; but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away. I thought also of Saul, and of the evil spirit that did possess him; and did greatly fear that my condition was the same with that of his. . . . While this temptation lasted, which was about a year, I could attend upon none of the ordinances of God, but with sore and great affliction. Yea, then I was most distressed with blasphemies; if I had been hearing the Word, then uncleanness, blasphemies, and despair would hold me a captive there; If I had been reading, then sometimes I had sudden thoughts to question all I read; again my mind would be so strangely snatched away, that I have neither known, nor regarded, nor remembered, so much as the sentence that but now I have read. In prayer also I have been greatly troubled at this time; sometimes I have thought I have felt him behind me, pull my clothes. He would be also continually at me in time of prayer, to have done, break off, make haste, you have prayed enough, and stay no longer; still drawing my mind away."

This was followed by the most extraordinary and grievous temptation of all—one so singular that Southey doubts "whether any parallel can be found for him" in this "strangest part of his history." And that was in Bunyan's words:—"To sell and part with the most blessed Christ, to exchange him for the things of this life, for any thing.' The temptation lay upon me for the space of a year, and did follow me so continually, that I was not rid of it one day in a month; no not sometimes one hour in many days together, unless when I was asleep. Sometimes it would run in my thoughts, not so little as a hundred times together, 'Sell him, sell him;' against which, I may say for whole hours together, I have been forced to stand as continually leaning and forcing my spirit against it, lest haply, before I were aware, some wicked thought might arise in my heart, that might consent thereto; and sometimes the tempter would make me believe, I

had consented to it; but then I should be as tortured upon a rack, for whole days together. This temptation did put me to such scares, lest I should at some times, I say, consent thereto, and be overcome therewith, but the very force of my mind, my very body would be put into action, or motion by way of pushing or thrusting with my hands or elbows; still answering as fast as the destroyer said, 'Sell him: 'I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds;' thus reckoning, lest I should set too low a value on him, even until I scarce well knew where I was, or how to be composed again. But to be brief; one morning as I did lie in my bed, I was, as at other times, most fiercely assaulted with this temptation to sell and part with Christ; the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, 'Sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him, sell him,' as fast as a man could speak: against which also in my mind, as at other times, I answered, 'No, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands,' at least twenty times together: but at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass through my heart, 'Let him go if he will;' and I thought also, that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh! the diligence of Satan! Oh! the desperateness of man's heart!"

He now believed that in thus covenanting to sell Christ, he had committed the "unpardonable sin." This made his life both a burden and a terror to him. Despair was swallowing him up, "Insomuch," he says, "that I could for whole days together, feel my very body, as well as my mind, to shake and totter under this dreadful judgment of God; I felt also such a clogging and heat at my stomach, by reason of this my terror, that I was, especially at some times, as if my breast bone would split asunder." He was while in this desperate state greatly relieved, for a time, by a remarkable experience, which, says Southey, was "so much more preternatural than all his former visitings that he withheld it from the first relation of his own life, and in a later and more enlarged account, narrated it so cautiously as to imply more than he thought it prudent to express." I here transcribe it:—

Once as I was walking to and fro in a good man's shop, bemoaning my sad and doleful state, afflicting myself with self-abbhorrence for this wicked and ungodly thought; lamenting also that I should commit so great a sin, greatly fearing I should not be pardoned; praying also, that if this sin of mine did differ from that against the Holy Ghost, the Lord would shew it me; and being now ready to sink with fear, suddenly there was, as if there had rushed in at the window, the noise of wind upon me, but very pleasant, and as if I heard a voice speaking, 'Didst thou ever refuse to be justified by the blood of Christ?' And withal, my whole life of profession past was in a moment opened to me, wherein I was made to see that designedly I had not; so my heart answered groaningly, 'No.' Then fell, with power, that word of God upon me, 'See that ye refuse not him that speaketh.' This made a strange seizure upon my spirit; it brought light with it, and commanded a silence in my heart of all those tumultuous thoughts, that did before use, like masterless hell-hounds, to roar and bellow, and

make a hideous noise within me. It shewed me also that Jesus Christ had yet a word of grace and mercy for me, that he had not, as I had feared, quite forsaken and cast off my soul, yea, this was a kind of check to my proneness to desperation; a kind of threatening of me, if I did not, notwithstanding my sins, and the heinousness of them, venture my salvation upon the Son of God. But as to my determining about this strange dispensation, what it was I know not; or from whence it came, I know not; I have not yet in twenty years' time been able to make a judgment of it; I thought then what here I should be loath to speak. But verily that sudden rushing wind was as if an angel had come upon me, but both it, and the salvation, I will leave until the day of judgment; only this I say, it commanded a great calm in my soul; it persuaded me there might be hope; it showed me, as I thought, what the sin unpardonable was, and that my soul had yet the blessed privilege to flee to Jesus Christ for mercy. But concerning this dispensation I leave it to be thought on by men of sound judgment. I lay not the stress of my salvation thereupon, but upon the Lord Jesus in the promise; yet seeing I am here unfolding of my secret things, I thought it might not be altogether inexpedient to let this also shew itself, though I cannot now relate the matter as there I did experience it.

The "savour" of this lasted about three or four days, and then he "began to mistrust and to despair again." "Thus," he says, "was I always sinking whatever I did think or do. But one day, he tells us, having "fell into a very deep pause about the most fearful state my sin had brought me to. . . . breaking out into the bitterness of my soul, I said to myself, with a grievous sigh, 'How can God comfort such a wretch?' I had no sooner said it, but this returned upon me, as an echo doth answer a voice, 'This sin is not unto death.' At which I was as if I had been raised out of the grave, and cried out again, 'Lord, how couldst thou find out such a word as this?' for I was filled with admiration at the fitness, and at the unexpectedness of the sentence; the power and sweetness, and light and glory that came with it also, was marvellous to me to find." He was now for the time out of doubt, but the next evening, being still under many fears he prayed with great fervour, crying to God in the words of the prophet, "O Lord, I beseech thee, shew me that thou hast loved me with everlasting love. I had no sooner said it," he relates, "but with sweetness this returned upon me, as an echo, or sounding again, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love.' Now I went to bed in quiet; also when I awaked next morning it was fresh upon my soul, and I believed it."

He was thus, though not without many misgivings, brought into "comfortable hopes of pardon." He still, however, at times was swayed to and fro between the suggestions of the tempter and the inspirations of the upper world. He tells us that once when "the tempter laid at me very sore. . . . 'It was but in vain to pray,' yet, thought I, I will pray; 'But,' said the tempter, 'your sin is unpardonable;' 'Well,' said I, 'I will pray,' so I went to prayer. . . . And as I was thus before the Lord, that Scripture fastened on my heart, 'O man, great is thy faith!' even as if one had clapped me on the back, as I was on my knees

before God." Many times when shut up in spirit did words and sentences of Scripture "break in" upon his mind for his encouragement. "The words," he says, "did sound suddenly within my heart." "Methought this word was spoken loud unto me, it showed a great word, it seemed to be writ in great letters." "These words did suddenly with great power break in upon me." "That piece of a sentence darted in upon me." "Oh, now how was my soul led from truth to truth by God! there was not anything that I then cried unto God, to make known and reveal unto me, but He was pleased to do it for me." "One day, when I was in a meeting of God's people, full of sadness and terror, . . . these words did with great power suddenly break in upon me; 'My grace is sufficient for thee;' three times together, I was as though I had seen the Lord Jesus look down from heaven, through the tiles upon me, and direct these words unto me." And now, he says, "I durst venture to come nigh unto those most fearful and terrible Scriptures, with which all this while I had been so greatly affrighted. . . . the which when I began to do, I found my visage changed, for they looked not so grimly as before I thought they did. . . . And now remains only the hinder part of the tempest, for the thunder was gone beyond me, only some drops did still remain, but now and then would fall upon me. . . . One day as I was passing into the field, and that too with some dashes on my conscience, fearing lest yet all was not right, suddenly this sentence fell upon my soul, 'Thy righteousness is in heaven.' And methought withal, I saw with the eyes of my soul Jesus Christ at God's right hand;—there I say was my righteousness . . . for my righteousness was Jesus Christ himself, 'the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' Now did my chains fall off my legs indeed; I was loosened from my afflictions and irons; my temptations also fled away." In the words of his *Pilgrim's Progress*, "His burthen loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back."

Possibly these temptations never wholly ceased though from this time little more is recorded of them, and they were neither so frequent or severe, or of so protracted a kind; spiritual influences, enlightening and consolatory, from the upper spheres greatly predominating; the light speedily breaking in upon the darkness, as in the following—the last case of the kind which he records:—

At another time, though just before I was pretty well savouring in my spirit, yet suddenly there fell upon me a great cloud of darkness, which did so hide from me the things of God and Christ, that I was as if I had never seen or known them in my life; I was also so overrun in my soul with a senseless, heartless frame of spirit, that I could not feel my soul to move or stir after the grace and life by Christ; I was as if my loins were broken, or as if my hands and feet had been tied or bound with chains. At this time also I felt some weakness to seize upon my outward man, which made still the other affliction the more heavy and uncomfortable to me. After I had been in this condition three or four days, as

I was sitting by the fire, I suddenly felt this word to sound in my heart, 'I must go to Jesus;' at this my former darkness and atheism fled away, and the blessed things of heaven were set in my view. While I was on this sudden thus overtaken with surprise, 'Wife', said I, 'is there ever such a Scripture, I must go to Jesus?' She said she could not tell; therefore I stood musing still, to see if I could remember such a place; I had not sat above two or three minutes, but that came bolting in upon me, 'And to an innumerable company of angels;' and withal the 12th chapter of Hebrews, about the mount Sion, was set before mine eyes, Heb. xiii. 22, 23, 24.

The following passage would seem to show that Bunyan, like George Fox, had some perception, of what Swedenborg would call the "Correspondences of the Word":—

I was almost made, about this time, to see something concerning the beasts that Moses counted clean and unclean; I thought those beasts were types of men; the clean, types of them that were the people of God; but the unclean, types of such as were the children of the wicked one. Now I read that the clean beasts 'chewed the cud;' that is, thought I, they shew us we must feed upon the word of God; they also 'parted the hoof;' I thought that signified, we must part, if we would be saved, with the ways of ungodly men. And also, in further reading about them, I found that though we did chew the cud as the hare, yet if we walked with claws like a dog, or we did part the hoof like the swine, yet if we did not chew the cud as the sheep, we are still, for all that, but unclean. For I thought the hare to be type of those that talk of the Word, yet walk in the ways of sin; and the swine was like him that parted with his outward pollution, but still wanted the word of faith, without which there could be no way of salvation, let a man be ever so devout.*

Another singular experience he relates, and which he subsequently regarded as a sinful tempting God, and one of the causes of his own spiritual affliction, was this: his wife was crying in great agony, when Bunyan, as a sign that God could discern the most secret thoughts of the heart, "with all secresy imaginable" inwardly prayed that her pangs might cease. He says, "I had no sooner said it in my heart, but her pangs were taken from her, and she was cast into a deep sleep, and so continued till morning." During this long course of incessant temptation, lasting two years and a half, Bunyan sat under the ministry of "holy Mr. Giffard," a Baptist minister, and who, like Saul, had been a persecutor of the faith of which he was now an apostle. He was doubtless the honoured "Evangelist," who pointed Bunyan to the wicket-gate—by instructing him in the Gospel.

Soon after the death of this worthy man, at the request of the congregation, Bunyan began to preach: at first only in their private assemblies, not daring "to make use of his gift in a public way." This was attended with such success that in a short time, after some solemn prayer with fasting, he was "called forth and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching." This brought another kind of trouble upon him. He was one of the first persons after the Restoration who was punished for

* See also his *Solomon's Temple Spiritualized*, *The Barren Fig Tree*, and other allegorical writings.

nonconformity. He was arrested at a meeting in a private house, where he was conducting religious worship. He was aware of the intention to arrest him, but would neither escape, nor put off the meeting, refusing to purchase safety by the neglect of duty, as he considered it. He was offered his liberty if he would promise not to preach, and the justices used all their influence to prevail on him to do so, but in vain. It was doubtless a severe trial, but he had been forewarned, and forearmed against it in his temptation to *sell Christ*. When told that none but poor, ignorant people, came to hear him, he replied, that such had most need of his teaching, and therefore it was his duty to go on in that work. And so, he tells us, "I was had *home* to prison." Subsequently, towards the end of his twelve years imprisonment, in allusion to his small, damp *den*, situated over the middle of the river Ouse, Bunyan uses this emphatic language:—"I have determined, the Almighty God being my help and shield, yet to suffer, if frail life might continue so long, even till the moss shall grow on my eyebrows rather than thus to violate my faith and principles." Bunyan, with great simplicity, says:—"I begged of God, that if I might do more good by being at liberty than in prison, that then I might be set at liberty; but if not, His will be done. . . . And verily I did meet my God sweetly in the prison, comforting of me, and satisfying of me that it was His will and mind that I should be there."

That his prayer was answered—that he did more good in prison than there is any prospect he could have done out of it, is almost certain, when we remember that it was there he wrote his master-pieces, and especially that there, while composing his *Grace Abounding*, the immortal *Pilgrim* had birth. This Bedford Jail was the *den* in which he "slept and dreamed a dream," which, as one of its most precious possessions, the world will not willingly let die.

In this den he remained twelve years and a half, (1660-1672) making tagged thread-laces to support his family. The Bible and the *Book of Martyrs* were his only books. Dr. Cheever speaks of the time he thus spent in prison, as "a period of continued and sometimes ecstatic revelations and experiences." So great was the confidence Bunyan inspired in his jailor that he allowed him to leave the prison on *parole* to visit his friends, and frequently did he avail himself of the privilege of the kind-hearted jailor to preach to them at midnight in the woods and villages around. Upon one occasion, having been permitted to go out to visit his family, with whom he intended to spend the night, long before morning, he felt a sudden unaccountable impulse that he must return—return at once; so strong did it become that he could not rest, and at a very late hour he went back to the prison,

much to the annoyance of the jailor, who was angry at being disturbed from his rest to admit him, telling him he might have stayed till the morning. It was well for the jailor that Bunyan returned as he did. For almost immediately after he was again disturbed. A neighbouring clerical magistrate having been informed that there was strong suspicion that Bunyan was not in close custody, had sent a messenger to the jail at midnight, to see that he was there. On his arrival, the messenger demanded, "Are all the prisoners safe?" "Yes." "Is John Bunyan safe?" "Yes." "Let me see him." Bunyan who had just returned was called up, and confronted with the messenger, who returned perfectly satisfied. When he was gone, the jailor said to Bunyan, "You may go out when you will, for you know much better when to return than I can tell you."

On his enlargement, a chapel was built for him in Bedford, where he preached before large audiences. Every year he used to visit London, where his reputation was so great, that even on week days, in dark winter mornings, at seven o'clock, as many as twelve hundred persons would assemble to hear him. Among those who frequently attended his preaching in London, was, Sir John Shorter, the Lord Mayor, and the celebrated Dr. Owen. It is said, that when the latter was asked by Charles the Second, "How a man, such as he was, could sit and listen to an illiterate tinker?" he replied, "May it please your Majesty, could I possess that tinker's ability for preaching, I would most gladly relinquish all my learning." A great part of his time was spent in exertions to relieve the temporal wants of those who were suffering as Nonconformists under oppressive laws; in administering to the sick and afflicted; and in reconciling differences and preventing litigations among professors of the gospel. One of these errands of love was the immediate occasion of his death. A friend of his who resided at Reading, had resolved to disinherit his son. Bunyan effected a reconciliation; but returning to London on horseback through heavy rain, a fever ensued, which, after ten days proved fatal. Over his remains, in the burial ground, Bunhill Fields, is the epitaph:—

"Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the '*Pilgrim's Progress*,' ob. 31st August, 1688, at 60.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* now is finished,
And death has laid him in his earthly bed."

Did the *Pilgrim's Progress* originate in the mind of Bunyan, or in the spirit-world? The latter cannot be positively affirmed; but looking at the character of the work—at the singular openness of Bunyan to spiritual influx—at the peculiar experiences through which he was put as if to prepare and qualify him for his task in writing it—at the statement he makes that it was not

the result of any plan or forethought on his part, but that "he fell suddenly into an allegory;"—that like so many of his visions and revelations, it "broke in" upon his mind, piece by piece, while engaged in the composition of another work—the digression extending and expanding till he found it necessary to make it a separate book;—looking at all these circumstances, it at least appears highly probable, that, though it necessarily took much of its outward form from the character of the writer—a character, it would seem specially educated into a fitness for the work; yet, in its inception, design, and substance, it was a reflection from that inner world of spirit-life, which, in some of its phases, Bunyan seems to have so faithfully delineated.

Macaulay testifies that "Bunyan is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of Dramatists." And Cowper thus apostrophises the writer of the *Pilgrim's Progress*:—

O, thou, whom borne on Fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I pleased remember, and while memory yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenious dreamer, in whose well-told tale
Sweet fiction and sweet truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile."

And, truly, with all their outward dissimilarities, in their spiritual experiences, there was much in common between the tinker of Elstow and the poet of Olney. But I must reserve some account of the latter for a separate paper. T. S.

VICTOR HUGO A SPIRITUALIST.

WE learn from M. Pierart that Victor Hugo is an earnest student of the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism. The influence of these studies upon his mind may be perceived in the following letter recently addressed by him to Lamartine:—"Dear Lamartine,—A great affliction has stricken you. I wish to place my heart near yours. I revered her whom you loved. Your elevated spirit sees beyond the horizon. You perceive distinctly the life to come. It is not to you that it is necessary to say 'Hope.' You are of those who know and who wait. She is still your companion, invisible, but present. You have lost the wife, but not the soul. Dear friend, let us live in the dead."

The Reader of August 22, says:—"We observe that our French neighbours, like ourselves occupy or amuse themselves with books about Spiritualism and spirit-rapping. We count some half-a-dozen recent publications of this kind *pro* or *con*."

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW ON "MODERN SPIRITUALISM!"

AFTER the sharp rattle of small arms comes the heavy artillery. After the daily and weekly press and the magazines come the quarterlies. But though fired from cannon of the largest calibre the shot has no more destructive force. We may pick up the spent balls and place them in our museums for the inspection of the curious.

The above named article in the *Quarterly Review*, except for its length, might have appeared in any respectable provincial newspaper. The weak platitudes, the old stories, the stale jests, the oft-refuted fallacies, they are all here, greeting us with quite a sprightly air for such old stagers. The only thing about the article that strikes us is that it appears in the *Quarterly*.

The thing itself is neither rich nor rare,
The only wonder is how it got *there*.

We don't look to the Little Pedlington Luminary as our philosopher and guide, but from the leading exponent of critical philosophy in England, we expected and we had a right to expect, something better than mere superficial knowledge, and crude speculation, and hasty inferences. Such sciolism in any other subject would be scouted; and in this too, were the public mind better informed, an article so discreditable to British criticism would we have little doubt have been consigned to the editor's waste-paper basket.

The reviewer considers it suspicious that the phenomena take place at appointed meetings, as if joint investigations could be carried on without appointed meetings; and as if also they did not frequently take place on other occasions. He talks of them as due to "expectant attention," as if unaware (as perhaps he is) that they often occur when there is no expectancy at all. He thinks it suspicious that tables should be moved, rather than other articles of upholstery. Well, besides that a table is generally most convenient for such experiments, other articles of upholstery are moved—chairs and sofas for instance; we have even seen an ordinary walking stick (which at all events has no "large vacant space under its broad surface") leap at request, we holding it the while, from one end of the room to another, and over the furniture, as if instinct with life. Then, the reviewer wants a "professor of Spiritualism" to inform him "when and how the spirit-language was converted from unmeaning knocks into significant symbols." He need not ask the information from any professor. It has been before the world for years in Capron's

Spiritualism: its Facts and Fanaticisms; in Spicer's *Sights and Sounds*; and in Owen's *Footfalls on the Boundary of another World*. These accounts have been quoted so often that we should only weary our readers by here repeating them; but before writing a review of the subject, it was surely the duty of a Quarterly Reviewer to have possessed himself of such very elementary and easily accessible information. Then, "the knocking language" is suspicious because it can be imitated by mechanical means. No doubt: but if the reviewer had read the works referred to he would have known that the most searching investigations have been made by competent men to test whether it was so produced; and that they have shewn to demonstration that it was not. He would have learned also on a little inquiry that this "knocking language" is of most common occurrence in the privacy of home, in the absence of all professional mediumship, and under circumstances precluding the suspicion or even possibility of deception. As apparitions are suspected of being spectral illusions, so "the knocking language" it is insinuated may be a natural delusion. It is suspicious—in short, everything is suspicious to a mind predetermined to find in everything an object of suspicion, so—

All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

It is not necessary to follow our reviewer through all the small criticisms he has spread over thirty pages, especially after the able reply in Mr. Howitt's letter to the *Star* of July 29th. The review is a Brocken spectre—a magnified reflection of popular ignorance and prejudice. The writer begins by telling us that he does "not possess absolute unbelief;" and ends with an anecdote, the point of which lies in the last two lines:—" 'Marry,' saith Dr. Brown, 'he said he would not have believed it except he had seen it, and no more will I.' " As if the belief of thousands did not rest on just the evidence the reviewer here asks for; and as if his testimony, were he to see and believe, would add a feather's weight to the mountain of evidence already accumulated. It would be met with the same incredulity which he metes to the testimony of others. His brother reviewers would coolly tell him that he was the victim of deception or hallucination; that it was all a "spectral illusion," and, perhaps, counsel him to call in the family doctor. The reality of the alleged facts of Spiritualism must be tried by the same tests as any other class of alleged facts, *i.e.*, by testimony and experiment. We maintain that they have been so tried and proved. Whether caused by spiritual agency, is a question to be determined by a careful examination of the facts themselves. If fairly questioned, we have no doubt as to the answer they will give. That answer,

many thousand times repeated, may be inferred from the all but universal recognition of their spiritual origin by those who have thus inquired of the facts rather than of their critics and reviewers; some of whom, like the eminent caricaturist, whose pamphlet we noticed in our last number, not only have not seen, but have designedly and determinedly abstained from seeing the phenomena they undertake to criticise.

EXPERIENCES OF A MEDIUM.

By JACOB DIXON, L.S.A.L.

II.

I CONTINUE my extracts from my diary; our circle still consisting of my wife, our young friend, B. L., and myself the medium; sometimes it received an addition of friends, some of them mediums through whom communications were received. My purpose, however, is to limit myself to relating only those which passed through my own hand, simple as some of them may be; let me say they were executed slowly and mechanically, I not knowing even a word until it was completed, the letters being written in an unusual manner, as if to satisfy me that my own thinking did not enter into the process.

Nov. 24th 1858.—The following was addressed to my wife:—"My dear sister, you are too much interested in the things of the world. I am Lydia. The interest which I myself felt in the things of the earth was too great. I have now the opportunity of telling you what I had not of having told me—that the things of earth ought to be regarded only as leading to the things of heaven." "What I do," said Mrs. D., "is, I hope, always useful." "Yes, but there is a point at which to stop, and think how far what you are doing is conducive to the end. Sarah is alone in her ministry to you at present, and she says that you are too much engaged continually in handiwork." "I cannot be idle," said Mrs. D., and what I do is for the good of some one or other." "True, but there is a point at which your attention should cease, my dear sister, to be directed to the little things, and be absorbed by the great, which are those of the eternal life."

Nov. 27th.—Here is a communication of a different kind. It was signed "William Hitchcock," of whom I had no knowledge. "Take care and round recollection with meditation! No one can be a philosopher merely by memory. The memory, in man or woman, is the servant of meditation. No one is a thinker worthy of the name who does not meditate deeply on the things lodged in the memory. No one can properly take the thoughts of another for good without meditating on them and digesting

them with his own powers." On this being read, B. L., said he thought the observations good, and that, for his part, he was obliged to friend William. The pen resumed:—"My young friend is a little, and but a little, too forward to express his sentiments. My dear young friend thinks we do not want to be called by the epithets of the world. So be it; but a discreet observance of the outer forms of respect conciliates regard among men and women of the world; in like manner it is acceptable to us of the spiritual world, who are as really present as if we were visible to him." B. L. apologized. A request was then written, through my hand, that I should read the conversation of a few days before, between Accolti and the spirit, for the information of a certain other spirit. This being done I was thanked in the same way.

Nov. 28th.—B. L., alluding to having lost two little sisters, asked the spirit whether children were more favoured in the spirit-world? It was answered: "Children are in love and therefore in happiness. My dear friend, children are the brightest of the inhabitants of this land; some are brighter than others, but all are brighter than adults. Some are lovelier than others, but all are lovely." "Do spirits begin, in the next world, from the same level?" "From the state to which they have matured, they go on brightening as they rise nearer to Divine Wisdom and love. Children are already in love, and have only to develop in wisdom." "Do you teach and influence lower spirits?" "So we are inclined by love and so we are commissioned to do by Divine Wisdom." "The Day of Judgment, what is it as you understand it? (I have said already that my young friend, B. L., was well posted in some sectarian doctrines)." "A return of Christ into the hearts of his mundane servants." "Will you explain?" "The subject requires much explanation: let it be kept in view." "A day of judgment is spoken of in the Scriptures: what is your understanding of that?" "There is a day of judgment for every soul; but that day applies to each soul, not to all souls on a particular day." "Is there diversity of religious opinion in the spiritual world?" "Many sorts of religion are among men, and therefore among spirits who have not long left the earth." "Do spirits ultimately come to one opinion in religion?" "Ultimately, yes." "Does the day of judgment come sooner to some than to others?" "According to most dependable testimony there are spirits who are in evil now who were in mundane existence ages since, and are therefore on this side of the day of judgment to them, while there are others who have lived but yesterday on earth and have already passed it." My wife asked a question about our dear Robert:—"Trouble not yourself as to the happiness of your dear young son; he will be a shining light in the spiritual spheres.

You are a little worn by writing. For a circle of friends and relatives, William Hitchcock, scribe with you. Farewell."

Dec. 12th.—At our sitting this evening, Dr. Y. was present. He told us of a case of long-continued pain in the ankle leaving the patient almost suddenly after he had made a manual examination of the foot. He asked the spirit how it could be explained? "The faculty of healing is common to man, where the will is positive to that object." "But in this case no will was exerted." "Here the will was exercised by a spirit." "Was it my own will acting unconsciously to myself?" asked the doctor. Instead of an answer to this, the following came in a totally different writing:—"Most sacred and solemn joy steals on the soul as it becomes conscious of the life eternal. Natural scenes are soon lost to us, and we become absorbed in the new life, unless our sympathies are strong with those we left on the earth. Man's life is troubled with pains and anxieties; spirits' life is harmonious with peace and happiness.—Sarah Warren, 1816." "Is the spirit of that family in Gilbert Street?" was asked:—"I was of the Warrens of Howland Street." "Have you anything to communicate?" "No. Salutation and Peace!"

The following was written the same evening. It is a sample of many others which I do not transcribe, showing the diversity of spirits about us. "The Christian sympathises with miserable man; O, extend your sympathy to the spirit who is in darkness!" "Whence your darkness?" "A cruel destiny. Trial is hard to man but harder to spirit." "Your name?" "To tell my name would do no service. Will you pray? Bring the Bible." It was brought. "Read the Lord's Prayer." It was read. "Take a chapter and explain it." "I am not a preacher." "Some men explain better than spirits. You have explained to some who have been with you: have compassion on me." "You have the Lord's Prayer." "True, I have, and will use it." "How do I know that you do not come in mockery?" "Say not so. Some do, but not I." "Why not apply to some spiritual guide?" "Why do I not? Because I am not sought by such guides." No one made any observation to this. "Say, farewell.—William Thornton." No one present knew any one so named. The next evening, another communication of a somewhat different kind, also from a stranger.

Dec. 13th.—"Samuel Cooper. My dear friends, I greet you in the name of the Lord. This is an opportunity I have long sought. The desire of informing fellow-creatures of the state of existence into which they are passing is great in the mind of a spirit who loves them." In answer to questions, the spirit wrote that he was the editor of *Mason Good's Medicine*. "Are your views," I asked, "in physiology and medicine changed?"

"Spirits are oblivious of the subjects which to them were engrossing in the earth-life. The topic I would enter upon is that of spiritual existence." Mrs. D. was at the moment suffering from facial neuralgia, and said, if the spirit was a physician, he would perhaps have the goodness to suggest a better remedy than what she was then using. "Chloroform will mitigate severity of pain. My opinion is that you should take a dose on lying down and repeat it if occasion arises." Which would be better to take regularly, asked the patient: the clairvoyante recommends *calcarea*, and Dr. V. *belladonna*? "That which has been recommended by the clairvoyante may be suitable to your constitution; the physician takes a view suggested by experience, and it should be brought under the clairvoyante's notice. The suggestions of experience ought never to be disregarded." "Did you know the homœopathic system?" "I watched the practice of Dr. Quin. I saw enough to convince me that there was truth in it. Surgery was my department, and I had no occasion to devote study to a new advance in medical practice." "Was Dr. Cooper old?" asked Mrs. D. I said that he must have been, for he was an author of repute when I was a boy. The writing resumed:—"The life of man is short at the longest. The time for preparing for eternity is but a fraction of that which is illimitable: my dear friends, make the most of that fraction for the sake of the whole. The first regret the spirit feels, when regret is felt, as it was by me, is that opportunities have been LOST, which can never be regained, of sacredly preparing the soul for its end and object—existence nearer to its Father—GOD. Sacred indeed is the preparation required for such an approximation to the Divine Author of our existence. Sacred indeed the preparation for fraternizing with the good and wise who have gone before us into the nearer fields of peace with GOD. Let me then exhort you, dear friends, to keep this end ever before you; and to think of it whenever you are harrassed with those annoyances and cares which are incidental to the earthly life. The cares of the earthly life are multiplied by you unnecessarily. The life of earth is but the conscious commencement of an endless circle of circles. Though we should like to continue, we have to remember that time with you has to be observed. Farewell for the present.—Samuel Cooper."

The following evening, this was written:—"James Solly.—Dear friends, a time is coming to all, when you will return to the realms from whence came your souls. To be prepared for that should be your daily and hourly object. Small comfort will it be, should you then say that the opportunity you and all have is lost, as Samuel Cooper said of himself. Samuel Cooper is a good spirit, with wasted opportunities. The subject of spiritual

existence—the life of the soul in another state of being—is worthy of a better thinker than I am ; but I may be allowed to express my thought that it is the very highest that can engage your attention.” Then came, almost without a break, the name and communication. “Tod.—Again, my dear friend, I come to you, after a protracted absence. Oh, what have I not seen ! The excellent work of God, as exhibited in nature, is nothing to the glorious expanse in spiritual ether, of which I scorned the testimony when on earth. I wrote through the medium at Hoxton some time ago, that the old sins had to be repented of—and they are repented of now. Sin is only forgiven from repentance before God ; and I am repentant and forgiven. Sarah D., who is your guardian, and the inter-agent of communication between me and you now, hopes you will give a prayer for me at times.” To the observation, that I had done so, was written :—“ So you have, and my gratitude is unspeakable. Prayer is the means of relegating us to God, who have lost our mainhold on his grace. Christ is the medium between man and God on earth, and I denied him there, and thus lost my *rapport* with the Father.”

Upon these latter communications I would remark, that the spirits might be on the same intellectual plane. J. Solly, in a previous one, not transcribed, declared himself to have been a surgeon, but unknown to me. He usually addressed B. L., whose father, he said, he knew. Tod was also a surgeon, an old acquaintance of mine. The communication alluded to by him was written three years before, about three months after his decease. As I have already said, readers will make their own comments upon what is written : I chronicle what I do only as communications.

I now found the writing, for a time, very rare on holding the pencil or pen ; but I felt the admonitory vibration in my arm on retiring to rest, or on waking in the morning : on then placing my left hand under my finger I could distinguish the writing by my sense of touch, as well as by the formed characters through that of sight, and I transcribed it on rising. On referring to the record, I find, mingled here and there, with the staple moral and religious sentences, spoken of at my commencement, advice about health, and recommendations to alter my position in accordance with my altered views. These recommendations I did not regard, because I did not see their reasonableness ; yet it is striking, looking back, to find that they have been carried out by an unanticipated course of events. These are some of the sentences mentioned :—“ Until the Son of God shines upon the soul of man it remains in darkness.” “ The love of Christ to the soul is as the warmth of the sun to the earth.” “ May the spirit of God illumine the dark side of our souls !” “ Satan is the principle of

evil, which is in man from the impulses of self." "May the spirit of God ever, ever help you to emerge from darkness to light!" "Cultivate love on the ground of spirit; such love never dies: so love one another, and love our memory."

March 27th, 1859.—This morning I awoke with the representation on my mind of a boundless expanse of stars, interlaced with rays of electrical light, proceeding from a point central and supernal; these stars being interlaced with paler rays. The conception then seemed to enter my mind of these stars being peopled by beings endowed with self-activity, good flowing to them from voluntary self-subordination to Deity, the supreme centre,—evil from the contrary. Feeling the admonitory vibration, I held my finger to my left hand, and the following was written:—"O, God, creator of all mankind! maker of all worlds! grant to this thy servant more and more light to see and understand thy admirable works.—Matilda." "My dear son, I have long endeavoured to impress your mind with this picture. The admirable work of Jesus Christ's mediation is impossible for me to express by any signs. My dear son, you much need repose of mind and body: we are much and often concerned about you. Farewell. May God give you the light to guide you into a more tranquil way of gaining your daily bread.—Matilda." I would remark that Matilda was not my mother's earthly name; but, through other mediums besides myself, she thus designates herself: some of them who are seers, describing her exactly. Through another medium, she communicated that this, her spiritual name, expresses one of her offices. She is not the only spirit who, writing through my hand, has signed other than her earthly name.

The reflection came to me, on transcribing Matilda's communication, that if a spirit can impress the mind magnetically with such images, a spirit of a lower kind might affect it in like manner with its images. Might this be one of the processes of temptation? According to the state of mind which we cherish, so may we not be unconsciously facilitating the mental *rapport* of this or that order of spirits?

April 2nd.—Meditating this morning on the subject of temptation, and thinking that as we depart interiorly from evil we lessen the necessity for the discipline of temptation,—this was written:—"My dear son, some are led into temptation by their own sensuality,—some, by being under the direct control of evil spirits." More was written, which afterwards escaped me: all except this conclusion. "Dear son, say the Lord's Prayer. * * * Some have heard it who would have might to lead you into temptation this day." Then followed a benediction.

April 4th.—My wife had to-day, from cold, a return of her

facial neuralgia; thinking whether I could change the remedy with advantage, I perceived the intimation to write, and this came:—"Magnetism directed upon the gum would ease the pain. Depend upon it, and Matilda will help." I asked, "From the mouth off at the shoulders?" "The simple downward pass." "Would not *dulcamara* be better than *belladonna* for medicine?" "No; but give *aconite* also: a dose alternately every hour. You will be better soon." The pain abated under the hand, and what remained disappeared with the medicine.

Looking at these latter communications, I hoped I had at length struck into a better vein, if I may use such a term. But next morning this was written:—"I come in God's name. Charitably receive a wandering spirit. Say the Lord's Prayer in my behalf. Momentary grief and deception made me rush untimely into the presence of my Maker." I did so. Then followed:—"Thanks, my good friend. A speedier means of grace already opens itself to me. May God reward you. Farewell."

Scraps akin to this came now from time to time for a fortnight; the writing with the pen having also returned. I transcribe a few, which are suggestive of thought:—

April 7th.—"Many spirits see your mind—your many, many ——. Some see the soul, some the spirit, some the brain. O God, Father of all, sinners as well as saints, grant thy grace that all may come out of their darkness! Light the torch of love in their hearts! Dear son, I am here.—Matilda."

April 12th.—"Some mourning repentant sinners ask you to say the Lord's Prayer in their behalf." This I did. Then:—"Matilda.—My dear son, lay down the pen." At night, after retiring to rest, similar writing, interrupted by the same injunction.

April 13th.—"To-day, I felt at every quiet moment, the writing-vibration, but requiring that any writing should be preceded by the formula, it as often went off. It was written at last, followed by the injunction, "Lay down the hand.—Sarah D."

April 19th.—"Another set of influences seemed now to come into operation. This was written:—"I believe that Jesus Christ lifted the veil between God and man. Lay down the hand and reflect upon this."

April 23rd.—"Live in the life of the Lord Jesus Christ.—Matilda." "Seek the Lord in all your ways.—Sarah D."

April 27th.—"Doubts and difficulties are the lot of all. Anxieties about trifles injure mind and body. Have faith in God, and all goes well. Love God more than yourselves. Almighty God! May my dear sister be more reconciled to thy will.—Lydia."

April 29th.—This morning I awoke with another mental representation. I seemed to be within a little temple whose pillars and cupola shone with star-like light; the walls were translucent, and through them I saw that my temple was one of an infinite number arranged symmetrically in a vast all-inclusive temple, of which each little temple was a miniature representation. Each little temple, while it had its own light, seemed to be a sharer of the light of its neighbours, while all were more or less penetrated by the light of the all-containing one. I felt the vibration in my arm, and the sentence was again written:—"O Lord, grant to thy servant here more and more light to see and understand thy admirable works.—Matilda." The ideas seemed to rise in my mind,—Microcosms in the Macrocosm. Man is a temple not made with hands. Man is made in the image of God. Man is the image of, and contained in God. Next morning was written:—"The flesh is the temple dwelt in by the spirit. The spirit, to use the term, you understand, monadially builds its temple.—Sommering."

Having entered this in my diary, I felt the vibration in my arm, and this was written, shewing how little my thought or expectation was concerned:—"In the name of God, my good merciful man, pray for the aged sinner who departed your sphere on the second day of this month, Fenning by name—the Sinner." I knew no Fenning. I think, now, that he might have wanted to let in a little of the light, such as it may be, from my temple into his own. This may be one way of interpreting such requests.

May 1st.—I find this memorandum. After waking, with a mental representation (which I did not note down), the following thought in correspondence with it infused itself into my mind:—Salvation results from the polarization of the soul to Christ, and thus medially to the Father, rather than of treading at a distance in his footsteps as after an Exemplar. Having recorded this thought, the arm-vibration came on, and this was written:—"My dear son, K. might have a similar demonstration if he would simply place himself in a state of receptiveness by prayer and contemplation. God sees the hearts and souls of all; and he sends messengers of love and wisdom according to the state of those of his children, who thus pray to him.—Matilda." K. was an acquaintance, who, before his conversion to a belief in immortality through witnessing the facts of Spiritualism, wrote a book, demonstrating, to his own satisfaction, that religions did not arise among men through revelations. When I told him that I preferred, for good reasons, not to receive communications, except from spirits who declared they were Christians, he was out of patience with me; but still he would call at times to have a look at my communication-book.

To-day I have an injunction, signed by my mother, against holding the pen during the day, because it drew too much upon my magnetism.

May 8th.—This day I have the following, instead of, as I wished, something in relation to medicine:—"O God, Father of all, grant unto thy creatures all they need for keeping in the path that leads to Thee! Gracious Lord, do as seemeth best to thee with thy servant; draw him to thee, and make him more relying upon thy Providence and Divine guidance! Take the Saviour's advice. Love one another. Farewell."

May 16th.—Yesterday I had seen the last of an old patient, who had shortened his earthly days by intemperance. This was written:—"Sad and sorrowful,—oh, how sorrowful! My good sir, say to dear, religious, wise Miss B. that she ought to pray for her old sinning blind master, whom madness made a drinker. Say the Lord's Prayer." Miss B. assisted in his business in the absence of his wife, who was insane.

May 19th.—I had taken my watch from the pocket at the bed-head, and in replacing it, it dropped from my hand. To my surprise I did not hear it fall, for there was a space of some inches between the bed and the wall. Looking, I saw it resting on the projecting end of the mattress,—just wide enough to receive it. Speculating upon how it was that, falling where it did, it had not rebounded and fallen, I felt the arm-vibration, and it was written:—"Some spirits move articles by direct handling, others by magnetic agency; by the latter, the watch was directed to the place where it fell safely.—Matilda."

BAPTISM AND THE LAYING ON OF HANDS: THEIR PHILOSOPHY AND USES.

BY A. E. NEWTON.

BAPTISM, or the application of water in some form as a religious rite, has been practised as a part of various religious systems, apparently from the earliest antiquity. Hindoos, Buddhists, Egyptians, Hebrews, Christians, Mahometans, and others, have, with remarkable unanimity, concurred in recognizing the value and sacredness of this ceremonial. It has been practised in the form of sprinkling, effusion, ablution, or immersion, and by some observed once only, at the outset of a religious life; by others as an oft repeated means of advancement in the same. As a symbol of moral and spiritual cleansing—of the putting away of the pollutions of an evil life, and the entering upon a new and purer one—or even of a change from one religious faith to

another—it is so natural and appropriate as to need no explanation. The human mind, with perhaps now and then an exception, delights in symbols, or visible representations of invisible realities. It is no cause of wonder then that so simple and obvious a rite should have become so prevalent among mankind. Its origin implies no special interposition of Deity; nor is the rite in itself invested with any peculiar sacredness. Its sanctity, like that of any other act, depends upon its genuineness. Does it represent, or is it attended by, a *real* purification of life and heart? If so, it is a “sacred” rite; if not, it is a sham and a mockery. There is, however, so natural and intimate a correspondence between physical cleanliness and moral purity, that where the first is neglected, the second can hardly be supposed to exist. “Cleanliness is akin to godliness,” said the keen-sighted founder of Methodism. If, therefore, frequent ablutions be not practised as a religious formality, it is evident they are a necessity to a pure and true life.

But it is my design to refer more particularly to baptism as accompanied by the serious “laying on of hands” by a person officiating. Has this ceremony any significance or value beyond that of a mere symbolic representation? It has now come to be well known that every living organism, and especially the human body, is a laboratory of vital forces, which it is constantly imparting in the form of emanations, aromas, or atmospheres, which affect at least all other bodies proximate to it. Something like this is true of all inanimate bodies even. Sir David Brewster (a good authority in matters of *material* science, however unreliable he may be when *spiritual* facts are in question) tells us that “All bodies throw off emanations, in greater or less size, and with greater or less velocities; these particles enter more or less into the pores of solid and fluid bodies, sometimes resting upon their surfaces, and sometimes permeating them altogether.” If this be true of all inanimate objects, it must be more markedly so of animate and active organisms; and these emanations must increase in power and intensity as the organism rises in the scale of being—culminating in man, the highest of all. Professor Hitchcock, an American scientific author of note, says, in a Treatise on “The Telegraphic System of the Universe,” (*Religion of Geology*, pp. 409—444),—“There is an electric influence excited and propagated by almost every muscular effort, every chemical change within us, every varying state of health or vigor and especially by every mental effort. . . . The stronger the emotion, the greater the change.” And again: “We may be sure that an influence goes out from every thought and volition of ours, and reaches every other intellect in the wide creation.”

Such are the teachings of the doctors of physical science; and

these facts are fraught with consequences of great moment to the student of spiritual truth. These emanations from human beings, as from all other bodies, may be supposed to differ in quality with every different person; and it is by distinguishing them, by means of an acute sense of smell, that the dog is able to trace his master's footsteps through the street where hundreds of others may have passed. So there are sensitive persons (and many "spiritual mediums," so called, are such) who are able to distinguish these different emanations; and by means of them some can delineate, with surprising accuracy, the mental peculiarities, moral characteristics, and physical conditions, healthful or otherwise, of persons who may be unknown to them, from simply holding in the hand or on the forehead a scrap of such person's writing or any article that has been carried about them. Persons who do this are called *psychometers* (*soul-measurers*). Facts of this character have become very familiar to experienced investigators of modern spiritual and psychical phenomena.

Again, the arms and hands of the human body appear to be the natural poles of impartation of these subtle emanations,—or, perhaps, more correctly, the right hand is the positive or impartive pole, and the left hand the negative or receptive pole. Even the ordinary galvanometer employed in the researches of physical science has been made to detect a current from these poles. Says Prof. Hitchcock, in the remarkable work already quoted:—"Substitute a man in the place of a galvanic battery, making his two hands the electrodes, and there will go out from him an electric current that shall sensibly deflect the needle of a galvanometer, an instrument employed for shewing the presence of small portions of electricity."

The effect of passing the hands of certain persons over others in producing magnetic sleep, and mental exaltation, has been well known since the days of Mesmer. Sensitive persons (who are, in fact, *living galvanometers*) feel sensations akin to those produced by an electric or galvanic battery, when they take the hands of certain others, or when hands are laid upon them. I have met with those who received a shock equal to that of a powerful battery, on my extending my hand to them for the customary salutation, and who have been obliged to make repeated attempts before they could succeed in grasping the proffered member. In fact, the very reason and use of the custom of shaking hands lies in the mutual exchange thereby of vital magnetisms—the very life-essence of friend imparted to friend in the hearty grip. Thousands of persons in this country (America) can testify to the removal of pain and the cure of various ills of the flesh as the result (more or less immediate) of the imposition of hands by those who have the "gift of healing;" and this gift

all possess, in some degree, who are possessed of healthful vitality, with a benevolent disposition to impart the same to others.

One fact more: it has been found that the special feelings, or the mental faculties most in exercise at a given time, impart a corresponding quality in predominance to the emanations given off at that time, so that an acute psychometer will detect feelings of sorrow or joy, pain or pleasure, or perceive any special activity of the intellectual, the devotional, or other faculties, that may have existed at the time a piece of writing was executed, or an article handled, &c.

These facts go to shew that an actual substantive *something* is capable of being imparted from one person to another, more especially through the instrumentality of the hands, and that the *something* possesses a dynamic force, tending to produce, in the one who receives, the same feelings, emotions, activities, &c., as exist in the one who imparts. Here, then, we have a basis for a *philosophy* of the religious rite of baptism when attended by the imposition of hands, as well as of the laying on of hands for consecratory and healing purposes.

The *rationale* of these acts is simply this. The healer, possessing an abundance of healthful vitality, of a refined and penetrating quality, imparts the same through the hands to the sufferer; this, as a real, potential agent, permeates the system, arouses and co-operates with the latent recuperative forces therein existing,—obstructions are removed, and the causes of pain and disease to a greater or less extent overcome. Experience has shewn that the use of water in which to dip or moisten the hands of the operator increases the effect, probably on account of the well-known qualities of this element as a *conductor* of electricity and like agents. So the priest or minister officiating in the rite of baptism, or consecrations of any kind, imparts an actual substance to the candidate. If we have attained to a higher condition of moral and spiritual culture than the subject of the rite, (as is usually supposed to be the case) he is pervaded by a correspondingly purer, and more divinely spiritual aura, (magnetism or vital force) which, in the solemn rite, is poured in a concentrated current through the hands upon the person of the recipient. The use of water upon the hands will increase the effect, for the same reason mentioned above; while at the same time it is a proper visible symbol of the invisible purifying agent. Thus a new spiritual force is actually imparted to the subject, which, if cherished and co-operated with, will work within to bring him into a like spiritual condition with the priest, or minister, whatever that may be. If the latter be "a good man full of the Holy Ghost," the same will be imparted, and may come as a

baptism of celestial aura, to penetrate and purify the whole being; if a hypocrite, a sensualist, or a wolf in sheep's clothing, these same qualities will characterize the aroma imparted, and will be likely to be propagated to all who pass under his unholy hands.

More than this: every person, and especially every representative of a religious body, as a priest or clergyman, is no doubt surrounded by, or in spiritual *rapport* with, a body or society of spiritual beings of like faith and character with himself. This results from the law of association, of like-seeking like. Persons who have been the strong adherents of any sect in this world, on entering the other are naturally attracted together, and thus form a society or body of that sect in the world of spirits, to which doubtless they continue to adhere, until in time, perhaps, they expand into a larger and more catholic faith,—a faith which is above all sects while it preserves the truths of all. Thus it is that there are sects of religionists in the spirit-world,—Roman Catholics, Greeks, Lutherans, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists, &c., as well as Jews, Mahometans, Brahmins, Buddhists, Fohites, and all the rest. That it is so, is the united testimony of seers who have penetrated the veil of the unseen world, from Swedenborg to the present time. These societies in the spirit-world naturally seek to concentrate their influence upon their more especial representatives in this world. A priest, then, or teacher of any sect, becomes in fact a channel or medium, in proportion to his degree of impressibility, for the transmission of potent influences from the realm of spirit for the advancement of that particular sect in this world. This accounts for the undoubted evidences of spirit interposition, at some period of its history, which almost every religious persuasion is able to cite in favour of its peculiar faith or practice. The error has been in regarding these spiritual interpositions as direct manifestations of the Divine Spirit, and therefore infallible confirmations of the dogmas or rituals of such sects; whereas they only indicate the favour and co-operation of the particular societies of spirits with which such sects are in *rapport*. The subtile influences or auras thus infused from the spirit-world, through priests, clergymen, and other mediums, are no doubt a powerful means of affecting the minds and acts of men. The scenes of the late "Revival" in Ireland, the "Preaching Mania" in Sweden, the famous "Kentucky Revival" in the United States, and the somewhat common occurrences of Methodist Camp Meetings, may be regarded as examples of spiritual influences, proceeding unquestionably from sources such as have been named. In so far, however, as these influences, through whomsoever administered, are really purifying, elevating, and ennobling to humanity, so far are they truly baptisms of the

“Holy Spirit,” that benign and all-potent agency which, ever and through all, is working to make all things new.

Gifts, or capabilities, of various kinds, can be imparted or quickened by the laying on of hands. Repeatedly have I witnessed the transferring, by this process, of the gift of spirit-seeing, of symbolic vision, of mechanical writing and other forms of mediumship, from one person to another who had never before enjoyed the same. Doubtless, in such cases, the faculties for the exercise of such gifts already exist in a latent condition,—the infusion of an aura of the proper quality of quickening the same into activity more or less permanent. There was then neither superstition nor miracle implied in the words of Paul to Timothy, “Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of hands of the presbytery.”

I was present, by invitation, not long since, at a private baptismal service, performed at the house of a neighbour, in which these truths were illustrated and confirmed in a most beautiful and unanticipated manner. The parties were connected with one of the popular religious sects,—the husband and father being on the confines of the other world, and desirous of having this long neglected rite administered to his two children before his departure. The officiating clergyman, though connected as above stated, was an impressible man, of Catholic tendencies, and a believer in spirit-intercourse, yet wholly unconscious of what I am about to describe. By my side was a person who at times enjoys the high privilege of a very lucid opening of spiritual vision; and on this occasion a scene of profound interest and significance was most unexpectedly presented to her view.—During the preliminary devotions, she saw a large circle of shining ones gathered above the little company, among whom were departed friends and ancestors of the family, with others whose countenances beamed with celestial radiance. At first, all seemed to concentrate their influence upon the clergyman, to prepare him for the service. Then, as he proceeded to dip his hands in the baptismal font, and lay them upon the head of the elder child, two bright ones, a male and a female spirit, stood forth from the throng and solemnly assumed the offices of spiritual god-father and god-mother to the child,—engaging to attend and guard it at all times, and to use their best endeavours to guide its feet in the way of truth and heaven. And in doing this, they so placed themselves as to *infuse through the clergyman’s hands their own personal magnetisms into the child*,—that, by means of the magnetic connection thus formed, they might be able thereafter to approach more intimately and to influence more powerfully their little ward. A similar scene was witnessed in connection with the younger child,—another pair of radiant ones presenting themselves and

assuming the same responsible offices in its behalf. And it was shown to the seer that the earlier in life such a connection with invisible guardians is established, the more potent the influence held over the child; because the latter is in a more receptive and plastic condition, and has imbibed less of conflicting influences from other sources,—hence the spiritual aura infused penetrates more deeply and pervades more fully every avenue of the being.

Doubtless what was witnessed on this occasion was but the counterpart of what transpires, unseen by mortals, at every like administration. At least, it is easy to believe what is so worthy to be true, as manifesting the interest of angelic hosts in the children of earth. It is evident that this rite may be and doubtless has been used as an instrumentality of evil,—as when it is applied to the holding of minds in bondage to narrow and superstitious ecclesiasticisms. But, being based in a law of our being, it may also be employed for the nobler purpose of aiding and strengthening the weak and tempted,—of guiding the young and wayward in the onward and upward path.

The church, for the most part, equally with the heathen world, has practised this rite from prescription, or in blind obedience to authority, supposing some mysterious value to be arbitrarily attached to its observance by the pleasure of Deity. Blind obedience may be very proper during the stage of childish ignorance; but when light and wisdom have come, it is time to “put away childish things,” and to act as men and women from an intelligent understanding of intrinsic uses. The church of the future will differ from that of the past, in that it will substitute rational conviction for blind faith, and the demonstrations of science for the commands of authority. Yet in the order of nature and of Providence, intuition, authoritative revelation, and faith, necessarily precede observation, science and philosophy,—as childhood precedes manhood. We need not, then, quarrel with the past, though we set our faces hopefully to the future.

SOME NEW PHYSICAL FACTS.

WE have received the following from a lady in whose testimony we place entire confidence, and though we are not at liberty to publish her name, we feel safe in asking the reader to give the facts stated by her implicit belief. They are especially valuable as occurring in private life, amongst persons who disbelieved their possibility, and without the presence of any publicly-known medium:—

“SIR,—As I am a believer in the truth of spirit-manifestations, and also of their proceeding from the Divine Author of all

good, I am anxious that the truth which I have found so full of comfort to myself, should be spread abroad for the benefit of others. To add my mite, therefore, to the evidence on the subject which you have already collected, I enclose an account of two *séances* at which I attended last June. They seem to me to differ sufficiently from the ordinary manifestations to be worthy of notice, and, perhaps, of insertion in your magazine. I must request that my name may not appear; but if it would be likely to add weight to the account, you are at liberty to state that it is from a lady of rank, well known in society.

"One morning, last June, I spoke to a lady, who chanced to call, on the subject of Spiritualism, of which she had previously heard nothing. I proposed our then sitting together at a table, when I found that this lady, or, perhaps, our united atmospheres possessed strong medium power. We agreed to meet for a *séance* at the house of a mutual friend, an unbeliever in spirit-manifestations; and it was at this gentleman's house, and afterwards at mine, that the following phenomena occurred:—

"The first *séance* was on the 11th of June. Besides the lady above-mentioned and myself, there were five other persons present—three gentlemen and two ladies—none *but myself* being believers in spirit-manifestations. At first we sat round the dining table, but soon we found that neither a circle nor hands on the table were necessary to produce phenomena. In addition to the usual manifestations where there is strong medium-power, such as those of a heavy table being lifted, chairs moved, &c., my bracelet, necklace, and ear-rings, were taken from my arms, neck, and ears, and carried about the room. My chair was gently tilted back, and I was taken by unseen hands and placed on the floor, and an arm chair was moved for my head to rest on. The hands were felt so tangibly, that in order to test their material power, I requested that my arms should be pinched: it was done harder and harder, as I desired, till I could not bear stronger pressure. In the morning there were bruises from finger marks on my arms. My left hand was then held, and sprinkled, till quite wet, with a strange and most delicious perfume, which scented the whole room. It was like the scent of fresh flowers, but strange and different from any known to me. The perfume remained on my dress for several days. There were paper and pencils on the table, and the words, "Be faithful and true," were written in the well-known hand of a very dear friend, now passed from earth. We heard sounds as of some person whistling, and then singing; and, finally, on one of the party repeating the Lord's Prayer, it was echoed by murmuring voices round the room. At the next *séance*, the power appeared so strong that I requested to be lifted up to the ceiling; and I was almost immediately raised in my

chair from the ground, gently and gradually, to the ceiling, on which I wrote my initials, and was then brought down to my place so gently, that I felt no jarring sensation. When the chair reached the ground, it was, by my desire, taken up to the ceiling a second time, when I added a large cross to my initials. My head-dress was then taken off and placed on the head of a person standing at the other end of the room. My hair was smoothed by warm flesh-like hands, and then plaited.

"Notes and chords were then struck on the piano; and, to our great astonishment, "Home, Sweet Home" and "Rousseau's Dream" were played by unseen hands. No one being near the piano. An air from the opera of Norma was whistled most beautifully and clearly. It sounded like a duet on the flageolet. I then went, being desired in the usual way by raps, to the piano, and played the "Portuguese Hymn" and "Pestal." I was accompanied by the most exquisite voices; two others joined in chorus at times. We could not distinguish words, but the melody was perfect, and full of expression.

"I have mentioned only the chief phenomena, as the other manifestations of hands seen, furniture moved without any one being near, flowers brought from an adjoining room, &c., &c., have been often described. All present on these occasions witnessed, and can corroborate the accuracy of my statement; and as, until these manifestations left them no power to discredit the evidence of their senses, none were believers in direct *spirit-communion*, their present convictions of its truth proves how conclusive they found that evidence. At these *séances*, although the lamps were lowered, and the candles extinguished, the room was not dark; and while the concert of voices was proceeding we re-lighted the candles, which did not stop or interfere with the singing. Each person present had some manifestation addressed to him or herself; but I have only described those which I experienced or which seemed intended for us all.

"I have briefly described two *séances* of merely physical manifestations of spirit-power, because they alone are of general interest; but it is not from these that a Spiritualist derives consolation and instruction. No doubt they are important in arousing scientific inquiry, and have been the means of awaking many from the dark slumber of Materialism. But it is from the comforting and admonitory communications received from those passed away from mortal life that real consolation and peace is bestowed; and I am thankful to be able to add my experience to those who testify of the Scriptural and holy nature of the communications received.

"P."

DR. CAMPBELL'S, "CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER."

IN the *British Standard*, of August 14th, is a long and temperate review of Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural*, in which Dr. Campbell thus sums up "the conclusion of the whole matter:—"

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: we believe in the existence of angels and of devils, in the existence of the spirits of men both good and bad; we believe that all are capable of acting in their disembodied state on the minds of men still in the flesh; we believe in the possibility of intercourse between man and these disembodied intelligences, whether good or bad; we believe, on the authority of Scripture, that spirits are capable of entering human bodies, of speaking through them and acting in them; and hence we believe in the possibility of spirits operating on matter in the way of rapping out the letters of the alphabet, or in the way of writing with the pencil. We see nothing in Scripture or in the nature of the case that militates against these conclusions. All that we require is proof, *indubitable, sensible proof, from our own eyes and ears*. On that condition we at once give full credence. We would also treat respectfully the testimony of intelligent, upright, and honourable men; but we should require personal experience to work out complete conviction.

This is a limit beyond which our judgments cannot go: we attach no importance to mere material movements such as Mr. Home's flight in the air, or pieces of furniture being moved or suspended: we set no value on anything apart from *intelligence*. If a harp, a piano, an accordion, or any instrument shall send forth sweet music apart from human hands, we at once acknowledge the presence of *intelligent power*. The tying of knots on handkerchiefs and the removal of objects from one place to another, and such-like things, in their measures demand the same recognition. The principle applies with the utmost force to table-talking. That is an affair involved in the deepest mystery. We never saw but one exhibition of this sort ourselves, but it was certainly an extraordinary affair. We heard a multitude of questions put and answered of a character which required wisdom more than human. These are *indisputable facts, as attested by our own ears and eyes*. The source of that wisdom we know not; but the questions were beyond doubt correctly answered. On one point the intelligence appeared to be at fault. A question was put respecting a gentleman supposed to be in the country; this was denied, and he was affirmed by the table to be upon the premises. All present were surprised, deeming it a mistake; but on making enquiry he was found to be actually there! Explanation of such phenomena we have none to offer, but *we stand by the facts as here stated*.

MRS. FLETCHER'S "THOUGHTS ON COMMUNION WITH HAPPY SPIRITS."

IN accordance with the promise in the article on Mary Fletcher, of Madeley, in a former number,* we present the reflections given by her under the above heading. They were occasioned by her husband, the Rev. John Fletcher, having recently become one of those "happy spirits" with whom she delighted to hold "communion."

"He feels no more from the fear of losing me. Perhaps he is nearer to me than ever! Perhaps he sees me continually, and, under God, guards and keeps me. Perhaps he knows my very thoughts. The above reflections, though under a *perhaps*, give me some help; but could they be confirmed by reason, and, above

* *Spiritual Magazine*, No. 4, Vol. IV.

all, by Scripture, they would yield me much consolation. I will try if I can find this solid ground for them.

“ It appears to me no way contrary to *reason* to believe that the happy departed spirits see and know all they would wish and are divinely permitted to know. In this Mr. Wesley is of the same mind, (from whose writings I shall borrow some of my ideas,) and that they are concerned for the dear fellow-pilgrims whom they have left behind. I cannot but believe they are; and though death is the boundary we cannot see through, they who have passed the gulf may probably see us. Some small insects can see but a little way; an apple would appear to them a mountain; but we can see a thousand of them at once, crawling on what we call a small spot of earth. When an infant is born into this world, how many senses, till then locked up, are on a sudden brought into action! and could the child reflect, a variety of new ideas would be awakened, by which it would discern such a capacity of becoming useful and comfortable to its mother, as it never before had any conception of. It could have no communion with her but by one sense, that of feeling; but now it is enabled both to see, hear, and to make itself heard by her. There was an apparent separation from the mother; but in reality, it has gained a more valuable possession, which every day increases its ability of entering into her thoughts, and bearing a part in all her feelings. And may we not suppose, if the use of sight and hearing, as well as the powers of understanding, are so improved by our birth into this lower world, that some powers analogous to the above are, at least, equally opened on the entrance of a spirit into a heavenly state; though perhaps small in the beginning, like the infant, compared with the measure that is to follow? Nor doth it seem contrary to reason to suppose that a spirit in glory can turn its eye with as much ease, and look on any object below, as a mother can look through a window and see the actions of her children in a court underneath it. If bodies have a language by which they can convey their thoughts to each other, though sometimes at a distance, have spirits no language, think you, by which they can converse with our spirits, and, by impressions on the mind, speak to us as easily as before they did by the tongue? And what can interrupt either the presence, communion, or sight of a spirit?

‘ Walls within walls no more its passage bar,
Than unopposing space of liquid air.’

“ But may not our reasonable ideas be much strengthened by Scripture? Some encouragement on this head I have lately drawn from the account of Elijah and Elisha (though I do not offer this as a proof, but rather as an illustration); for, as Elijah was to enter glory without passing through death, it is probable

he was favoured before with more than common intercourse and communion with the world of spirits; as we see in the works of Providence there is a gradual ascent: and I rather believe this from some passages in his story. Near the time of his translation, it was revealed to the sons of the Prophets, who said to Elisha, 'Knowest thou that thy master shall be taken from thy head to-day?' But to Elijah himself, perhaps, it was revealed long before; and it seems to me, he referred to this when he was in the deserts of Arabia, under the juniper-tree (1 Kings, xix.,) where he requested for himself that he might die; saying to this effect, 'It is enough, Lord; I am not better than my fathers. The Prophets before me have sealed thy truth with their blood, and why should I be exempt from the common lot of man? I had rather die and come to thee *now*? Why should I live any longer? Thou hast enabled me to maintain thy cause against the worshippers of Baal; yet my word hath little weight with them. They have slain thy Prophets, and I only am left, and they seek my life to take it away. Let them have it; for it is far better for me to depart and to be with Thee.' However, quite resigned to the will of God, he lays him down to sleep, till awaked by an angel of the Lord, who bids him arise, and take the refreshment a watchful Providence had provided for him.—Here we have no account of any alarming fear. He doth not, like Daniel, fall down as one dead; nor, like Zacharias and the shepherds, become sore afraid; but after a moderate repast, he lies down to sleep again, and then receives a second visit from his bright messenger, for aught we see, with the same steady calmness as before. From which I am led to suppose he was accustomed to such communications.

"When his faith had gathered strength by his miraculous preservation, forty days and nights without food, full of holy expectation he arrives at Horeb, waiting a further manifestation of the glory of God, as Moses, the *giver* of the law, had done in this very place before him.—Nor can we suppose this illustrious *restorer* of the law could be totally forgetful of that prayer, 'Lord I beseech thee, show me thy glory!' The place would remind him of the great discoveries made there. What intercourse he might have with the spirit of Moses, we know not; but it is certain they knew each other some time after on Mount Tabor. Waiting thus, like his great predecessor, for a time, the glory of the Lord was displayed before him, and the question put, 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' In his answer to which he seems to intimate, 'I have nothing to do *here*. Israel has departed from thy ways, and why should I abide on earth any longer? Let me *now* come up!' As a pledge, his prayer is heard; he is commanded to anoint Elisha, to remain a prophet in his room. And

when the appointed time was come, walking with Elisha, he seems desirous of being alone, (perhaps the powers of darkness now made their last assault, endeavouring to shake his faith with regard to the great event just ready to take place,) and bids his friend again and again to tarry behind. But Elisha, unwilling to lose any part of his blessing, answers, 'As the Lord liveth, and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee.' He then asks him, 'What shall I do for thee before I am taken away?' Elisha answers, 'Let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me.' To which Elijah replies, 'Thou hast asked a hard thing.' Now, if a double portion of holiness was all Elisha meant, it was an odd answer; for we know there are no limits to that petition. We may ask as much of the nature of God as we please, and he will do 'exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think.' And no doubt Elijah knew enough of the mind of God to know that. But might he not mean, 'Let me have the two portions of thy spirit; not only thy communion with God, but let my intellectual sight be opened as thine; let me also discern the heavenly company wherewith we are surrounded, and commune with 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' though as yet I only by faith behold the Gospel day?' This therefore did seem a hard thing; for, as Elisha was to die like other men, the Prophet might not know whether this favour was to be granted to him or not; and therefore, as referring to the thing itself, he says, (as it were,) 'If thou seest me when I am taken from thee,' when the spiritual change hath passed upon me, 'then it shall be so, and then thy inward sight will be opened. But if I become invisible to thee, as to the sons of the Prophets who stand afar off to gaze, it shall not be so. It is not the will of God concerning thee.' But the 'effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availed.' Elisha saw both him and his heavenly convoy, while the sons of the Prophets saw neither, and therefore went on the mountains to seek Elijah. And that this supernatural sight remained with Elisha we have reason to believe; for, being in Dothan, and surrounded with a great host come to take away his life, his servant said to him, 'Alas, master! what shall we do?' and the Prophet at once answered, 'They are more that be with us, than they that be with them;' adding, 'Lord open the young man's eyes, that he may see!' 'And the Lord opened the young man's eyes, and he saw; and, behold, the mountain was full of chariots and horses of fire round about Elisha.' It is remarkable, this spirit which rested on Elisha was more conspicuous than that which rested on Elijah,—perhaps to prevent the thought, that, though the man who was to enter heaven alive was thus favoured, no other must expect it. Nay, but God, who delights to confer his greatest favours on the weakest objects, can confer on us all

that which he bestowed on Elijah and Elisha. And if under that dark dispensation, why not in this Gospel day, concerning which it is foretold, 'Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams?'

"The Apostle tells us, 'We are not come to Mount Sinai,' where Israel both saw the power and heard the voice of God; 'but to Mount Sion,' where we have communion 'with the general assembly of angels, the church of the first-born, the spirits of just men made perfect with Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant;' yea, and have access 'to God, the Judge of all.' And were we better acquainted with the privileges of our dispensation, we should become in a more full manner inheritors with the saints in light. But though it is allowed we may have communion with angels, various are the objections raised against the belief of our communion with that other part of the heavenly family, the disembodied spirits of the just. I shall consider these objections one by one. Lord, help me in so doing! Let me at least strive to comprehend something of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the great victory obtained for us over death; give me to see a little into that truth, "We are brought from Mount Sinai to Mount Sion!"

"*Objection I.*—'If a good spirit loves those which it loved before, and is acquainted with all their proceedings, will not the sins and miseries of those they thus know and love render them unhappy, or at least mar their happiness in some degree?' I answer—There are two kinds of love. If the persons they loved continue sinners, there will doubtless be a separation of spirit; yet I believe a remembrance and a pity will continue. It is said of the Almighty that, 'it repented the Lord He had made man,' and that 'it grieved Him at the heart;' and again, that 'He was grieved with their manners in the wilderness forty years.' Nevertheless, His own immutable happiness was not interrupted thereby. Now, as the saints yet on earth are made partakers of the Divine nature, and much more 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' so I should imagine their happiness would, in that respect, remain as immutable as that of the holy angels does, when so many of their once dear companions they now daily behold as devils. I cannot let it into my thoughts, that ignorance makes up any part of celestial glory, or that forgetfulness can be entered into by their nearer approach to Him 'before whom all things are open and manifest,' and 'in whom is no darkness at all.' But if an entire alienation of affection from the wicked should be needful, that is no proof it is the same with the righteous; for, if the sins of obstinate sinners would afflict them, the growth of grace in the righteous would augment their joy: and our Lord Himself tells us, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."

If you say, 'But this joy is only among the angels,' I answer, Can we suppose those faithful attendants on the heirs of salvation so carefully to conceal this joy within their own bosoms, as to exclude the heavenly spirits who stand in a much nearer relation to us? Can we believe they have not all their joys in common? No, no! in the church of Jerusalem they proved that 'great grace was upon them all' by their community of goods. And shall our narrow hearts let in the thought, they have not all their joys in common in the church above? Yea, verily, 'the general assembly of angels, the church of the first-born, and the spirits of just men made perfect,' are but one innumerable company, concerning whom it may well be said,—

'Lift your eyes of faith and see
Saints and angels joined in one!
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne!'

If, then, there is joy throughout all the realms above, yea, 'more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance;' how evident it is to an impartial eye, that the state both of the one and the other must be known there, together with the progress of each individual!

"*Objection II.*—'Is not a spirit divested of the body become of a quite different nature from what it was before, so as to be incapable of the same feelings?' I answer, Certainly *no*; *the spirit is the man*. The spirit of my dear husband loved and cared for me, and longed above every other desire for my spiritual advancement. Now, if it were the body, why doth it not love me still? You answer, 'Because it is dead.' That is to say, the spirit is gone from it; therefore, that which loved me is gone from it. And what is that but the spirit, which actuated the body, as the clockwork does the hand which tells the hour? It therefore appears quite clear to me, that every right affection, sentiment, and feeling of mind we have been exercised in here, will remain in the spirit just the same *immediately after death*. Nevertheless, as with the righteous, heavenly light and love will daily grow stronger, and with the wicked will be an increasing darkness; so there may be, perhaps in a few days, a much greater change on the newly-glorified spirit, than in the understanding of a child in seven years. The point, therefore, to be considered is, 'Will not a continuance and growth in the heavenly state erase those affections and ideas so strongly impressed on the spirit at its first entrance therein?' To which I reply, As spiritual union arises from a communication of the love which flows from the heart of Christ, I cannot but believe a nearer approach to its centre, and a fuller measure of that divine principle, must increase and not diminish the union between

kindred souls; and that their change will consist, not in the loss, but in the improvement, of all that is good. Whatever agrees with the nature of heaven, cannot be destroyed, but increased, by their abode therein. Now are not *love* and *gratitude* natives of heaven, which dwell for ever there? If, in our present state, an abundance of grace is poured out on the soul, what is the effect? Doth it make us forgetful of kindnesses received? Doth it not rather raise the soul to such a pitch of gratitude, that it is ready to see favours where really there are none? And shall not the same love, when perfected in heaven, have the same effect in a more perfect degree? The mistake lies here: we forget that Christian love and union below are the same in kind, though not in degree, with those above; and we might as well suppose, that, when we enter into the realms of light, we shall plunge into darkness for want of the natural sun, as that Christian love and union must be destroyed by an abode in that kingdom where the very element we breathe shall be eternal love. Doubtless we shall know, and gratefully acknowledge, the ministering spirits who have served us here, and be sensible that gratitude is immortal, and does not change its sentiments with its place. I think all this is clear from those words of our Lord: 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that when ye fail on earth, they,' (*viz.*, those whom you have helped) 'may receive you into everlasting habitations.'

"*Objection III.*—'But are they not so taken up with admiring Jesus, as to lose every other affection in Him?' I answer, That love of Jesus which fills the soul with the admiration of his graces, is a love begotten by that which reigns in the heart of Christ himself; consequently, it is of the same nature. But is the love of Jesus a barren and inactive love? Did it produce in our Lord such an enjoyment of His own pure nature, or such a shutting up in the glories and delight of the Trinity, as to render Him forgetful of his creatures? Or did it bring Him down to 'die for His enemies, and receive gifts for the rebellious?' When a powerful effusion of grace is poured out on our souls, are we not then most willing and ready to help our neighbour, and to cry out with that good woman, Jane Muncy, 'Methinks I am all spirit! I have no rest day or night but in gathering souls to God.' Surely, then, we may with safety believe, that a holy disembodied spirit feels the same effect from a fuller effusion of the same love, and that as soon as he hears that word, 'I will give thee many things to be faithful over,' he immediately enters more fully than ever 'into the joy of his Lord;' which is the joy of doing his creatures good.

"*Objection IV.*—'But though it may be allowed that the angels are ministering spirits to the saints, in honour of their Lord, who hath taken our nature upon Him; we do not know

but the spirits of just men made perfect, being of a higher order, by their near relation to their Head, may be exempt from that servitude.' I answer to this objection, 'May not those words of our Lord be applied, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of!' 'He that will be greatest, let him be servant,' saith Jesus Christ, who came Himself, 'not to be ministered unto, but to minister : ' and if our Lord washed our feet, shall we be above the same employment? Jesus, our Master, though in His glorified state, calls Himself the 'Shepherd of the sheep,' and walks with jealous care amongst His candlesticks of gold, holding the stars in His right hand; and I can no more believe the divinest spirit in glory above the service of mankind, than I can believe there is pride in heaven. Abraham is represented as receiving Lazarus to his bosom, and as giving a mild answer even to a damned spirit! And when souls at the foot of the altar cried, 'How long?' they were told to wait till their fellow-servants came also. Did they not then remember their fellow-servants? When the heart is full of grace, it delights in the meanest office, and feels pleasure in yielding happiness even to an insect. We are sensible no part of our worship is more pleasant in the sight of God than obedience; and no employment more delightful to the saints than that of promoting the glory of God. Now, the Lord hath said of His creatures, 'I have created thee for my glory; I have formed thee for my praise!' Shall not, then, the blessed spirits be very zealous in promoting that glory? The glory of God and our interest are inseparably one. And are they not 'one spirit with the Lord?' And is not their highest delight in that in which He most delights, which is the salvation of His people? So that an exemption from serving the church would rather create pain than give satisfaction. Again, the highest honour that can be conferred on a creature, is to have the nearest resemblance to its creating head. Now, He hath said to the believer, 'I will dwell in you—I will come and make my abode with you.' The soul who hath felt a small degree of pure love, can answer this objection at once from the feelings of his own heart; the language of which is, 'I love Him continually, and, therefore, I will feed His lambs.'

" *Objection V.*—'But as Paradise is a place as well as a state, and finite beings are not omnipresent, any more than omnipotent, how can they be there and here in the same moment?' I answer, I do not suppose they can. But if I were to tell you of a minister who daily visited his flock, inquired into all their concerns, and knew their whole situation, would you say it was impossible, because he lives in that house, which is his home, and he cannot be in two places at the same time? And yet it is certain we are perfectly acquainted with the situation of many

who do not live with us in the same house. If we see them but once a week, our shallow capacities can take in all they tell us of their past and present state. But if, instead of waiting for the slow and imperfect conveyance of words, we could, by a cast of the eye, read every thought in a moment, and without labour visit them as early as the sun shines in at their windows, (though it still remains in its proper place), our acquaintance would be much more perfect. We are now in the body, and have senses and faculties suited thereto; therefore, our human eye can at once measure the body of our child, and discern every wound or bruise, or even a speck of dirt thereon. And have not spirits faculties suited to spirits, by which we may suppose they can as easily discern your soul, as you could discern the body when they were in the same state as yourself? And may there not be a way by which a spirit, actually before the throne of God, may still see and serve the souls committed to its care, supposing them to act as ministering spirits? I ask, 'If you had never heard of a looking-glass, would you understand me if I said, 'Though you stand at one end of that long gallery, and I at the other, with my back towards you, I can discern your every action and motion, and know every change?'' And yet such a knowledge the looking-glass would convey to me. Now, if all things on earth are patterns or shadows of those above, may not something analogous to the glass represent to the world of spirits as just a picture of the changes of posture in the spirit, as the glass does those of the body? Some have supposed the appearance or representation of every soul still in the body to be constantly seen in heaven. That this may be without the knowledge of the person concerned, is evident; because Ananias knew nothing, till God said to him (speaking of Saul,) 'Behold, he prayeth, and hath seen in a vision a man named Ananias coming in, and putting his hand on him, that he might receive his sight.' Various dreams of pious persons, who have thought they saw their appearances in Paradise, over which the heavenly company mourned or rejoiced,—as well as the amazing instances of second sight,—seem to strengthen this opinion.

"If this seem strange, let us consider how strange it would appear to us, if we had never heard of letters, to be informed there was a method among many nations of wrapping up their thoughts in a bit of paper, and by that means conveying them hundreds of miles into the bosom of their dearest friends! As little could you conceive of the faculty of speech, had you never known it; or the commanding knowledge which the eye gives you over a large space, and a number of persons, in one moment, had you been born blind. But though I mention these similes, because some can only conceive of spiritual matters by gross

ideas, I believe our union to be far more close with the heavenly host than to need these representations. What else do these words of the Apostle mean, 'We are come to the general assembly, to the church of the first-born, and to the spirits of just men made perfect?' And if 'He maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire,' cannot a spirit be with me in a moment, as easily as a stroke from an electrical machine can convey the fire for many miles in one moment, through thousands of bodies, if properly linked together? That the devils are about us, and know our thoughts, is evident. A sinful thought is suggested; we answer it by a scripture; immediately it is answered again. And shall not departed happy spirits, who are so much more of one nature with us, have the same power? Mr. Wesley has a beautiful observation in his sermon on those words, 'Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?' He says, 'That the guardian angels know our thoughts, seems clear from the nature of their charge, which is certainly first for the soul, and but in a secondary sense for the body.' And are not our kindred spirits more nearly related to us than the angels? Why then should they not have the same discernment?

"But to return to our first question, 'Can they be here and in Paradise at the same time? Otherwise, how can they constantly minister to us?' Perhaps we shall not be able to comprehend this till that word is accomplished, 'Then shall I know even as also I am known.' But if this cannot be, then we must give up all the agency of angels; for the same argument will hold good against that. And yet our Lord hath said, 'Despise not these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.' . . . He hath broken down the wall, removed the veil—and through Him we 'are come to the church of the first-born, to the spirits of just men made perfect.' 'We are fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God.' And having overcome the sharpness of death, He hath already opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers. Perhaps some may say, 'But if it be thus, why do not the Scriptures plainly tell us, death is no division but on our side; and that our friends still see, hear, and are about us?' I answer, There may be many reasons why a veil should be drawn over this heavenly secret. It is probable the Primitive Church knew it more perfectly: but what was the consequence? When they left their first love, they no longer held the Head, but ran into the false humility of the worship of angels, instead of worshipping God only, and adoring Him for the angelic ministry. Perhaps some communion with departed spirits caused the first step into the egregious errors of the

Papists; and man, ever prone to extremes, knew not how to throw away the abuse without throwing away the use of this heavenly secret. Nevertheless, the secret of the Lord is still with the righteous, and His ear is open to their prayers. He will manifest Himself to them, though not unto the world: and He will grant to heavenly minds, when He sees good, a heavenly communication with the Church triumphant."

ROMNEY MARSH.—A GHOST STORY.

We are informed by a contemporary that the quiet little villages of Bilsington and Bonnington, in Romney Marsh, have recently been thrown into a state of great excitement, owing to a report that the house occupied by a Mrs. Gates, her son, and a servant girl, had been the scene of strange, supernatural operations.

It is stated that the furniture has jumped about the rooms in a most unaccountable manner until it has dashed itself to pieces against the walls. The crockeryware has danced about the place like puppets hung upon wires, and after performing some extraordinary evolutions, has sprung with a sudden jerk up to the ceiling, and destroyed its usefulness for ever. Pails of water have flown about the house like soap bubbles in a high wind. The flour crock, without any visible cause, was broken to pieces, and the flour scattered in all directions. Boots and shoes galloped out of one room into another, as though they were looking about for some one to put them on and wear them. Bedroom ware has walked down the stairs step by step. The beds that were made in the morning ready to receive their occupants at night were found long before that time turned topsyturvy, with the sheets and blankets tangled together like a colt's mane after it is said to have been ridden by witches. A book put away at the very top of the house came rumbling and tumbling down the staircase, and on reaching the bottom, with a sudden bound cleared the kitchen, flying straight through the already smashed window out into the garden. A great number of persons have been to the house to investigate this mysterious affair, and one very esteemed minister of the Church of England came and grieved at the "wreck of matter and the crash of"—crockeryware. Absurd as this story may appear, there are a great many persons in the neighbourhood who gave credence to the whole of it, and also to a great deal more than is here stated. One thing is quite certain, there are the broken things; but by whose agency they were destroyed at present is only known to the destroyer.

A correspondent, after narrating many of the above circumstances, says:—"Strange as these things may read, it is equally strange that so many living in this age of enlightenment, the 19th century, should be found to have faith in the monstrous supposition that the house is haunted. There is evidence, however, that part of the events enumerated are true, as the remains of the crockery are open to inspection, and also the damage sustained to many articles of furniture. The extraordinary communications have actuated many persons from Hythe and other places contiguous to repair to the scene. Some are satisfied with an exterior view of the house; and the fright with which it is viewed by the credulous is really amusing, and yet pitiful withal to witness."—*South-Eastern Gazette*, June 23, 1863.

The *Sussex Express*, of September 5, adds that the correspondent of a morning contemporary took the trouble to visit the place on the 22nd of August, to personally investigate the matter. It says:—"He found that the cottage had long been occupied by the families of two labouring men, Gates and Luckhurst, whose humble occupation in life has been that of shepherds, or 'lookers,' as shepherds are called there. Gates at one time had been well to do in the world, having some sheep of his own; but he had become chargeable to the parish, and requiring medical attendance, he had been ordered into the union workhouse, where he subsequently died. The occurrences in question, or whatever formed the foundation of the reports, commenced before his death and soon after his

removal. The substance of the facts, prosaically told, was that for several days in succession, beginning on the Saturday and ending on the Tuesday or Wednesday, and chiefly when no one was on the premises (or known to be so) but women and children, strange noises were heard in the house; sometimes in one room, sometimes in another; after which furniture was found thrown down or displaced. Bed clothes in confusion, articles of wearing apparel, with bowls, pails, &c., tossed about, and glass and crockery broken, principally the window panes (fifteen in front and some at the back), and five or six large earthenware milk jars, the fragments of which and other utensils are lying in the yard. These things always happened in the day time; sometimes in the presence of scared neighbours; nothing occurred at night; and the annoyances were confined to the side of the house in which Gates lived, and which was still occupied by his wife and son—the wife (Miss Gates as she is called, the Kentish peasantry ignoring among themselves the use of the word mistress) being an old woman of 75, very feeble, walking with difficulty on crutches, unable to mount the stairs without assistance, and dependant in smaller matters upon the services of a little maid-of-all-work, Ann Smith, a girl of 14.

“The correspondent, however, pushed his inquiries farther, and inquired what had been seen when the different articles moved were in actual motion. ‘I was informed,’ he says, ‘that when the Bible flew down the stairs (the proper place of which was on the bed-room drawers), it struck, as it passed, one of the Luckhurst’s children, a girl of 11, with sufficient violence to leave a black mark on her shoulder. The girl herself, coming forward, pulled up her sleeve, to show me where the mark had been, and her word might be taken for it; but there was nothing to prove that the Bible had not been thrown at her from the stair-head. The two families, living in the cottage, have their own separate front and back doors, but the same staircase is common to both; and the rooms thus communicating internally, offer great facilities for the unobserved ingress and egress of any active person playing a mischievous trick. We have to get up, however, another theory to explain some parts of the evidence. Mrs. Luckhurst was standing in the yard by the paling when the earthenware crock was broken, and the flour it contained scattered. She saw (as she says), Ann Smith carrying the crock, and setting it down by the kitchen door, when the crock seemed suddenly jerked out of her hands, and the flour ‘steamed up’ to the ceiling in a sort of cloud. Ann Smith at the same time crying out, and turning pale with fright. Mrs. Luckhurst (a striking contrast to her neighbour), is a fine specimen of a strong hard-working woman, in vigorous health: although the mother of nine children living, mostly grown up, and on their own hands, without counting those she has lost, more than she could remember; and she stood before me with her arms a-kimbo, denouncing with an eloquence which Gladstone might envy, the absurdity and injustice of the suspicions that had been directed against Ann Smith. I was not the person to tell her that she was romancing, or ‘saying the thing that was not.’ Nothing would persuade Mrs. Luckhurst that what was done was not the work of an evil spirit; and she regretted she was no scholar, for she had ‘heered say there was a certain chapter in the Bible which, if properly read, no evil spirit could stand.’ What chapter it was she did not know, and unhappily I could not inform her. Luckhurst, the husband, was in the fields at the time, and laughed at what was told him of ‘the goings-on’ at home in his absence, but became as grave and frightend as the rest on his return. The excitement increasing, the new rector of Bilsington and Bonnington, the Rev. F. Cameron, came, and saw the broken things, was shown the disturbed beds, had them re-made, locked the door, and went away with the key in his pocket, returning at ten, when he found everything as he had left it. Another girl has replaced Ann Smith, and since she left, and Gates died, there has been no renewal of the disturbance; but a subsequent investigation through the police has failed to bring them home to their author.

“The correspondent we have quoted seems to think that there is room for inquiry into the above facts, and sneers at the Kent magistrates for believing that the noises heard and mischief perpetrated originated in natural causes. They will at any rate be an acceptable present to Spiritualists as an independent testimony—the Romney Marsh peasants, though ignorant and superstitious, having never heard of spirit-rapping or the *Spiritual Magazine*.”

TO MY LOVE IN HEAVEN.

Hear me where in heaven thou livest, hear me, O my angel-love !
Thought of earth, of him that loves thee, will not mar thy bliss above.

Hear me, for I weakly mourn not that thou art no longer here :
No, I rather will exult that thou hast reached a nobler sphere ;
Nobler than this earth of trouble, nobler than this earth of change,
Where the spirit from its prison freed from bliss to bliss may range ;
Range from glory unto glory, never knowing shame or pain ;
Such a life thine own for ever, could I wish thee here again ?

* * * * *

And thy memory in my bosom burns to keep it pure from sin :
When thou fill'st my breast, all vainly evil strives to enter in.
For thou art my guardian-angel, strong with holy strength from heaven,
And before thy sword celestial evil thoughts with shame are driven.
And when good thoughts on the threshold linger, knocking at my heart,
And the fiend within me rises, proudly bidding them depart,
Thou, a heavenly guide, descendest, leading them with gentle hand,
And the fiend cowers disappointed, and the portals open stand.
Thus thou strivest still to fit me for thy pure abode above,
That I may at death rejoin thee, where we may for ever love.
Death ! that word ! how mortal frailty shrinks from thought of leaving life !
How it dares to live in anguish, bearing trouble, braving strife !

* * * * *

To the good he is an angel sent to guide them to the shore
Where the troubled waters vex not, where is calm for evermore.
Foolishly we think them parted from us, and for ever gone ;
Feeling not the soul dies never,—living, and not all alone ;
For it watches from its heaven those that were on earth its care,
And the love that here men cherished, think not that it leaves them there.
For it is their highest bliss, while those on earth they tendered dear
Live, to sin exposed and sorrow, prey to chance and doubt and fear,
'Tis their bliss the most ecstatic, thrilling through the inmost soul,
Them to watch and guard and comfort, till they reach life's welcome goal ;
Then they hover round the bed, or sea, or wild, or battle-field,
—Wheresoe'er Death gives his summons, there they strengthen, soothe, and shield :
And they catch the spirit flying from the body into air,
Bearing it with hymns to heaven, partner of their glory there.
—So may'st thou, my sainted love, in pain, in danger by me stand !
In temptation guard, and aid with spirit-voice, with angel-hand !
And if in some hour of gloom thy memory e'er make dark my heart,
Whisper that we soon shall meet where souls once joined can never part !

WILLIAM FULFORD.

Correspondence.

A FACT FOR SCEPTICS TO EXPLAIN.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—It may be interesting to record a curious circumstance which has recently taken place, as it goes to show that spirits have the power, at times, to see material objects. I must explain that I have been recently seeking a new abode and am now in occupation of the house to which this little fact relates. I had been to C— several times to look over the house, but from several impediments had been unable to view it. On the 16th of May, however, I was conversing with a spirit, by means of the involuntary writing method, and I mentioned that my lady relative who resides with me, and who is the medium, and myself, proposed to go over to C— the next day (Sunday, the 17th), to see the house, and I requested S. J., the spirit (who has formerly contributed to your pages), to accompany us. He consented to do so, and we went the next morning. However, another obstacle had occurred, the landlord not having received the key from the outgoing tenant, so we had once more to return without seeing the house. On the evening of Friday, the 22nd May, we were again conversing with S. J. and the following questions and answers were put and given. I transcribe them from my spiritual diary in which, as usual, I had recorded them at the time. "Did you go with us to C—?" "Yes, I was with you. I hope you will get your house, it will suit you, if you can." "You know we could not see the inside?" "Yes, I did see it." "Do you mean that you entered it?" "Yes." "Can you tell us anything of the interior?" "You know it by what was told you. The back drawing-room has much window, small panes in them." I said to the medium:—"Did Mrs.— tell you anything about the inside of the drawing rooms?" She answered "No." I myself knew nothing of the interior, save that it was a very quaint house, with an oak parlour and many staircases in it. Of course we had seen the outside, but it was impossible for any person to see the back as it is isolated by high garden walls on that side with no outlet.

We again visited C— on Sunday, the 24th of May, and on entering the back drawing-room, found *one large window with thirty-six small panes in it*. The expression, "much window," had struck me as odd. We looked at each other in astonishment, for despite my belief in Spiritualism, I had scarcely expected so literal a fulfilment of the expression of our spirit friend. To meet the objection that we might have heard the window spoken of and forgotten it, I may add that I had not made any inquiry of that kind, nor had any statement been made about it to either of us, as the circumstance was, in fact, too trivial to mention. Here is a small fact for sceptics to explain—they are fond of inventing ingenious solutions more difficult to believe than the truth. Will they again oblige us by some happy effort of imagination?—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

O—d House, C—k, W., June 15, 1863.

K. R. H. M.

A contemporary, commenting on the strange occurrences at Romney Marsh detailed on another page, observes:—"We know absolutely nothing of the source and nature of our vital powers, and while it is perfectly true, we shall not clear up the mystery in which they are involved by referring everything new and strange to the supernatural, it is equally certain that we shall never extend our knowledge by generalising and dismissing one set of effects, as those of 'involuntary motion,' (which explains nothing), and getting rid of others, which we do not understand, by the too easy method of attributing them to imposture. When some friends of Dr. Black were first shewn the buoyancy of a bladder, inflated with hydrogen gas, they had to be taken into a room above the laboratory of the chemist, to be convinced that there was no hole in the floor through which the bladder might have been drawn up to the ceiling by a fine thread. There was, however, no fine thread, and there was nothing in the bladder distinguishable to the friends of Dr. Black from common air. We now admit gases as 'things invisible' that may yet act as efficient causes. May there not be others?"

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SPIRITUALISM IN BIOGRAPHY:— WILLIAM COWPER: THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

WILLIAM COWPER is a name dear to the Christian heart, a household word in English homes. His muse is pure as snow, gentle as the dew, simple as the linnet's song. He is eminently England's domestic poet. His retiring, gentle, affectionate disposition, unobtrusive piety, and love of country and of Nature—especially of Nature as it is seen under English skies, combined with that awful affliction which darkened his days and accompanied him to the verge of the grave, all enlist our warmest sympathies and affections in his behalf. Pleasant would it be to linger long and lovingly over his private virtues and public usefulness, his services to literature, and through literature to the world. But this would lead too far from the immediate purpose of these chapters; which is, from biography to illustrate spirit-communion and influx, in its varied forms of manifestation; its shadows and sufferings, not less than its radiant glories and transports—its wilderness of temptation as well as its mount of transfiguration.

The outward life of Cowper, like that of most literary men, was not an eventful one, and, excepting one or two incidents, may here be lightly passed over. His true life is to be read in his *Memoir*, *Poems*, and *Letters*; especially in his *Letters*, in which his views and the workings of his mind are laid open without reserve to his sympathising friends.

In a letter to Mrs. King, dated "Western Underwood, March 3, 1788," Cowper gives the following sketch of his history; he was then in his fifty-fifth year:—"There is nothing in my story that can possibly be worth your knowledge; yet, lest I should seem to treat you with a reserve which at your hands I have not experienced, such as it is, I will relate it. I was bred to the law; a profession to which I was never much inclined, and in which I engaged rather because I was desirous to gratify a most indulgent father than because I had any hope of success in it myself. I spent twelve years in the Temple, where I made

no progress in that science to cultivate which I was sent thither. During this time my father died. Not long after him, died my mother-in-law; and at the expiration of it, a melancholy seized me, which obliged me to quit London, and consequently to renounce the bar. I lived some time at St. Albans. After having suffered in that place long and extreme affliction, the storm was suddenly dispelled, and the same day-spring from on high which has arisen upon you, arose on me also. I spent eight years in the enjoyment of it; and have ever since the expiration of those eight years, been occasionally the prey of the same melancholy as at first. In the depths of it I wrote *The Task*, and the volume which preceded it, and in the same deeps am now translating *Homer*. But to return to St. Albans. I abode there a year and a half. Thence I went to Cambridge, where I spent a short time with my brother, in whose neighbourhood I determined, if possible, to pass the remainder of my days. He soon found me a lodging at Huntingdon. At that place I had not resided long, when I was led to an intimate connexion with a family of the name of Unwin. I soon quitted my lodging, and took up my abode with them. I had not lived long under their roof, when Mr. Unwin, as he was riding one Sunday morning to his cure at Gravely, was thrown from his horse; of which fall he died. Mrs. Unwin, having the same views of the gospel as myself, and being desirous of attending a purer ministration of it than was to be found at Huntingdon, removed to Olney, where Mr. Newton was at that time the preacher, and I with her. There we continued till Mr. Newton, whose family was the only one in the place with which we could have a connexion, and with whom we lived always on the most intimate terms, left it. After his departure, finding the situation no longer desirable, and our house threatening to fall upon our heads, we removed hither. Here we have a good house, in a most beautiful village, and, for the greatest part of the year, a most agreeable neighbourhood. Like you, madam, I stay much at home, and have not travelled twenty miles from this place and its environs, more than once these twenty years."

Five weeks later, writing to the same lady, he says:—"The melancholy that I have mentioned, and concerning which you are so kind as to enquire, is of a kind, so far as I know, peculiar to myself. *It does not at all affect the operations of my mind on any subject to which I can attach it*, whether serious or ludicrous, or whatsoever it may be; for which reason I am almost always employed, either in reading or writing, when I am not engaged in conversation. A vacant hour is my abhorrence; because, when I am not occupied, I suffer under the whole influence of my unhappy temperament."

I think the words I have italicized in the above description by Cowper of his peculiar "melancholy," go to show that this affliction was something different to common mental derangement, and this view is confirmed by what Southey tells us, that—"The sanest patient could not have observed his own symptoms more carefully, nor given a more clear and coherent account of them to his physician." This "melancholy" or "insanity" of Cowper has been variously attributed to "morbid action of the nervous system," and to his "peculiar religious views." These conditions no doubt existed and co-operated in the result; but also, and beyond these, to quote the statement of Dr. Cheever, and which expresses the poet's own conviction:—"There was a set of Border Ruffians continually threatening his peace, endeavouring to set up slavery for freedom, and ever and anon making their incursions, and defacing the title-deeds to his inheritance, which they could not carry away." In other words, while on the one hand, Cowper was the subject of many gracious Providences, on the other, like Bunyan, he seems to have been obsessed by spirits, who, playing on his highly sensitive nature, religious convictions, and awakened conscience, sought by perverting these to tempt and lure him to destruction. "Neither physical nervous derangement, nor local miasma aggravating its power, nor mistakes in the manner of its treatment, can prove that there were no assaults from malignant spiritual adversaries. . . . A thread of Divine Providence, Cowper was wont to say, ran through his whole life, and he could trace Divine interposition in every part of it; but he felt that he could also trace the malignant interference of opposing powers. Who can say" (continues Dr. Cheever) "that he and Newton" (his biographer) "were mistaken?"

In 1763, when thirty-two years of age, Cowper attempted suicide. He has fully detailed the circumstances in his Memoir. They strikingly illustrate the action of an overruling Providence in his behalf, and his extreme susceptibility to spiritual impressions—a susceptibility which goes far to explain his varying moods and sudden changes of purpose, and which, had it been investigated with a view to that end, would probably have thrown much light on the nature of his mental malady, and have afforded considerable relief to the unhappy sufferer.

He had gone to the fields, where he had intended to poison himself, when, suddenly, a thought struck him, that he might transport himself to France, and there, if necessary, find a comfortable asylum in some monastery. With this idea, he returned to his chambers, and at once commenced packing up his portmanteau, when his mind changed again, "and self-murder," he says, "*was recommended to me* once more, in all its advantages." Fearing interruption in his chambers, he laid aside the intention

of poisoning himself, and resolved upon drowning. The sequel he thus relates:—

“For that purpose, I immediately took a coach, and ordered the man to drive to Lower Wharf, intending to throw myself into the river from the Custom House Quay. It would be strange should I omit to observe here, *how I was continually hurried away from such places as were most favourable to my design, to others, where it must be almost impossible to execute it—* from the fields, where it was improbable that anything should happen to prevent me, to the Custom House Quay, where everything of the kind was to be expected; and this *by a sudden impulse, which lasted just long enough to call me back again to my chambers, and was immediately withdrawn.* Nothing ever appeared more feasible than the project of going to France, till it had served its purpose, and then, in an instant, it appeared impracticable and absurd, even to a degree of ridicule.

“My life, which I had called my own, and claimed a right to dispose of, was kept for me by Him whose property indeed it was, and who, alone, had a right to dispose of it. This is not the only occasion on which it is proper to make this remark; others will offer themselves in the course of this narrative, so fairly, that the reader cannot overlook them.

“I left the coach upon the Lower Wharf, intending never to return to it; but upon going up to the quay, I found the water low, and a porter seated upon some goods there, as if on purpose to prevent me. This passage to the bottomless pit being mercifully shut against me, I returned back to the coach, and ordered it to return to the Temple. I drew up the shutters once more, had recourse to the laudanum, and determined to drink it off directly; but God had otherwise ordained. A conflict, that shook me to pieces, suddenly took place—not properly a trembling—but a convulsive agitation, which deprived me in a manner of the use of my limbs; and my mind was as much shaken as my body.

“Distracted between the desire of death and the dread of it, twenty times I had the phial to my mouth, *and as often received an irresistible check; and even at the time it seemed to me that an invisible hand swayed the bottle downwards as often as I set it against my lips.* I well remember that I took notice of this circumstance with some surprise, though it effected no change in my purpose. Panting for breath, and in an horrible agony, I flung myself back into the corner of the coach. A few drops of laudanum which had touched my lips, besides the fumes of it, began to leave a stupefying effect upon me. Regretting the loss of so fair an opportunity, yet utterly unable to avail myself of it, I determined not to live; and already half dead with anguish,

I once more returned to the Temple. Instantly I repaired to my room, and having shut both the outer and inner door, prepared myself for the last scene of the tragedy. I poured the laudanum into a small basin, set it on a chair by the bedside, half undressed myself, and laid down between the blankets, shuddering with horror at what I was about to perpetrate. I reproached myself bitterly with folly and rank cowardice, for having suffered the fear of death to influence me as it had done, and was filled with disdain at my own pitiful timidity; but still *something seemed to over-rule me, and to say, 'Think what you are doing. Consider, and live!'*

"At length, however, with the most confirmed resolution, I reached forth my hands towards the basin, when *the fingers of both hands were as closely contracted as if bound with cord, and became entirely useless.* Still, indeed, I could have made shift with both hands, dead and lifeless as they were, to have raised the basin to my mouth, for my arms were not at all affected; but this new difficulty struck me with wonder; *it had the air of a Divine interposition.* I lay down in my bed again to muse upon it, and while thus employed, heard the key turn in the outer door, and my laundress's husband came in. By this time the use of my fingers was restored to me. I started up hastily, dressed myself, hid the basin, and, affecting as composed an air as I could, walked out into the dining-room. In a few minutes I was left alone; and now, unless God had evidently interposed for my preservation, I should certainly have done execution upon myself, having a whole afternoon before me.

"Both the man and his wife having gone out, outward obstructions were no sooner removed than new ones arose within. The man had just shut the door behind him, when *the convincing Spirit came upon me,* and a total alteration in my sentiments took place. The horror of the crime was immediately *exhibited to me* in so strong a light, that, being seized with a kind of furious indignation, I snatched up the basin, poured away the laudanum into a phial of foul water, and not content with that, flung the phial out of the window. This impulse having served the present purpose, *was withdrawn.*

"I spent the rest of the day in a kind of stupid insensibility, undetermined as to the manner of dying, but still bent on self-murder, as the only possible deliverance. That sense of the enormity of the crime, which I had just experienced, had entirely left me. . . . I went to bed to take, as I thought, my last sleep in this world. . . . I slept as usual, and awoke about three o'clock. Immediately I arose, and by the help of a rush-light, found my pen-knife, took it into bed with me, and lay for some hours with it pointed directly against my heart. Twice or thrice I placed it

upright under my left breast, leaning all my weight upon it; but the point was broken off square, and it would not penetrate.

"In this manner the time passed till the day began to break. I heard the clock strike seven, and instantly it occurred to me, there was no time to be lost; the chambers would soon be opened, and my friend would call upon me to take me with him to Westminster. 'Now is the time,' thought I. 'This is the crisis—no more dallying with the love of life!' I arose, and as I thought, bolted the inner door of my chambers, but was mistaken; my touch deceived me, and I left it as I found it. My preservation, indeed, as it will appear, did not depend upon that incident; but I mention it to shew that the good providence of God watched over me, to keep open every way of deliverance, that nothing might be left to hazard.

"Not one hesitating thought now remained, but I fell greedily to the execution of my purpose. My garter was made of a broad piece of scarlet binding, with a sliding buckle, being sewn together at the ends. By the help of the buckle, I formed a noose, and I fixed it about my neck, straining it so tight that it hardly left a passage for my breath or the blood to circulate; the tongue of the buckle held it fast. At each corner of the bed was placed a wreath of carved work, fastened by an iron pin, which passed up through the midst of it. The other part of the garter, which made a loop, I slipped over one of these, and hung by it some seconds, drawing up my feet under me that they might not touch the floor; but the iron bent, and the carved work slipped off, and the garter with it. I then fastened it to the frame of the tester, winding it round, and tying it in a strong knot. The frame broke short, and let me down again.

"The third effort was more likely to succeed. I set the door open which reached within a foot of the ceiling—by the help of a chair I could command the top of it, and the loop being large enough to admit a large angle of the door, was easily fixed so as not to slip off again. I pushed away the chair with my feet, and hung at my whole length. While I hung there *I distinctly heard a voice say, three times, 'Tis over!'* Though *I am sure of the fact, and was so at the time*, yet it did not at all alarm me or affect my resolution. I hung so long that I lost all sense—all consciousness of existence.

"When I came to myself again, I thought myself in hell; the sound of my own dreadful groans was all that I heard, and a feeling like that produced by a flash of lightning just beginning to seize upon me, passed over my whole body. In a few seconds I found myself fallen on my face to the floor. In about half a minute I recovered my feet; and reeling, and staggering, stumbled into bed again.

"By the blessed providence of God, the garter, which had held me till the bitterness of temporal death was past, broke just before eternal death had taken place upon me. The stagnation of blood under one eye, in a broad crimson spot, and a red circle round my neck, shewed plainly that I had been on the brink of eternity. The latter, indeed, might have been caused by the pressure of the garter; but the former was certainly the effect of strangulation, for it was not attended with the sensation of a bruise, as it must have been, had I in my fall received one in so tender a part. And I rather think the circle round my neck was owing to the same cause, for the part was not excoriated, nor at all in pain.

"Soon after I got into bed, I was surprised to hear a noise in the dining-room, where the laundress was lighting a fire; she had found the door unbolted, notwithstanding my design to fasten it, and must have passed the bed-chamber door while I was hanging on it, and yet never perceived me. She heard me fall, and presently came to ask me if I was well; adding, she feared I had been in a fit."

In 1773, Cowper had the presentiment of a recurrence of his sad mental affliction, and this led him, during a solitary walk in the fields, to compose that most popular of his hymns, commencing—

"God moves in a mysterious way,—"

and, at about the same time, the hymn entitled, "Temptation:"—

"The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to Thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small."

His presentiment was but too well founded, though the attempt he made at self-destruction in the October of that year was happily averted. In 1787 he again attempted suicide, and would have effected it, if Mrs. Unwin had not providentially entered the place in which he had suspended himself by the neck, and if she had not possessed sufficient presence of mind to cut him down.

Hayley has remarked how providentially friend after friend was raised up for Cowper as he needed them, and that in his darkest seasons of calamity he was never without some affectionate attendant; and Alexander Knox, in his *Letter on Divine Providence*, refers to Cowper as an instance in which it is almost impossible for a discriminating mind not to recognize the marks of a special Providence. Cowper was himself a firm believer in special Providences. In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, from Olney, May 27, 1782, he writes:—"We are glad that you are safe at home again. Could we see at one glance of the eye what is passing every day upon all the roads in the kingdom . . . we should indeed find reason to be thankful for journeys performed in safety,

and for deliverance from dangers we are not perhaps even permitted to see. When, in some of the high southern latitudes, and in a dark tempestuous night, a flash of lightning discovered to Captain Cook a vessel, which glanced along close by his side, and which but for the lightning he must have run foul of—both the danger and the transient light that shewed it were undoubtedly designed to convey to him this wholesome instruction, that a particular Providence attended him, and that he was not only preserved from evils of which he had no notice, but from many more of which he had no information, or even the least suspicion. What unlikely contingencies may nevertheless take place! How improbable that two ships should dash against each other in the midst of the vast Pacific Ocean, and that, steering contrary courses from parts of the world so immensely distant from each other, they should yet move so exactly in a line as to clash, fill, and go to the bottom, in a sea where all the ships in the world might be so dispersed as that none should see another! Yet this must have happened but for the remarkable interference which he has recorded. The same Providence indeed might as easily have conducted them so wide of each other that they should never have met at all, but then this lesson would have been lost; at least, the heroic voyager would have encompassed the globe, without having had occasion to relate an incident that so naturally suggests it.”

On the subject of Dreams, in a letter to Lady Heskett, dated January 18th, 1787, Cowper writes:—“Mrs. Carter thinks on the subject of dreams, as everybody else does, that is to say, according to her own experience. She has had no extraordinary ones, and therefore accounts them only the ordinary operations of the fancy. Mine are of a texture that will not suffer me to ascribe them to so inadequate a cause, *or to any cause but the operation of an exterior agency*. I have a mind, my dear (and to you, I will venture to boast of it), as free from superstition as any man living, neither do I give heed to dreams in general as predictive, though particular dreams I believe to be so. Some very sensible persons, and I suppose Mrs. Carter among them, will acknowledge that, in old times, God spoke by dreams, but affirm, with much boldness, that He has since ceased to do so. If you ask them why, they answer, ‘Because He has now revealed his will in Scripture, and there is no longer any need that He should instruct or admonish us by dreams.’ I grant, that with respect to doctrines and precepts, He has left us in want of nothing; but has He thereby precluded Himself in any of the operations of His providence? Surely not. It is perfectly a different consideration; and *the same need that there ever was of His interference in this way, there is still, and ever must be while*

man continues blind and fallible, and a creature beset with dangers which he can neither foresee nor obviate. His operations, however, of this kind are, I allow, very rare; and as to the generality of dreams, they are made of such stuff, and are in themselves so insignificant, that though I believe them all to be the manufacture of others, not our own, I account it not a farthing matter who manufactures them. So much for dreams!"

Cowper gave entire credit to what Southey calls "audible illusions;" but which the poet himself regarded as voices from the spirit-world, and which were heard more particularly by him on waking in the morning or in the night.* He says, "Satan plied me close with horrible visions and still more horrible voices." Other visions and voices were, however, not of this painful kind, and were attributed by him to a very different spiritual source." While at Huntingdon he became exceeding anxious to find a place in Mr. Unwin's family as a boarder, at the same time he blamed himself "for want of submission to the Lord's will;" but contrived at length to fasten his thoughts upon a theme which had no connexion with it. He says:—"While I was pursuing my meditations, Mr. Unwin and family quite out of sight, my attention was suddenly called home again by the words which had been continually playing in my mind, and were at length repeated with such importunity, that I could not help regarding them,—'The Lord God of truth will do this.' *I was effectually convinced that they were not of my own production*, and accordingly I received from them some assurance of success; but my unbelief robbed me of much of the comfort they were intended to convey, though *I have since had many a blessed experience of the same kind*, for which I can never be sufficiently thankful. I im-

* The following in *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, bears upon this subject:—

"He (Dr. Johnson) mentioned a thing as not unfrequent, of which I had never heard before—being *called*—that is, hearing one's name pronounced by the voice at a great distance, far beyond the possibility of being reached by any sounds uttered by human organs. An acquaintance on whose veracity I can depend, told me, that walking home one evening to Kilmarnock, he heard himself *called* from a wood, by the voice of a brother who had gone to America; and the next packet brought an account of that brother's death. Maclean asserted that this inexplicable *calling* was a thing very well known. Dr. Johnson said, that one day at Oxford, as he was turning the key of his chamber, he heard his mother distinctly call '*Sam!*' She was then at Lichfield; but nothing ensued. '*This phenomena*' (Boswell adds) '*is, I think, as wonderful as any other mysterious fact which many people are very slow to believe, or, rather, indeed, reject with an obstinate contempt.*'"

Mrs. Piozzi relates the same story of Johnson, with only a difference of date. In a conversation he had with her, which, says the lady, "I well remember," Dr. Johnson said "It was a long time after my poor mother's death." "I relate the anecdote," says Mrs. Piozzi, "precisely as he told it me; but could not prevail upon him to draw out the talk into length for further satisfaction of my curiosity."

mediately began to negotiate the affair, and in a few days it was entirely concluded."

Both Cowper and Mrs. Unwin regarded Mr. Teedon, the school-master of Olney, "as one favoured with spiritual communications,"* and Cowper frequently consulted and corresponded with this humble friend concerning his dreams, voices, impressions and other spiritual experiences. In a letter dated October 3rd, 1792, he writes to him:—"I never wake without hearing words that are a poniard in my bosom, and the pain of which I feel all the day. Mrs. Unwin's approaching and sudden death the constant subject of them."

Again, Dec. 29, 1792, he writes to Teedon:—"My nights are almost all haunted with notices of great affliction at hand,—of what kind I know not; but in degree such as I shall with extreme difficulty sustain, and hardly at last find deliverance. At four this morning I started out of a dream, in which I seemed sitting before the fire, and very close to it, in great trouble; when suddenly stamping violently with my foot, and springing suddenly from my seat, I awoke, and heard these words,—'*I hope the Lord will carry me through it.*'"

Jan. 1, 1793, he writes to Teedon:—"This morning I am in rather a more cheerful frame of mind than usual, having had two notices of a more comfortable cast than the generality of mine. I waked, saying, '*I shall perish.*'" which was *immediately answered by a vision of a wine glass, and the words, 'A whole glass,'* in allusion no doubt to the famous story of Mrs. Honeywood."†

In another communication to the same friend, March 14, 1793, he says:—"A temporary suspension of terror was audibly announced to me some time since, and except in one or two

* He writes to Teedon, Dec. 4th, 1792. "Dear Sir—In your last experience, ordinary as it was, I found nothing presumptuous. God is free to manifest Himself both in manner and measure as he pleases; and to you he is pleased to manifest Himself uncommonly in both. It would be better with poor me, if, being the subject of so many of your manifestations (for which I desire to be thankful both to God and you), I were made, in some small degree, at least, partaker of the comfort of them."

† This "famous story" is related by Fuller. Mrs. Honeywood, of Charing, in Kent, being much troubled in conscience, many ministers repaired to her, among others, the Rev. John Fox, who tried to comfort her but without effect; "insomuch that, in the agony of her soul, having a Venice glass in her hand, she brake forth into this expression:—'I am as surely damned as this glass is broken,' which she immediately threw with great violence to the ground; the glass rebounded again, and was taken up whole and entire." Fuller adds:—"However, the gentlewoman took no comfort hereat, but continued a long time after in her former disconsolate condition, without any amendment; until at last, God, the great Clock-Keeper of Time, who findeth out the fittest minutes for his own mercies, suddenly shot comfort, like lightning, into her soul; which, once entered, ever remained therein, so that she led the remainder of her life in spiritual gladness. This she herself told to the Rev. Father Thomas Morton, Bishop of Durham, from whose mouth I have received this relation."

instances has been fulfilled." This interval was not however of long continuance; and he informs Teedon that the return of these terrible impressions had been announced to him in these words:—" *I have got my old wakings again.*"

The words which came to his inward ear, and which words Southey says, "he considered as oracular," did not always however bear upon his religious state. Thus, Feb. 22, 1793, he writes:—"I waked the other morning with these words distinctly spoken to me:—'*Charles the Second, though he was or wished to be accounted a man of fine taste and an admirer of the arts, never saw or expressed a wish to see the man whom he would have found alone superior to all the race of men.*'" Two days later he writes to Hayley an account of a beautiful dream, in which Milton appeared to him:—"I spoke of his *Paradise Lost*, as every man must who is worthy to speak of it at all, and told him a long story of the manner in which it affected me, when I first discovered it, being at that time a school-boy. He answered me by a smile, and a gentle inclination of his head. He then grasped my hand affectionately, and with a smile that charmed me, said:—'*Well, you for your part will do well also.*' His person, his features, his manner, were all so perfectly characteristic, that I am persuaded an apparition of him could not represent him more perfectly."

Cowper manifests a deep interest in the subject of spiritual communion, though, except with regard to his own chiefly painful experiences, he does not seem to have had those clear and decided convictions to which, had he lived in the greater light which later and larger experiences have given, he would probably, to his own great comfort, have attained. Who can forget those lines "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture:"—

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss!"

In a letter to the Rev. William Unwin, Jan. 1784, he breaks out into the following series of questions:—"What are the employments of the departed spirit? and where does it subsist? Has it any cognizance of earthly things? Is it transported to an immeasurable distance: or is it still, though imperceptible to us, conversant with the same scenes, and interested in what passes here? How little we know of a state to which we are all destined; and how does the obscurity that hangs over that undiscovered country increase the anxiety we sometimes feel as we are journeying towards it."

In a letter to the Rev. John Newton, May 28, 1781, he says:

"If you could spend a day now and then in those forests (in Africa), and return with a wish to England, it would be no small addition to the number of your best pleasures. But *pennæ non homini datæ*. The time will come, perhaps (but death will come first), when you will be able to visit them without either danger, trouble, or expense; and when the contemplation of those well-remembered scenes will awaken in you emotions of gratitude and praise, surpassing all you could possibly sustain at present. In this sense, I suppose, there is a heaven upon earth at all times, and that the disembodied spirit may find a peculiar joy, arising from the contemplation of those places it was formerly conversant with, and so far, at least, be reconciled to a world it was once so weary of, as to use it in the delightful way of thankful recollection."

In a letter to the Rev. John Newton, June 23, 1780, he says:—"Man often prophesies without knowing it; *a spirit speaks by him which is not his own*, though he does not at that time suspect that he is under the influence of any other."

On a kindred subject—Apparitions, he writes to the Rev. William Unwin:—"Olney, Nov. 24, 1781. My dear Friend,—News is always acceptable, especially from another world. I cannot tell you what has been done in the Chesapeake, but I can tell you what has passed in West Wycombe, in this county. Do you feel disposed to give credit to the story of an apparition? 'No,' say you. I am of your mind. I do not believe more than one in a hundred of those tales with which old women frighten children. But you are not such a philosopher, I suppose, as to have persuaded yourself that an apparition is an impossible thing. You can attend to a story of that sort, if well authenticated? 'Yes.' Then I can tell you one.

"You have heard no doubt of the romantic friendship that subsisted once between Paul Whitehead and Lord le Despenser, the late Sir Francis Dashwood. When Paul died he left his lordship a legacy. It was his heart which was taken out of his body and sent, as directed. His friend . . . rested satisfied with what he had done, and supposed his friend would rest. But not so—about a week since I received a letter from a person who cannot have been misinformed, telling me that Paul has appeared frequently of late, and that there are few, if any, of his lordship's numerous household, who have not seen him; sometimes in the park, sometimes in the garden, as well as in the house—by day and by night indifferently. I make no reflection upon this incident, having other things to write about and but little room."

Concerning the recognition and communication between friends in heaven, Cowper writes to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper, April 18, 1766:—"Reason seems to require it so peremptorily, that society without social intercourse seems to be a solecism and

a contradiction in terms, and the inhabitants of these regions are called, you know, in Scripture, an innumerable *company*, and an *assembly*, which seems to convey the idea of society as clearly as the word itself. Human testimony weighs but little in matters of this sort, but let it have all the weight it can. I know no greater names in divinity than Watts and Doddridge. They were both of this opinion, and I send you the words of the latter.

“Our *companions in glory* may probably assist us by their wise and good observations, when we come to make the providence of God here upon earth, under the guidance and direction of our Lord Jesus Christ, *the subject of our mutual converse.*”

In a letter to the same lady, Sept. 3, 1766, he thus resumes the subject:—“I am not sorry that what I have said concerning our knowledge of each other in a future state, has a little inclined you to the affirmative. For though the redeemed of the Lord shall be sure of being as happy in that state, as infinite power employed by infinite goodness can make them, and therefore it may seem immaterial whether we shall, or shall not recollect each other hereafter; yet our *present* happiness at least is a little interested in the question. A parent, a friend, a wife, must needs, I think, feel a little heartache at the thought of an eternal separation from the objects of her regard, and not to know them when she meets them in another life, or never to meet them at all, amounts though not altogether, yet nearly to the same thing. Remember them, I think she needs must. To hear that they are happy, will indeed be no small addition to her own felicity; but to see them so will surely be a greater.”

The last years of Cowper's life were spent, so far as his sad affliction permitted, in the society of friends, in rural occupations, and in literary pursuits. Though none, perhaps, ever felt more terrible apprehensions than he in passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, it is pleasing to know that when the last hour came, his long lamentable delusion—that he was eternally lost beyond hope of salvation and Divine mercy, was at length dispelled.* “He died as calmly as a sleeping infant, in the afternoon of the 25th of April, 1800, and from that moment the expression into which the countenance settled was observed by his loving relative ‘to be that of calmness and composure, mingled as it were, with holy surprise;’ and he regarded this as an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul, in its gradual

* No wonder that this horrible idea which had fastened on his mind (however it may have originated), brought it into such a state, that his experiences, as he was fully aware, could not be otherwise than painful. Even Nature became a blank to him. In a letter to Lady Heskett, in 1798, he says:—“My state of mind is a medium through which the beauties of Paradise itself could not be communicated with any effect but a painful one.”

escape from the depths of that inscrutable despair in which it had been so long shrouded.”*

And here I may fitly introduce some of the spiritual experiences of Cowper's intimate friend and biographer—the Rev. John Newton, who, as he tells us in the epitaph he wrote for himself, was “once an infidel and libertine,” but by a series of remarkable Providences, which he relates in his Autobiography, was converted to, and an earnest preacher of, the faith he had denied in principle and in practice.

When about twelve years of age, he was thrown within a few inches of a hedge-row newly cut down. He got no hurt, “but could not avoid,” he says, “taking notice of a gracious Providence in my deliverance; for had I fallen upon the stakes I had inevitably been killed.” Soon after this he was roused by the loss of an intimate companion. “We had agreed,” he says, “to go on board a man-of-war, but I providentially came too late; the boat was upset, and he and several others were drowned. I was invited to the funeral of my play-fellow, and was exceedingly affected, to think that by a delay of a few minutes, (which had much displeased and angered me till I saw the event), my life had been preserved.” In relating another instance of what he regarded as Providential interposition, he says:—“This was one of the many critical turns of my life, in which the Lord was pleased to display his providence and care, by causing many unsuspected circumstances to concur in almost an instant of time. These sudden opportunities were several times repeated—each of them brought me into an entire new scene of action; and they were usually delayed to almost the last moment in which they could have taken place.”

In narrating a very remarkable dream, which is too long to transcribe here, he remarks:—“It is needless for me either to enter upon a discussion of the nature of dreams in general, or to make an apology for recording my own. Those who acknowledge Scripture, will allow that there have been monitory and supernatural dreams, evident communications from heaven, either directing or foretelling future events; and those who are acquainted with the history and experience of the people of God, are well assured that such intimations have not been totally withheld in any period down to the present times. Reason, far from contradicting this supposition, strongly pleads for it, where the process of reasoning is rightly understood and carefully pursued. So that a late eminent writer (Baxter, *On the Vis Inertæ*), who, I presume is not generally charged with enthusiasm, undertakes to prove, that the phenomenon of dreaming is inexplicable at least,

* Cheever's *William Cowper: His Life, Genius, and Insanity*.

if not absolutely impossible, without taking in the agency and intervention of spiritual beings, to us invisible. I would refer the incredulous to him. For my own part, I can say, without scruple, 'The dream is certain, and the interpretation thereof sure.' I am sure I dreamed to the following effect, and cannot doubt from what I have seen since, that it had a direct and easy application to my own circumstances to the dangers into which I was about to plunge myself, and to the unmerited deliverance and mercy which God would be pleased to offer me in the time of my distress."

Newton spent several years of his life at sea, during which he suffered many hardships, and had many remarkable deliverances from imminent peril. For instance, when at a place called Rio Cestos, he was daily in the habit of going up the river, loading, and returning in the morning. He tells us that, "One day, having dined on board, I was preparing to return to the river as formerly; I had taken leave of the captain, received his orders, was ready in the boat, and was just going to put off as we term it—that is, to let go our ropes, and sail from the ship. At that instant the captain came up from the cabin, and called me on board again. I went, expecting further orders, but he said he had taken it into his head (as he phrased it) that I should remain that day in the ship, and accordingly he ordered another man to go in my room. I was surprised at this, as the boat had never been sent away without me before; and asked him the reason. He could give me no reason but as above, that so he would have it. Accordingly the boat went without me, but returned no more. She sunk that night in the river, and the person who had supplied my place was drowned. I was much struck when we received news of the event the next morning. The captain himself, though quite a stranger to religion, so far as to deny a particular Providence, could not help being affected; but he declared that he had no other reason for countermanding me at that time, but that it came suddenly into his mind to detain me!"

Speaking of a voyage to Guinea, he says:—"In the course of this voyage I was wonderfully preserved in the midst of many obvious and many unforeseen dangers. At one time there was a conspiracy among my own people to turn pirates, and take the ship from me. When the plot was nearly ripe, and they waited only a convenient opportunity, two of those concerned in it were taken ill one day; one of them died, and he was the only person I buried while on board. This suspended the affair, and opened a way to its discovery, or the consequences might have been fatal. The slaves on board were likewise frequently plotting insurrections, and were sometimes upon the very brink of mischief; but it was always disclosed in due time. When I have thought myself most secure, I have been suddenly alarmed with danger; and

when I have almost despaired of life, as sudden a deliverance has been vouchsafed me. My stay upon the coast was long, the trade very precarious; and in the pursuit of my business, both on board and on shore, I was in deaths often. Let the following instance serve as a specimen. I was at a place called Mana, near Cape Mount, where I had transacted very large concerns; and had, at the time I am speaking of, some debts and accounts to settle, which required my attendance on shore, and I intended to go on the next morning. When I arose I left the ship according to my purpose; but when I came near the shore, the surf or breach of the sea ran so high, that I was almost afraid to attempt landing. Indeed, I had often ventured at a worse time; but I felt an inward hindrance and backwardness, which I could not account for. The surf furnished a pretext for indulging it, and after waiting and hesitating for about half an hour, I returned to the ship without doing my business, which I think I never did but that morning, in all the time I used that trade. But I soon perceived the reason of all this. It seems, the day before I intended to land, a scandalous and groundless charge had been laid against me, by whose instigation I could never learn, which greatly threatened my honour and interest, both in Africa and England, and would perhaps, humanly speaking, have affected my life, if I had landed according to my intention. The person most concerned owed me about a hundred pounds, which he sent me in a huff, and otherwise, perhaps, would not have paid me at all. I was very uneasy for a few hours, but was soon afterwards comforted. I heard no more of my accusation till the next voyage; and then it was publicly acknowledged to be a malicious calumny, without the least shadow of a ground."

A Continuation of Mr. Newton's Life was written by the Rev. Richard Cecil, in the course of which he remarks:—"We cannot wonder that Mr. Newton latterly retained a strong impression of a particular Providence superintending and conducting the steps of man, since he was so often reminded of it in his own history. The following occurrence is one of many instances. Mr. Newton, after his reformation, was remarkable for his punctuality. I remember his often sitting with his watch in his hand, lest he should fail in keeping his next engagement. This exactness with respect to time, it seems, was his habit, while occupying his post at Liverpool. One day, however, some business had so detained him, that he came to his boat much later than usual, to the surprise of those who had observed his former punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, but the ship blew up just before he reached her. It appears, that if he had left the shore a few minutes sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board."

T. S.

A MYSTERIOUS AFFAIR.

WE have often read of trials having taken place at the instance of ghosts, and it is just possible that one may again occur owing to the alleged revelations of an invisible spirit. The following are the facts which we have heard; we state them as we have had them from those who we believe have no wish to deceive, but we leave the reader to draw his own inference:—Dr. —, * residing in the neighbourhood of Bristol, had a son educated in his own profession, who received a medical appointment abroad. A few months ago the son resolved to return to England, and sailed by a British vessel bound for the port of London, undertaking to give his services as medical man in return for his passage. When, however, the ship was on its way home, the young surgeon, after a short illness, died, the captain of the vessel on reaching London communicated with Dr. —, and gave him an account of his son's death, handing him £22, which he said the latter had at the time of his demise; he also gave Dr. — what he stated was a copy of the ship's log, in which all the circumstances were regularly given. Dr. — was so pleased with the captain's conduct that he made him a present of a gold pencil-case as a proof of his gratitude for kindness to his son. A few months after this Dr. —, who, from being quite a sceptic in Spiritualism and spirit-rapping, is now a believer in both, was with his wife at a *séance* of Spiritualists in London, when a great agitation amongst the furniture of the room and other symptoms of spiritual disturbance were noticed, upon which the medium, who was a lady, stated that the apartment was full of spirits, and that the unseen visitors were evidently desirous of making a communication to some one of the company. The medium was then asked to request that the spirit or spirits would give some indication of the person present with whom they wished to communicate. Upon this a large table, without any apparent agency, was violently moved from the other side of the room, falling on its top close to Dr. —. The spirit was then required, according to the usual fashion, to state who it was, when it rapped out the name of Dr. —'s deceased son, who had died at sea, and who, to the terror of all present, intimated that he had died from poison. Dr. —, wishing to ascertain whether he was or was not deceived, asked the spirit for some evidence of its reality, upon which the unseen visitor intimated the nature of the present which Dr. had given to the captain, and which he believed could have been known to no one present. Dr. — then asked if the poisoning was intentional, and the spirit rapped out that it might

* Dr. James G. Davey, Norwood's Lunatic Asylum, near Bristol.

or might not be : a discrepancy, of course, noticed by more than one present. The spirit, however, proceeded to say that he had left £70, when he died ; whereas Dr. — only got £22 : other particulars were entered into, and altogether Dr. — was so impressed with the revelations that he paid a visit to the wife of the captain of the vessel, who had remained in London, and from whom it was elicited that her husband had stated to her that he feared Dr. —'s son was poisoned, and that, instead of getting peppermint with some castor-oil when he was ill, he got prussic acid. A copy of the log was obtained from the owners of the ship, and Dr. — found it differed most materially from that handed to him by the captain of the vessel. There were other mysterious circumstances connected with the affair, which we are not at liberty to state, but altogether such strange secrets transpired, and there was something so unsatisfactory about the narrative given by the captain, when it came to be scrutinized, that Dr. —, we hear, has been induced to consult an eminent criminal lawyer, with a view to ulterior proceedings. We give the circumstances without expressing any opinion of our own. We may, however, add that Dr. —, who resides in the neighbourhood of Bristol, is a man of the highest professional and personal respectability. — *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* of October 10th.

SPIRITUAL SPHERES AND ATMOSPHERES.

THOUGH I have never attended a *séance*, and confess to a strong feeling of danger in seeking the physical communications of which I have heard and read, I am a believer in Spiritualism. I have, however, for some years, been an observer of a class of phenomena more open, than those which occur at *séances*, to general observation, and I feel confident that many readers of this periodical are also more or less conversant with these phenomena, and some of them will probably be able to add much to our knowledge on an obscure class of subjects, very suitable, as I believe, for ventilation in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

That great seer of the last century, Emanuel Swedenborg, says, that every thing and being, natural or spiritual, has its own peculiar sphere, which is nothing else than the radiation and out-flowing of its vital forces. Just as the earth is surrounded by and bathed in an atmosphere which consists of gaseous particles of the substances composing the body of the earth itself, and as the sun is densely wrapped in an atmosphere of light and heat, which fills the whole solar system with its beneficent influence, and makes of it a glorious symbol of God, the great Life-Giver —so every other created thing has its own sphere of influence,

greater or smaller, and infuses something of its own quality into all things within its range.

These spheres or atmospheres, moreover, are not merely accidental in the qualities they manifest. They are composed of the most active and potent elements of the emitting thing or being. As in the atmosphere of the earth, a large proportion of which is the life-sustaining oxygen, and which contains only minute portions of carbon or the more inert elements composing the mass of the earth—and as in that of the sun, which sends through the universe the creating and stimulating light and heat, so with all other things. And to rise, with reverent steps, to the source of the Divine light and heat; the Holy Spirit, coming from the Father of Lights, through the glorious person of Jesus Christ, is the Divine atmosphere of light and love, giving life to men.

There are multitudes of facts which strongly favour this theory. But at present I will select only a few circumstances illustrative of the view, rather than enter into any attempt at systematic proof of it. It might be a very interesting and not unprofitable enquiry, which should endeavour to discover what are the spiritual conditions which affect the healthiness of different localities, giving to some a notoriety for disease, and to others a reputation which attracts numerous invalids in search of health. Confessedly, very little is known of the causes of these differences. I believe no variations in the chemical constituents of the air have been discovered which can throw any light upon them. And some localities have been, in the course of ages, subject to very remarkable changes in this respect.

The Roman Campagna is a striking instance of deterioration of climate. Anciently, this district was one of the most populous and fruitful regions of Europe. At present, with a fertile soil and a temperature in which the finest fruits might grow, human dwellers are driven away by the terrible malaria. Herds of cattle breed upon its rich pastures, tended by a few sickly men, who live in miserable wigwams during winter and spring, and in the summer flee for their lives into the mountains. The invisible Death creeps into the city of Rome itself, and every year there is a greater number of deaths than births within its walls, the population being kept up only by the constant influx of strangers. And, as if to set at nought the theories of scientific men, the healthiest quarter of the city—in which the proportion of deaths to population is the smallest—is the abominably filthy and crowded Ghetto; the Jews' quarter—a district hardly to be matched, for squalor and dirt, elsewhere in Europe—and lying in the lowest part of the city, on the banks of the Tiber. Modern science suggests bad drainage as one cause of this malaria, but I did not perceive any good reason for this notion on the occasion of a recent visit.

The country is beautifully undulating, and very little of it marshy. The people of the country allege that if the land were well planted with trees, it would be cured. This seems to me more probable. But the want of trees appears to me rather to be a kindred result of the same underlying spiritual cause, than, as itself, the cause of the malaria. That spiritual cause appears to me to be closely connected with the spiritual state of the inhabitants and the rulers. Rome has, for many ages, been the chief seat of that great power, which tries to bind the human race hand and foot with the chains of a spiritual despotism, in the name of Christ. The holiest things have been used as the means by which this great spiritual power has sought to enslave mankind. Would it be wonderful if the smoke of that pit which yawns here to swallow up the world, should poison not only the spiritual, but through that, also the natural atmosphere; and that fair and genial as are the land and the climate to the cursory visitor, a subtle virus should impregnate the air, and spiritual death should work out also into natural death? I say this with no bitterness of feeling for the men who are at the head of the Romish Church. Nor do I mean to say that the Romish is intrinsically worse than any Protestant section of Christendom. Almost any one of these, if it had the power and influence of Rome, would, with its own dogmatic tests of orthodoxy, become equally oppressive. I think it possible that, with all its corruptions, the Romish Church may possess more Divine truth than any single Protestant sect of Christendom. It has never given up its belief in the continuance of miraculous power in the Church, and hence it has never descended to the same depths of materialism and unbelief, as Protestantism. But its grasping after power has made it a vast engine of corruption, magnetized from beneath, and moved by an intelligence which does not appear on the surface.

In the twenty-eighth chapter of Deuteronomy, Moses foretells, just before his death, the blessings and the calamities which the Israelites would experience in the event of obedience or of wickedness. I will not stop to reply to any narrow critical spirit, who shall enquire whether Moses really uttered these words. Whoever wrote them, they are the words of one who could perceive, with a prophet's vision, the working of spiritual causes, outwards from the spiritual into the natural world. A rude people, such as were the Israelites, who saw only phenomena, could only be addressed in language such as that which the prophet uses. Reward or punishment is attributed to the immediate hand of God—His blessing or His curse. In truth, the things foretold would follow, in the established order of the universe, as necessary, unchangeable results of their own lives. Obedience would open heaven with

all its blessings, in every degree or phase of life; in the political state—order, peace, good government; in the social state—industry, unity, prosperity, increase of population, contentment; in the very land and climate—healthfulness, abundance, beauty. Disobedience was idolatry with them, and this was but another name, in their case, for debauchery and gross sensualism. (For the idolatry of the Asiatics, and specially of the Canaanitish nations, was incredibly immoral and corrupting.) Idolatry, then, would, to the seer's eye, bring indolence, corruption, bad government, national weakness, subjugation to foreign enemies, famine, pestilence,—and at length the curse would blight the very atmosphere they breathed, and bring forth plagues of locusts, serpents, wild beasts, diseases, and barrenness in the soil. Unfortunately we have become so wise during the last century or two that we can no longer believe in curses resting on certain things or places. Even Christians, with the Bible in one hand and *Keith on the Prophecies* in the other, showing how the old prophecies have been fulfilled in the desolation which now sits upon the Ancient Babylon, will smile at what they call the superstition that believes it possible for a curse to hang over the splendid marbles and the wondrous ruins of that city which they call the modern Babylon.

To come to more common-place observations,—probably most intelligent people have become aware that on entering into conversation with certain persons, they have felt a kind of restraint which has almost quite prevented the expression of their thoughts. Without any feeling of timidity, or even any high respect for the individual whom they addressed, it has seemed that their ordinary flow of thought and speech were obstructed. Again and again, with the same people, they have experienced the same result—hesitancy and confusion of thought. But, on turning to some other person, they would find perfect ease of expression and lucidness of thought. The required word has come at the right moment, and they have been almost surprised at their own happiness of expression.

This easy flow of thought and word in the company of an associate makes for us one of the highest charms of his society. Doubtless it arises from a spiritual affinity which promotes the mutual communication and blending of thought and sympathies. Without it there may be esteem, but there can scarcely be that union of soul to which we give the name of friendship. In the opposite condition there is antagonism, like that between oil and water. Each feels and avoids the outgoing spherical efflux which the other gives out, but the repulsion and avoidance are deeper than the consciousness.

Sometimes in spending an evening in the company of friends, one finds an atmosphere so genial that every one is drawn out so

as to eclipse his ordinary condition, and beam with kindness, intelligence, and grace. Such an evening becomes to us a revelation of what is possible in social intercourse. At other times there is a frosty stiffness which no effort avails to break through. Every individual present seems to sink below his average condition. Is it not reasonable to suppose, in such cases, that the spheres of the individuals composing the company, by their harmony or discord, either intensify or frustrate the enjoyment of the occasion?

Every one must have observed, too, how contagious are the influences of certain individuals. A single person will sometimes stamp his own character or mood on every other person present, for the time. It may be combative, and then there is ceaseless argumentation,—it may be calm and gentle, and then there is a prevalent blandness and quiet,—or it may be mirthful, and then there is an insuppressible spirit of fun which brims over into loud laughter. Grave persons, carried away by the infection, will afterwards wonder at the trifles which had then seemed to them so full of humour.

That large assemblages may be electrified or magnetized with the same sentiments, is no new discovery. So dangerous and uncontrollable is the public meeting, indeed, that there are few countries where it is permitted. By the greater part of European governments it is not allowed, except under very rigorous restrictions, and with certain carefully defined objects in view. And, in our own country, how many men, after being present at a meeting, have wondered at themselves, marvelling how they could have been so intensely excited on such an occasion. But it is explained if one perceives that the leaders, who inflame the rest, have been previously under furnace-blasts of excitement, until they have come to a white heat, and then, as mediums, pour forth on the spiritual and natural atmospheres, the stream of influx of which they were recipient, to be absorbed by those who were in a neutral or receptive condition.

The power wielded by an orator is, doubtless, chiefly of the magnetic kind. It is one of the fallacies of an age of mere intellectualism and unbelief to suppose that the influence of an eloquent speaker is due only to the effect of his thoughts, his choice of words, and suitableness of gesture. It is true, these are channels by which he sends forth, through the senses of his hearers, a flood of influence. But the true orator unconsciously fascinates his auditors. As he proceeds, each wandering eye and mind is gradually drawn, fixed, rivetted on him. Their souls are knit to his in secret sympathy, the union takes place in a region of being far deeper than that of speech or thought—the region of feeling—he carries them along, so that they seem to think out side by side with him, his own conclusions. Though he seems to

sway them at his will, they do not feel themselves to be swayed. They feel free as he, because they have entered into the same deep and broad stream of life, and together, with him, they are borne along it irresistibly, honouring him because he expresses fully that which they feel. Hence, also, the unmeasured and incalculable power of an earnest man, as compared with an indifferent or insincere one. He who repeats the strongest arguments or persuasives at second-hand, however cleverly, is wanting in the secret magnetic power of the one whose whole soul lives in the subject. He lacks the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn."

Every public assembly has its special spiritual atmosphere. One may sometimes enter a church or chapel in which one feels, if such a thing can be, an atmosphere of death. Spiritually, preacher and people are mummies. The words one hears are unmeaning as the rumbling of wheels above the hollow darkness of a tomb. It is almost impossible to pray there, and even the Bible itself seems dead; its solemn and wonderful words sound like distant voices to a dreamer, making him sleep uneasily without awaking him. But in other churches we feel, on entering, something in the air that makes us conscious we have come to Bethel. The very walls are hallowed by prayer, and if we sat silent, and no one spoke, we should be raised by the still and holy sphere of the place into communion with the Heavens, unless our own hearts were heavily weighted. Who can tell what power there is in an atmosphere in which praying men and women breathe. Numberless are the relations which all the past ages have given of the results of union in prayer. To doubt such results is to doubt the words of Jesus, who said, "Whatsoever ye shall agree to ask in my name, it shall be done." And that first great miracle of the Christian Church—the Pentecostal gift of the spirit, came when the disciples were all assembled "with one accord," praying in an upper room. It came as a rushing, mighty wind among them, a new element in the atmosphere.

But other kinds of spiritual influences actively operate in other public assemblages. Conspicuous among places of amusement are theatres. And highly important as the theatre might be, and ought to be, as an educative and civilizing power, I am constrained to believe that in England its influence is, on the whole, very noxious. Professing to inculcate better morals and higher sentiments, and, indeed, ostentatiously displaying these in the text of many popular plays, yet the surroundings of the stage are vitiating. If there were but this well-known fact, that the theatre is a centre around which are attracted those unhappy women who minister to the vilest lust, it would be sufficient to condemn it. These surround the institution with a

morally malignant atmosphere. But corrupt tastes are also consulted in the amusements provided, and tired bodies and minds are galvanized, in midnight hours, in a burnt-up air glaring with gaslight, into the excitement of unhealthy pleasures. I have scarcely ever gone into a theatre of late years, but I have sensibly felt an atmosphere of dissipation and moral langour. It seemed as though the nerves of good principles must relax in such an air, however much the morals of the play might tell you they ought to be firm. You vainly admonish a man to be strong if you stop his breath. He must faint, and shortly die. And a healthy moral air is as needful to strong, moral principle. When shall we discover that good precept is but a small part of good training? How many families have been poisoned with a hypocritically foul atmosphere, while they were crammed with good precepts?

If Spiritualism could but lead our moralists, our divines, our poets, teachers, and guides of every order, to some perception of the great ocean tides of spiritual influence which surround us, and on which our lives rock and float, instead of merely noting the surf that rises when some obstruction causes a phenomenal dash of the surging waves, we might hope that many mysteries would be unveiled, many occult laws of our being revealed. At present, all is surface observation. Though conscious of impulses, presentiments, secret sensations of like or dislike, we must repress all such things as unworthy of attention. Thus we lose at length, the power of observing them, and become blind and deaf to many tokens and monitions which might become unerring guidance if carefully attended to. How common is the observation that one has, on a first sight of a person, a true impression of his character. Women have these impressions much more commonly and strongly than men.

I think there are few people who have not, at some period of their life, fallen under the influence of some one more powerful than they, in whose company they have felt themselves unable to do what they had, perhaps, previously resolved to do. To a youth, nothing is more disastrous than a depraved companion, who can enslave him. He resolves when alone upon a course of independent action, but the moment he is with his enslaver, he feels himself utterly powerless. He cannot say or do what he had previously decided upon. He is abashed, cowed—his ideas are changed. What he had before thought proper and right, seems now weak and foolish. He is ashamed to speak it. The other may be quite unconscious of the struggle going on within him. It is a magnetic influence by which one pervades and subdues the other, of the same nature as that by which the electro-biologist imposes his wishes on his subject.

And I think that any one who has watched the current of his

own thoughts and feelings, will be able to understand how he may be similarly influenced by disembodied spirits with whom he may be in communication for the time. It seems to me far more reasonable to account in this way for the varying moods which govern us, and for the tendencies of thought which, in all men change from day to day, but in some much more than others,—than to suppose that these changes originate entirely in changed conditions of the stomach and digestive organs, or even of the more vital bodily organs. Doubtless it is true that the state of the body will give a hue and tone to the thoughts, but by no means to the extent often imagined by medical men, who believe in matter only. As well might we suppose that a north wind is the cause of the cold of winter, or a south wind the cause of summer's heat, as that these physical conditions are the sole or even chief causes of depressing, anxious, or cheerful thoughts and feelings. It is true that the north wind brings cold, and a south wind brings warmth, either in summer or winter, but we know well enough that there is a grand cause, quite distinct from these minor and accidental ones of the currents in the atmosphere by which the course of the seasons is governed. And though the north or south wind may intensify or modify the influence of the higher cause—the revolution of the earth round the sun—they cannot permanently interfere with its operation.

So also, if it be true that man is a spiritual being, and lives in a universe of spirits, all that can be effected in the tone of his thought and feeling by physical agencies, will result merely in certain modifications of the conditions of the material organs, by which the spiritual in man descends into the bodily consciousness. One can understand how obstructions in the physical organs may prevent the outflow of spiritual energies into the corporeal structure, and consequently into the external consciousness, in certain directions. Such obstructions may accumulate until the spiritual forces can no longer find their accustomed access to the vital organs of the body, and then death ensues. An injury to the bodily organs, therefore, may cut off the inflowing energies of life, which in a normal condition constantly descend through heaven from the Great Fountain of Life. The organism is thus exposed to the powers of corruption, and becomes the field of conflict of those energies of decay which are known by the general name of hell. They are the correspondents in the spiritual world of all those energies of decay in nature by which dead and dying organisms are dissolved into their elements, and utilized in new forms of life.

It will take a long time before this unbelieving age gets back to any true perception of the extent of its own foolish incredulity. We call ourselves Christians, but we are emphatically unbelievers.

Who is there that gives any weight or place to ideas which evidently filled a very large space in the minds of Christ and the first Christians? What do we understand by the "prince of the power of the air?" Why did Jesus breathe on His disciples when He said, "receive ye the Holy Ghost?" What do we make of all the relations of the casting out of devils—of devils of lunacy, of dumb and deaf devils, of spirits of divination, of spirits of infirmity, of legions of devils in single individuals, giving them supernatural strength with raging madness, of the legion of devils leaving a man and entering into swine, making them mad also? We scarcely trouble ourselves to think of these things at all now, or if we do, we think we know better than Jesus did, all about the science of these phenomena. It is evident that to His view the world of nature and the natural man occupied but a very subordinate position,—were, indeed, all but insignificant. It was the unseen spiritual universe that He contemplated, with its mighty powers and its overwhelming interests, while we look only on the outside of things, and foolishly fancy we understand them better than He.

Whoever will begin to observe for himself in the direction I have been endeavouring to indicate, will find, on every hand, numberless phenomena which are seldom thought of as of any importance, but which, in some wiser age, will be data for nobler sciences than we now possess. Our much-boasted civilization is, perhaps, the shallowest thing ever believed in as an ultimatum for humanity. It will have its use as a material basis for a better future, notwithstanding. Formerly, if men could see but little of the spiritual world, they were wise enough to believe that there was much beyond their vision. They at least acknowledged that they "saw through a glass darkly." The greatest men of the past had the most touching humility, and a full belief of the vast profound which the mist of the flesh hides from us. We, on the other hand, think we know pretty nearly everything, and that what there is beside the world of Nature is an obscure unformed limbo, not worth anybody's attention. Therefore, we throw ourselves, self-reliant and vain, into the grim struggle of life, wrestling with each other for power, and wealth, and pleasure, and scarce once think of those wondrous powers of heaven and hell among which we live, and the fiends, whose powers we are, draw us or drive us hither and thither by secret powers which we utterly disbelieve in. While we build and decorate, scheme, and rush here and there, they magnetize and guide us, prevented only from utterly destroying us by other and benigner powers, of whose existence we are equally ignorant and incredulous.

In another paper I will give some further observations on this little studied but inexhaustible subject.

LIBRA.

SPIRITUALISM IN FRANCE.

By WILLIAM HOWITT.

"Le plus grand événement du siècle."—*The celebrated Father Ventura.*

"Spiritualism is a great fact of the age."—*The Quarterly Review.*

"Bon gré, mal gré, nous y marchons, et sous ce linceul épais, dans lequel la majorité de ces savants essaie en vain d'ensevelir la vérité qui nous occupe, elle vit, elle marche, elle progresse, et sera proclamée tôt ou tard."—*Mirville*
"Question des Esprits."

OUR critics in their frenzied attacks on Spiritualism, have imagined that they were merely assailing with sarcasm or abuse a little knot of people in this country who, standing alone in the world, must be speedily surrounded and crushed beneath their united blows, like some little flock of sheep in a glen of the Alps, on which the wintry mob of wolves have descended in furious swarms. To such a mistake that of Don Quixote in his assault on the windmills was the perfection of sanity. Had they read to any purpose those great libraries open to them, they would have found the whole highway of the past ages crowded with Spiritualists. But not even the present with its more significant and busy movements had arrested their attention. With eyes and ears stopped by the thick mud of the matter they are always so busily delving in, they had neither seen nor heard during ten incessant years, the whole of North America in motion and in excitement with the wonderful outburst of spirit-life. The whole of that vast continent was thrown into a ferment like one gigantic hive of bees at swarming time. Scarcely did Jerusalem and Judea, and the astonished world of Greek and Roman wisdom exhibit a more agitated condition when the first dazzling day of Christianity broke upon them, than did America at this second Advent "in spirit and great power." Like the first revelation of Christ's eternal religion, this second birth of it was in an obscure spot and amongst simple people.

"From that humble home in Hydesville," says Uriah Clark, in his excellent *Plain Guide to Spiritualism*, which has just reached this country, and which both the informed and the uninformed should read—"as humble as Nazareth, the tidings spread with a joy and wonder akin to the angel tidings over Bethlehem." The news that the chambers of death were again rent open—that all which generations of Humes and Voltaires, of physical and metaphysical philosophies had done to lay the restless human spirit in the ice caves of inanition; to bar up the doors of heaven, and to persuade the living that they had no kindred gone into the infinite, no loving souls who were not

merely awaiting them there, but seeking them here, was rendered vain:—the news that the spirits of the departed not only lived but loved, that they were sent down to confound deadly philosophies and more deadly theologies:—this news flew not on the wings of the winds, but of spirit, and a joy and wonder burst forth unparalleled since the day when the saints were drunk with the news at Pentecost, and were thought to be drunk with wine. People ran wildly to and fro to assure themselves of the truth; they sat down here, there, everywhere, and called on their spirit friends, their lost parents, wives, brothers, sisters, children, and they came joyous as themselves at the recovered intercourse. They rapped their gladness on walls, ceilings, floors, furniture. They lifted tables and chairs, and rung bells, and played on instruments in their heavenly delight. They wrote on paper, they spoke through alphabets, they spoke out often audibly and with their old, beloved voices, and the great land and all its populous cities, was one rapturous, thrilling delirium of joyous affection and re-established assurance of immortality.

In the cities, in the country, over the vast prairies, through the vast forests, along the mighty lakes the Divine news flew amongst the astonished population. And the spirit of the enemy flew too. The Herods, the Scribes and Pharisees, and Chief Priests, as of old, were all up and in arms to tread out this new fire. "The people which sat in darkness, saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light had sprung up." The Herods were eager in inquiring out the new-born ideas that they might slay them. The Scribes and Pharisees and Chief Priests of all persuasions ran together, crying out, "What is this? Who are these people? Have they a religion? Where are their churches, their priests, their altars, their ceremonies, and their doctrines?" And the reply was—"Distinctive churches, and paraded but hollow altars, empty ceremonies, hireling priests, theologic bones of contention called dogmas, gyves for hand and foot, for soul and body called creeds, and spiritual toll-gates, called doctrines, have endured long enough. The very angels have been roused from their heavens to preach something better than eternal damnation, infinite torments for finite offences, and splitting of polemic hairs instead of love to God and our neighbour. The fire is gone out on your altars; the world has grown selfish and cruel under your teaching; and the spirit of the ancient Gospel, once more issuing from the Christ-fountain in the skies, is spreading not like slow water to be pent up into sectarian ponds till it is stagnant and breathes death; but like the never-resting ocean, or rather like the electric fire flashing through the veins of universal earth,

knowing no longer bounds or impediments, distinctions or discords. 'This is the light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world,' and can become no particular man's property. Diffusive as the vital atmosphere, catholic as the sun, free as the winds, it is that great heritage of the universe which will envelope all particular folds, consume all theologic fences, set wide all spiritual doors, give life to *every* branch of God's church, and leave death to every *form* of church which has it not. The time is come when the very angels are gone forth into the highways and hedges, and all the hungerers and thirsters after the king's banquet of life will be compelled by their own immortal yearnings to come in."

Such an announcement was not received without consternation, rage, and gnashing of teeth. Affected contempt soon gave way to wildest, deadliest anathemas from pulpits, and the rostra of philosophers; but the great in-gushing spirit, which, like Gallio, "cared for none of these things," sped on its way, and in 1858, that is, in just ten years, in the United States alone, a million and a half of adherents were numbered. There were more than a hundred journals advocating the faith; there were six hundred missionaries running to and fro, and increasing the knowledge. There were some dozens of volumes of its history and experiences already written, and as to its interpreters, its mediums, its inspired speakers, they were countless, for every circle and every family had them.

Now was it not an extraordinary thing that all this din and convulsion of a continent, these marvels of apparition and revelation, this turmoil and conflict of opinion, this sublime progress of the despised and insulted novelty, had never for a moment, or for more than a moment, arrested the attention of the profound philosophers, the busy, restless, ever novelty-hunting *literati* of England? Yet when the supermundane traveller appeared on these shores they started as at an unknown thing, and began to jibe at it as if it had been a mere column of vapour that they could disperse by a single puff of their learned breath. If they had cast but an occasional glance across the Atlantic, they would have seen how little the acutest sarcasm, the most murderous tongues or pens had effected there. And now comes a grave, an earnest little book from America, called *A Plain Guide to Spiritualism*, by Uriah Clark, which will show them what form and dimensions this impassable thing has been assuming there whilst they have been lunging at it madly here. Could they have laughed it down, or knocked down the little troop of Spiritualists in England, of what avail while such legions were daily springing up not only in America, but as they have to learn, much nearer home.

There are now, in the United States, Mr. Clark tells us, 500 public mediums, who receive visitors; more than 50,000 more private ones; 500 books and pamphlets have been published on the subject, and many of them immensely circulated. There are 500 public speakers and lecturers on it; and more than 1,000 occasional ones. There are nearly 2,000 places for public circles, conferences, or lectures, and in many places flourishing Sunday Schools. The believers—the decisive believers number about 2,000,000; while the nominal ones are nearly 5,000,000. In the eastern continent the number may be reckoned at 1,000,000. The whole number now on the globe, supposed to recognize the fact of spiritual intercourse, cannot fall short of 20,000,000. The whole population of the globe is one billion, only 50,000,000 of whom are professing Christians, and not more than 5,000,000 regarded as genuine; according to orthodoxy thus leaving 995,000,000 of immortal souls with no certain hope of salvation. But Mr. Clark goes on:—

“These startling statistics must be met. They reveal the mighty work which some new dispensation is called on to accomplish, and the matchless mission which Spiritualism has already accomplished within the brief space of fifteen years. This Gospel has become an immense fact with its million of witnesses. It is not a creed or theory based alone on the traditions and evidences of the past, like the dominant theologies of Christendom, but based on visible and accredited phenomena now manifest everywhere in our midst. From the mines of modern El Dorado, to the bleak coasts of Greenland; from the rock of old Plymouth to the shores of Oregon; the ice-wrapped peaks of Lapland, to the jungles of the orient Indies; from the exile realms of Siberia, to the southern promontory of the Ethiopian Continent; wherever progress has carried the intelligence of civilization, there these spiritual phenomena, which have become household realities in our midst, have broken the lethargy of Materialism, and opened visions of the supermundane universe. And these phenomena, without any collusion on the part of those who are used as mediums, are concurring in demonstrating the agency of some power and intelligence other than that belonging to the sphere of material causation, and referable only to spiritual beings capable of manifesting themselves to man on the normal plane of earth. It is behind the time to contend that these manifestations are not a reality. Neither magic nor art, magnetism nor electricity, physiology nor theology can account for them. Thousands of intelligent witnesses have investigated, and their testimony is before the world, with an array of strength never equalled in behalf of any other system of science, philosophy, or religion. Neither astronomy, geology, nor phrenology, for more

than a quarter of a century, had as many advocates as Spiritualism has now, after only fifteen years since its lowly advent; and it may be doubted whether Christianity, in a century from the birth of Christ, numbered as many as the Spiritualists of to-day."

And this is the little, despised thing which our English *litterati*, starting up from their busy pettiness of a surface and corrupt literature, from sensation novels and periodicals running an eternal mill-horse round of descriptions of social follies and fashionable crimes; from the whipped froth of Anglicized-French dramas; from the luscious immorality of the opera, and the open, festering sewer of politics without principles, have deemed that they could sneer or cudgel away! But Mr. Clark does not state the case of Spiritualism in its fulness; he does not display its gigantic bulk as it is. So far from Spiritualism numbering twenty millions of votaries only, it numbers the majority of the population of the globe. All the Eastern nations are, and have been Spiritualists from time immemorial. The Syrian, the Indian, the Persian, and Chinese swarming populations are Spiritualists to a man. Buddhists and Brahminists, followers of Mahomet, or Laotse, all are Spiritualists. They are not twenty millions but hundreds of millions; they are the great majority of the population of the globe, be they of whatever religious creed they may. It is the great predominant and permanent faith of mankind, a faith imprinted in the heart of humanity by the hand of the Creator, and preserved there by perpetuity of fact.

To them, these gentlemen of the press and of the laboratory, who imagine themselves looking down from the commanding height of a major opinion, are, in reality, but a miserable section of the race—an abortive and shrivelled remnant, sitting in ludicrous judgment on the collective family and conviction of the globe. Christianity, in the weakness and apostacy which has befallen it, has yet only drawn a small minority of mankind to its acceptance, and, as it is confessed, in the multitude of cases, but to a very nominal acceptance. Those Protestants, therefore, who have abjured the universal spiritual belief of man of whatever creed or nation, are but a minority of a minority. Christianity itself is but a minority amongst religions all holding a firm faith in spiritual intercourse; the Protestant apostates from this spiritual faith are but a small minority of that minority. Every other form of Christianity as well as every other form of religion, is spiritual; the great heart and intellect of humanity maintains its faith inviolate.

It has, therefore, been an amusing spectacle to see the English press, in its greater number of organs, imagining that it was about to annihilate a poor little handful of silly fanatics, when in its profound ignorance, it was spurning at the great living world

itself. It did not see or hear what had taken place in America, and still more wonderful, it was as innocently unconscious of what had nearly ten years been going on all over the Continent. It need only have lifted up its eyes, and just across the Channel, it would have seen what might have inspired it with a few other thoughts. France, quick, shrewd and observant, has to a great extent become Spiritualist. Its catholic portion, its great majority, is Spiritualist by its predominant faith. That church, all over France, has its miracles continually recurring. But amongst its acute literary and scientific men, numbers have broken the trammels of infidelity prevailing in that class, and avowed themselves Spiritualists. Numbers of these have boldly come forward and justified their faith by their works. France has its "Society of Spiritualists." France sees at the head of both society and State, its Imperial Family bearing open testimony to the reality of Spiritualism. France has a numerous body of distinguished men who have written able and learned works on the subject, and it has several journals in its advocacy in Paris, those especially edited by Messrs. Pièrart and Kardec. The names of Count Szapary, Baron de Guldenstubbé, Mirville, Cahagnet, Buret, Auguez, Caudemberg, Reynaud, Berruyer, Méray, Matthieu, Delaage, Goupil, Lacordaire, Louisy, Du Potet, Lausanne, Alexis, &c. &c., are to us familiar by their works on this great topic. Most of these writers are natives of France; one or two of them may be classed as French authors by their residence in Paris and the production of their works there. The chief of them profoundly familiar with electricity and magnetism are eminently qualified to distinguish between the action of spirits and that of the elements through which they manifest themselves. There is one distinguished writer, the Count de Gasparin, who has not been so discriminating, but has zealously contended for the development of the so-called spiritual phenomena by electric and magnetic forces alone; and that an intelligence as well as power is inherent in these forces. He has been ably answered, that is, refuted, by Mirville in his "Questions des Esprits" and "Esprits."

In Paris and in different parts of France, the manifestations have been of almost every kind and of the most decisive and distinguished character. Great numbers of persons have been healed, by therapeutic mediums, of diseases and injuries incurable by all ordinary means. Some of these persons are well known to me, and are every day bearing their testimony in aristocratic society to their cures by spiritual agency. Many persons have been called to life when pronounced perfectly dead by their medical attendants. Deaf and dumb persons have been gifted or re-gifted with speech and hearing, either by mediumistic

manipulation, or by direct prayer. A most extraordinary case of this latter kind is that of the youth, Gigott, of Briac, attested by the doctors themselves, in the *Revue Spiritualiste*, Tom. 1, p. 322. But, in fact, a very large volume of spiritual cases of what is called the supernatural, might be selected from the volumes of the *Revue Spirite*, and the *Revue Spiritualiste*, certified by names of person, places, and witnesses. The direct spirit writings obtained in hundreds of instances by Baron Guldenstubbé, and various other distinguished men, are familiar to all who know anything of Spiritualism. Spirit drawings are equally well known in France, some of which have been engraved, as the remarkable one of the "Maison de Mozart." The musical demonstrations have been and are equally singular.

It is not to be supposed, however, that there has been no opposition. Everywhere where Spiritualism has appeared it is curious and almost laughable to see how exact and how universal are the phases of opposition. What has occurred in one place has occurred everywhere. The churches have denounced the movement as of the devil. The Catholic Church patronizing all such cases of the supernatural that submitted themselves to its guidance, but anathematizing every attempt to go ahead of its authority. The literary and the scientific classes, as a rule, have sneered and sniggled sillily, without examining the matter. At first, when the movement had only shewn itself by table-turning, all these classes were as much charmed as anybody. All Paris, journalists and *savans* of all kinds, was in a whirl of excitement, but the moment there began to be evidences of spirit in it, these all fled, crying, "O, superstition! Absurd! Impossible!" The material philosophers, like our Faraday, the Babinets, Flourens, Chevreuls, burnt their fingers with it; and then, like the redoubtable Sir David Brewster, declared that "spirit was the very last thing they would give in to." Some of these famous members of the Institute, Babinet emphatically, had before declared publicly that steam vessels were impossibilities. The medical men were most doggedly decided against admitting spirits to the slightest "glimpses of the moon," which made M. Matthieu exclaim, in one of the public journals, "*Mon Dieu!* What makes the doctors all so opposed to spirits? Ha! they are afraid of meeting those legions of ghosts that they have sent out of the world before their time!"

But, spite of all opposition, Spiritualism in France, as all over the Continent, has stridden on calm, majestic, and invincible. In Germany, Holland, and Belgium it has produced a large number of works of the most philosophical character, to which I hope, ere long, to draw attention. In Switzerland it has awakened great numbers and produced a distinct literature there.

It has found able supporters in such men as Dr. Roessinger, the Ragazzis, Bort, Bret, Mistral, Amman, &c. In Italy, and especially at Palermo in Sicily, the attempts of the priests to put it down have occasioned great commotion. In Spain itself it has gone to such a length that the Church has made a bonfire of its books. In Spain, as into every remotest corner of Europe, the creeping pestilence of Materialism had found its way ; but it is a striking demonstration of God's good providence, that wherever that soul-destroying poison had travelled, God has sent the spiritual remedy after it, even into Spain, where bigotry and infidelity divide the clergy between them. But let us, for the present, confine our attention to France.

In 1862, Allan Kardec made a visit to Lyons and some other places in the South of France, and published an account of it in his *Voyage Spirite*. He seems to have first sowed the seeds of the faith there, for I find more than one pamphlet from that district dedicated to him as the originator of the writer's belief. He says :—"The first result that we have ascertained is the immense progress of believing Spiritualists. A single fact will give an idea of this. On our first journey to Lyons, in 1860, we found there, at most, some few hundreds of adepts. The following year, there were from five to six thousand, and this year, it is not easy to count them ; but we may, without exaggeration, estimate them at from 25,000 to 30,000. At Bordeaux, last year, there were not more than 1,000, and in the space of a single year, the number has become 10,000. This fact is undeniable.

"Another fact that we have been able to ascertain, and which is notorious, is, that in a great number of places where Spiritualism was unknown, it has, thanks to the denunciation of it, inspired many with a curiosity to learn what it was, and being found a substantial verity, these have become naturally partizans. We might mention, amongst others, a little town in the Department of Inde et Loire, where a preacher was seized with a desire to fulminate against it from the pulpit, as the religion of Satan. The population, much astonished, became curious to know what the religion of Satan really was. They immediately procured books, and now they form a centre of the faith through a wide district. Everywhere the growth has been in proportion to the violence of opposition to it. Everywhere the movement has commenced in the middle and intelligent classes ; nowhere has it commenced amongst the low and the ignorant ; but from the middle classes it has spread into the highest and the lowest throughout the whole region of society. Many towns at present have societies composed chiefly of the members of the bench, the bar, the magistracy, and the functionaries. The aristocracy furnishes its contingent, but, hitherto, chiefly contents itself with

sympathizing, and does not form or join societies, at least in France, but spiritual societies now abound in Spain, Russia, Austria, and Poland."

So insignificant is the state of Spiritualism in England, that Kardec does not even mention it in his pamphlet.

"In Lyons there are many societies of several hundreds each, which are extremely well conducted, and in that city there has been the largest general meeting that has taken place in France, deputies attending to the number of 600, from different associations. Mediums are numerous, and of various kinds; some attend the meetings, others use their powers only for themselves and friends. In Lyons are many mediums; some writing mediums; others, drawing mediums; one who paints in oil without ever having received any instruction in either drawing or painting. At Marennnes, there is a lady who is at the same time a drawing medium and an excellent writing medium, both of dissertations and of communications from spirits in conversation. At St. Jean d'Angely, there is a lady medium who writes mechanically long and beautiful articles at the same time that she is reading a book, or engaged in conversation, without paying any attention to her hand, and it sometimes happens that she is not aware when the writing ceases.

"But the most remarkable fact is the diminution of mere physical phenomena in consequence of more spiritual communications. The spirits themselves say that the period of curiosity has passed there; the people are now in the second period, that of philosophy, and that ere long the third will commence—the application of Spiritualism to the reform of humanity.

"One of the most remarkable characteristic traits is that of the vast number of persons who believe, although they have not seen a single manifestation. They have merely read and heard and are satisfied of its truth, and its moral benefit, on the evidence of those on whom they can rely. At Cette, they know mediums only by the name and through books, but it is difficult to meet with any believers more full of faith and zeal. Everywhere the moral transformation which it produces is little less than miraculous. The doctrines of the Gospel are, as it were, revived in them. There are few paid mediums, and those only in one or two cities. The most disinterested spirit prevails, and by this we mean self-denial, humility, the absence of all proud pretensions, the whole thought being the prevalence and advance of Spiritualism. Those who make a trade of their power lose respect.

"It is remarkable that children brought up in these ideas, display a precocity of intellect which renders them very easy to manage. They lose none of the natural gaiety and spirit of

enjoyment, but they are remarkably free from the turbulence, self-conceit, and caprice, which render so many others intractable and often intolerable. The conviction that their departed ancestors and relatives are about them, inspires them with the desire of purity and self-respect. The moral effect of this is obvious, and as the children of Spiritualists educate their children in the like sentiments, a new reign of morals will be induced, and it is evident, that one day, the spiritual idea will be the universal faith."

Since reading these statements of Kardec's, I have been in Lyons, and found the whole of them perfectly correct. The facts are familiar to every one. Enter any bookseller's shop, and ask whether there are any Spiritualists in that city, and he will say, immediately, "Yes! more than thirty thousand, and there are nearly three thousand mediums." Every one speaks of his being a Spiritualist with the same frankness, as of his being a Catholic or a Protestant. There is a weekly sheet, *La Verité*, published, as an expressly spiritual journal, which is very ably conducted by M. E. V. Edoux, who has also published a guide to Spiritualism—*Spiritisme Pratique*—a very sensible and useful little work. The working classes of Lyons, amongst whom Spiritualism abounds, have also issued a pamphlet, *Le Spiritisme à Lyons*, in which they express their profound satisfaction at the moral results which the faith in Spiritualism has produced amongst them. This pamphlet of 32 pages is embellished with four engravings of flowers from drawings by mechanic mediums which they state to have been seen with admiration by the Spiritual Society of Paris. Every one who has seen a spiritual drawing at once recognizes these as genuine spiritual productions. The *Comité de Famille*, of which the director is a M. Dijoud, state that in their particular association, they have three mechanical writing mediums, three intuitive ones, three seers of different kinds, and three mechanical or involuntary designers.

The articles in this pamphlet are of the most sensible and pious character. The writers believe, that amongst other spirits, those of John the Baptist, the apostles Paul and James, communicate with them, and certainly the communications attributed to these sources, are thoroughly worthy of them. They are of the highest Christian philosophy, the philosophy of love to your neighbour, to God, and to truth. The Baptist says, that as he came before to prepare the way of Christ, so he is come now to prepare the world for his second advent. That the living faith is lost and has to be revived; the world has again risen wholly into the ascendant, and has to be cast out, and the human soul to be once more baptized in spiritual water and in fire. If we look at the rapid propagation of this revived vital Christianity all over the south of France and the moral regeneration attending it, the

work is by no means unworthy of the evangelist to whom it is thus boldly and in the true Catholic spirit ascribed.

M. Edoux informed me that he was himself a musical and a writing medium; that his wife was also a medium. I was also informed that the sub-manager of one of the railway stations at Lyons, who could not play on the violin, is now become an excellent player on that instrument, entirely through spiritual agency. There is also amongst the Lyonnese Spiritualists a child of only three years old, who reads people's thoughts and answers mental questions. The spiritual community there and in the other Southern cities, divides itself into social companies as most convenient, according to their localities, and these meet frequently for manifestations, communications and converse. From these, deputed members visit the other circles, and thus the whole community is knit up into one general body, through which all the interesting intelligence circulates, and a living sympathy is maintained. The winter months are the chief time of their social activity and intercourse. There are in Lyons, both Catholic and Jewish Spiritualists.

In Metz, there are from 3,000 to 4,000 Spiritualists. There, as at Palermo, and in Algiers, the Catholic bishop has fulminated against the new faith. In the cathedral in Metz, a certain Jesuit father, the Rev. Pere Letierce, preached against it for three successive days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th of May of the present year. This zealous antagonist was replied to in one of the ablest and acutest pamphlets that it has been my pleasure to read. I regret much that the writer has merely designated himself "*Un Spirite de Metz*," but surely no reverend calumniator ever received a more decisive refutation. I hope, one day, to make the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* more acquainted with the contents of this brilliant little performance. At present, I can only note one of its discharges of grape-shot. The preacher declares Spiritualism utterly and obviously a thing of perdition, because the Church is everywhere against it. The crushing reply is, "The Church! It is the Church which has created Spiritualism. The Church has apostatized from the faith of the Bible, and Spiritualism has taken it up. It was a necessity, an imperative necessity for mankind. The Church, like the Jews of old, has slain the prophets in every age. It has tortured, imprisoned, burnt and destroyed every genuine messenger of Gospel truth that has been sent to it, and now God has been compelled to send forth his angels, his spirits to do his work of salvation in the earth, whom they *cannot* kill. That is the work of the Church. That is the origin of Spiritualism."

The writer concludes by recommending every one to read the sermon of the Jesuit Father, Nampon, preached in the primatial

church of St. John the Baptist, in Lyons, and the pamphlet of the Abbé Marousseau, *against* Spiritualism, both published in Paris, as the most effectual means of conversion to Spiritualism.

Here I must abruptly break off. A vast amount of facts lies all over France, all over the Continent, which can only here be glanced at in the most cursory manner. There is a very numerous body of a peculiar kind called Fusionists, who require a separate notice. The one great fact, however, stands prominent as the Alps on the bosom of Europe. Spiritualism, the great theologic and philosophic reformer of the age, the great re-quickener of religious life, the great consoler and establisher of hearts, the great herald of heaven to the wanderers of earth, starved upon the husks of mere college dogmas, and loaded with a sore pilgrim's pack of Materialism, is marching calmly onwards, amid the nations, and on all sides rejoicing souls are flowing towards it. The stone cut out of the mountains without hands is rolling on its way and promising ere long to fill the whole earth. The *New York Herald* never said truer words than that:—"The development of these ideas will prove, without question, the greatest revolutionary movement which Ecclesiasticism has confronted since the Reformation." Therefore, we add, with M. Piérart in the *Revue Spiritualiste*:—"To you, Spiritualists, will belong the glory to have been the first to clear this great and consolatory way, to have prepared a new era. Have faith, then, combine your efforts, associate your intelligence, your exertions, and propagate the Truth. It is given to you to prove the existence of the benefits which flow from the Divine inspiration, and which are diffused through all nature till we learn to understand and to avail ourselves of them."

TWO EX-CHANCELLORS.

A REMARKABLE contrast may be noticed between two of the great notabilities of England, one of them the late venerable Lord Lyndhurst, the other the aged and celebrated Lord Brougham. Lord Lyndhurst has entered the spiritual state after a life full of honour and extending far beyond the ordinarily allotted period.

In a funeral sermon preached by his friend the Rev. Mr. Howarth, the Rector of St. George's, we are told that during his long comparative retirement from public life, he had earnestly devoted himself to religious duties, and was well prepared for the great change to the spiritual world. His last words were "Happy! happy! happy!" It is not too much to assume, that the calmness and joy with which he welcomed the angel of death, is to be in a great degree attributed to the certainty of his immediate and continued life in the new world of spirits, and of

its intimate connexion and relation with this world, and with those whom he was leaving, and that this certainty arose from his belief in spiritual laws, and the knowledge which he had acquired through observing the varied phenomena of Spiritualism. He was a careful and scrutinizing observer of all facts which came under his notice, and had no predilections or prejudices against any, and during the repeated interviews which he has had with Mr. Home he was entirely satisfied of the nearness of the spiritual world, and of the power of spirits to communicate with those still in the flesh. As to the truth of the mere physical phenomena, he had no difficulty in acknowledging them to the fullest extent, nor could he have entertained the smallest doubt of them from the many experiences which he had of them under circumstances of the most convincing kind; neither did he, like many, make any secret of his convictions, as his friends can testify.

In strange contrast with this is the course of the other ex-chancellor, in some respects a greater man, and in others of less intellectual stature than his departed friend. If Lord Lyndhurst had a greater age than Lord Brougham, he bore his venerable honours better, and did not trust himself so much to defy the inroads of time, which after all no man or woman born can entirely withstand. The honour of Lord Brougham is dear to us all. His great name belongs to English history, and it is no disparagement of him to say that he is not now for public life the man he was. Lord Brougham is not equal to the great Henry, and he should long since have gathered together his mantle, and have reposed upon his former dignity. It is only a few months ago that he gave expression to our idea in returning thanks for the ladies at a dinner of the Fishmongers' Company, when in regretting the absence of the female sex, he undertook to speak for them, and based his right to do so on the fact of his being now himself an old woman, and (looking round the table he added) that he saw many other old women about him. We were reminded of this incident on reading his recent address on opening the Social Science Congress at Edinburgh, in which after introducing subjects of the most heterogeneous kinds, having nothing to do with the subject in hand, he finished by a reference to Spiritualism which is full of odd confusion and forgetfulness:—

The ancients have told us what was their idea of happiness in the Isles of the Blessed, where they conceived the lot of the wise to be that, freed from all care, their whole existence would be passed in investigation and gaining a knowledge of nature. How they would have pitied if not despised us when told that without undervaluing the pleasures of extended knowledge, we yet regarded it as the greatest happiness which Heaven could bestow, to be graciously allowed the solace of looking down upon the scene of our earthly labours, and seeing with eyes which age and sorrow can make dim no more, the great body of those for whom we had toiled and suffered, exalted by the possession and by the right use of the gifts we had helped to bestow. Some,

unhappily, there be who will not permit us to indulge in such hopes; who believe, at least maintain, that our death and our extinction happen together. Men, it seems, have been sent from the South to inculcate this dismal error, *while those who will believe anything oppose to those who will believe nothing their visions of Spiritualism and direct communication with the departed. The promoters of social science regard such errors with contempt, only softened by pity.* Theirs is the belief held, theirs the hope cherished by Hale, and Bacon, and Locke, and Newton—belief in the “King Eternal, Immortal and Invisible, the only wise God”—hope inspired by the study of His works and confirmed by His revealed Word.

What a sad jumble is this, beginning by extolling the spiritual ideas of the ancients, which, so far as they go, are ours also, and in proof of which he gives a quotation from Cicero, and then, after regretting that some “who come from the South will not permit us to indulge such hopes,” he turns round upon Spiritualists to condemn them for maintaining the possibility and the fact of the communion of saints and angel ministration. If it be true, as he says, that his social science regards this error, as he calls it, with contempt, the sooner he turns to his Bible the better it will be for him. As to what he says, that social science gentlemen cherish the belief of Hale and Bacon, and Locke and Newton, it would have been more to the purpose, if he could have said that they believed in the Old and New Testaments, and in the spiritual experiences of all kinds which are there recorded, and upon which the whole system of revealed religion is based. None of his demigods are the equal of Moses, the existence of whom Lord Brougham ignores. But his reference to Bacon and Newton is especially unfortunate for him. Bacon, from whose works we have made repeated quotations, was a consistent believer in the ministrations of angels and spirits, both good and bad. He was a believer in witchcraft: and it was his hand which drew the famous or infamous Act of Parliament of James against witches. Hale, too, was notoriously a believer in witchcraft; and Newton was himself a firm believer in spiritual influx, and attributed his great discoveries to that true source of all genius.

The fact is, that old women are fond of keeping company together, and of talking over their tea; and we see that Lord Brougham had been taking tea with another old woman, Sir David Brewster, who, having a special grievance against Spiritualism, has succeeded in making his friend a cat's paw to reach the hot chesnuts for him. Sir David had just before written in his review, *The North British*, a foolish article on Mr. Home's book, in which, throughout the long pages, he could not, and did not, combat the phenomena, the existence of any single one of which, he owns, would overturn his whole system of materialism. All he tries to do is to hold up the facts to ridicule, without argument of any kind on his part, and to keep out of view his own disingenuous conduct towards Mr. Home, subsequent to the *séances*

at which he and Lord Brougham attended, and which Mr. Home has so well exposed. We are enabled to state, however, that Lord Brougham fully admits what Sir David Brewster denies, that the phenomena did actually occur, without any deception or imposture, and that they are true facts in nature, for which he cannot account, although in his opinion they do not proceed from spirits. Sir David says they do not occur at all, and that their pretended occurrence is a fraud. We should have been glad to have heard the conversation between these two old ladies, which resulted in Lord Brougham's coming forward publicly to try to help his friend at the Social Science Congress; but Sir David has evidently got the better of him for the moment. We still hope that Lord Brougham, when he sees the shameful use that has been made of him, will throw over Sir David, and tell us all about the contrivances by which he has been made to cut so foolish a figure.

THE THEORY DEDUCED FROM MARY JANE.

WHENEVER any individuals possessing a certain type of mind have collected a number of facts, it follows almost as a certainty that they will endeavour to frame from these a theory. According as the mind that thus theorizes is well or imperfectly trained to examine scientific or subtle facts, so will it build up a complete or unstable theory. As a general rule, however, there is a strong tendency to theorize, before a sufficiently extended investigation has occurred, and hence the frequent reconstructions that have had to be made in most of the leading sciences of the day.

There was a very admirable plan, suggested first we believe by Kepler, *viz.*, after a number of facts had been collected and a theory built thereon, the philosopher should take the opposite side of the question, and try to "hunt down" as he termed it his own theory, or in other words to endeavour to find facts which could not be explained by the theory. When it was proved that there were many facts none of which could be explained by the suggested hypothesis, then this hypothesis ought to be rejected, another substituted, hunted down in like manner, and so on.

If the person who thus acted were a real lover of truth, as the word philosopher indicates, he would readily resign his own opinions as soon as he found them inadequate to explain known facts, and thus truth must in the end prevail. Adopting this method we will endeavour to verify the theory explained in the September number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, as being supposed sufficient to account for all the phenomena spoken of as Spiritual

by the author of *Mary Jane*. We will merely refer the reader to the sixteen items there spoken of, and leave him to select from these those which will explain the following facts, which are merely some amongst the many which have come under our own experience.

A party of six attended at a *séance* for manifestations; after names had been written on paper, when both pencil and paper were on the floor, and after several names had been rapped out, these names belonging to persons long since dead, a person next to me, a medium, said, "A spirit is between you and me and wishes to write its name;" as he said this he placed his arm on the table and said, "The spirit will write on my arm." A young lady sitting opposite to me, who had never before seen the male medium, said, "I see who the spirit is, it is Miss W——." "You are wrong," said the other medium, "the name written is Amy, and nothing more."

Now as it happened we had not been thinking or speaking of this person, and her spirit we believed was otherwise occupied than in being near us—yet singular to say, Amy W—— were the christian and surname of the person whose presence was thus indicated. One medium here announced the spirit presence by sight, the other by a name written; one gave the Christian, the other the surname, and the two mediums had never met before and had had no previous communications.

On the *Mary Jane* theory we have then one or two rather serious difficulties. First,—Does the "odylic being" that emanates from the bodies of those present, assume an appearance recognizable to the sight of those who see with the sense of sight independent of its organs, and does this "odylic being" give names and appearances when neither of the two have entered the minds of those present; can it in fact assume a visible reality, as real to the eye of a medium as is a living person? If it can how are we to prove that our houses are not "odylic beings," resulting from our thinking of bricks and mortar? for we are acquainted with persons who can see, hear and feel, these "odylic beings" just as palpably as they can the material being who is now writing.

Another example:—A party of five or six persons were in a room, one of whom was a German; we were also present. A young lady, a medium, entirely unacquainted with the German language, took up a pencil, and wrote in large letters a sentence which at first was unintelligible to every person in the room; it looked like German, but two words seemed to be incorrect, and spoiled the sense of the message. Upon carefully looking at it, however, the German found it to be a quaint way of expressing that which was intended to be said, an idiom in fact but little

used, and the message was appropriate to him. The lady said she saw the words written in letters of light in the air over the head of the gentleman for whom they were intended. Bearing in mind the total ignorance of German on the part of the lady, item 7 on page 399, *Spiritual Magazine*, scarcely explains in a satisfactory manner this fact.

A young lady who was staying at our house some few years back, came down stairs one morning and said, "My old friend D—— O—— is dead; he came to me last night, said that he had entered the spirit world, had realized his condition there, and *knew how* to communicate with those on earth who were mediums." Two days afterwards the papers announced the death of D—— O—— who had died about ten o'clock on the night previous to the morning on which the lady made the remark already mentioned, and his demise occurred at a locality some hundred miles distant from our house. From item 1 to 16 we fail to find a law that satisfactorily explains this fact.

A few nights ago we suddenly awoke from what we believed a very vivid dream; it was to the effect that a near relative, F——, who died some months back, was present and speaking to us; with this person was also an individual who is alive and on earth. So strongly did this dream impress us that during the next day it was frequently occurring to our memory. On the following morning, that is the second day after the dream, we received a letter in which the following question was asked:—"Were you conscious the night before last that F—— came and talked to you with me?"—the "me" being the second person whose presence I seemed to recognize in the dream.

The article 15 of theory *Mary Jane* is illogical in its reasoning, the concluding remark about Mahomet being a proof or deduction not applicable to the preceding facts. For if I see John Smith and speak to John Smith, I have every reason to believe that John Smith is before me; but if I have merely a signature of John Smith's, I must use great caution before I can swear that John Smith's hand wrote the words.

If when a person sees a being which is identical in general appearance with one who is dead, and when this being gives its name and several facts to prove its identity, we cannot be certain it is not an "odyleic being" emanating from ourselves; how can we know that the horse we ride is not a similar self-created quadruped, the servant who waits upon us is not a mere condensation of gases and elementary vapours, and ourselves, not realities but emanations from something else?

Simplicity is desirable both in art and in theory, and we believe that as a rule the least complex theory is that which is the most likely to carry with it a portion of truth. We

do not find that our facts are at all satisfactorily explained by the theories found in *Mary Jane*, but they meet a ready solution on the spiritual hypothesis, and not only these few which we have mentioned above, but some hundreds of others, each of which is as perplexing, if we assume the "odylic being" as a real existence.

Notices of Books.

ANSWERS TO EVER-RECURRING QUESTIONS FROM THE PEOPLE.*

ABOUT seven years ago, Mr. Davis published a book, entitled *The Penetralia*, containing answers to some three hundred questions, put by investigators—questions growing out of "that extraordinary and influential movement of modern days, commonly denominated spiritual." The present volume is a sequel to *The Penetralia*, containing answers to about two hundred additional questions since received. These questions and answers as may be anticipated, embrace topics and classes of topics the most diverse:—anthropological, astronomical, biological, chronological, cosmological, and so on, through all the letters of the alphabet, including geological, phrenological, physiological, psychological, and theological, down to zoological. The questions range from "The Perpetual Verdure of Evergreens," to the "Interior Light of Shakespeare;" from "The Cause of the Winds," to the "Centre of the Universe," and the answers are given suggestively, summarily, wisely, wittily, poetically, and practically; and display considerable force, variety, and elasticity of faculty.

From "The Materialism of Chemical Science," we quote a few remarks which may be considered *apropos* to the chemical theory of Spiritualism which the author of "Mary Jane" holds, in defiance of Mary Jane herself.

We hold chemistry in high esteem, as the great pioneer science of all the modern sciences, but it is not clairvoyant in realms where matter is lost in ether and spirit. There is a limit to the investigation of matter. The science of the schools stops just where life is conjoined with matter in the organic sphere. . . . The true science of chemistry is yet to be discovered. It will come down out of mind, not up out of matter; and yet finer links of truth will shine effulgently.

From the answer to the question, "Why do spirits appear in earthly dress?" we quote the concluding paragraph, which we commend to the consideration of Mr. George Cruikshank.

These appearances are intended merely as *reminders* and *tests* of identity.

* *Answers to Ever-recurring Questions from the People.* By A. J. DAVIS. New York: DAVIS & Co.; London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

All intelligent spirits are great artists. They can psychologize a medium to see them, and to describe them, in the style which would produce the deepest impression on the receiver. The will-power, and the intimate connections between mind yet in the body and mind disembodied are familiar to most spirits. They can easily represent themselves as being old or young, as in worldly dress or in flowing robes, as is deemed best suited to accomplish the ends of the visitation. They substitute pantomime and appearance for oral explanations.

One of Mr. Davis's correspondents accompanies the question. "What is an apparition?" with the following narrative; which, it will be seen confirms the similar one given by Dr. Child, in a recent number.

Recently, my mother went to her spirit home. . . . While on a journey, in March last, I passed into a sort of reverie, and was scarcely conscious that I was driving my horse. . . . I seemed to be at the bedside, or in the room where my mother was dying. I was speaking to her of the spirit home, and of the friends there, to whom she was about to take her flight. . . . When I aroused, I was somewhat surprised and saddened by the words which had fallen from my lips, for I had, at the time, no reason to suppose that my mother was unwell. On my return next day I received a letter, which informed me that my mother was dangerously ill. She died on the 9th of the present month (April), and in her last words, said to her weeping friends, that she *saw me in the room, and called to me twice*. Thus was my reverie turned to a prophecy, every part of which was perfectly fulfilled. May it not be true (asks our correspondent) that, *since my spiritual presence was with my mother, 1,200 miles from my own home*, that I may also be present in angel form with my mother in the spirit home?

The volume concludes with "A Psychometrical Examination of Abraham Lincoln," made early in 1861, the only means of support furnished being "The President's autograph and a scrap of his hand-writing." We had marked a passage from this for an extract, but are compelled to omit it for want of space.

THE AUSTRALIAN SPIRITUALIST.*

WE have just received the first four numbers of this new periodical, of which the publication was commenced on the 1st July. Our readers are already indebted to its editor for the articles which have appeared in the *Spiritual Magazine*, under the title of "Spiritualism in Australia," the third of the series of which is now in type, and will, we hope, appear next month. We heartily wish him success in his undertaking, and we hail this first beacon-light from the new world as a promising sign of the time that is coming upon us, when this great subject shall be prominent in every land. There was never a time when the eclipse of faith and the want of a spiritual philosophy were more deep than at this day, when knowledge has usurped the place of wisdom, and made itself a king instead of a subject. We sincerely trust that in those bright sunny climes of Australia, men may not find themselves so fettered and trammelled by pseudo-science as to

The Australian Spiritualist: published fortnightly, at Wollongong, New South Wales; by F. SINCLAIR, Crown-street. Price 3d.

run through the weary mazes of unbelief and folly which have characterized our leading men in England. We are well nigh tired of belabouring them, and we begin to think they may safely be left to extinguish one another; but should it be necessary to shew the inconsistency of our weekly or quarterly reviewers, we are glad to see that we may find pungent and logical articles ready to hand in the journal of our far-eastern fellow labourer. His pages also contain accounts of phenomena and *séances* in Australia, and philosophical and critical articles of high merit. We trust that the publisher may be able to arrange for copies to be obtained in England, and we shall be happy to advertise our readers where and when they may be purchased.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—A week or two ago a friend related to me some experience at the table of a medium, whose name has often appeared in the pages of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to whom he was referred for evidence of spiritual existence,—evidence which he much desired to have. I noted down what he told me, thinking it might interest others as much as it did myself. He received at this sitting, by the usual means of the alphabet, various communications upon subjects quite out of the knowledge of the medium: some of them he knew were true, while others proved true by the result. In the course of the sitting the table executed movements impossible, apparently, to those around it, such as repeatedly leaping up a yard from the floor at the same time that another larger table in the room moved to and fro, no one being in contact with it.

My friend has a brother, a clergyman, who for some years has been in India, chaplain at one of the stations in the interior; this brother, returning to England, just after this sitting, was induced to accompany him, in order that he also might witness these strange phenomena. By the alphabet, the name of the brother was given with many demonstrations, by sounds and movements, of satisfaction at his presence. In answer to the questions of the latter, the information was accurately given by the alphabet as to where he had come from and the reason of his coming. Imagining, for a passing moment, that his London brother might have been there before and roguishly arranged with the medium to *trick* him, he asked questions, the answers to which he knew he could not give; for instance, "What was the name of the last military station I was at?" "Who was the commandant?" "What's the name of the man there who has the nick-name of 'Jolly?'" These questions were answered correctly. But the answers to the succeeding questions added to his amazement! "What is the name of the president of the board that considered my application to leave?" "Costello." "What is the name of the physician that certified to my ill-health?" "Costello." "Oh, spirits," said the medium, "you've spelt that name already." "Nevertheless, it happens to be right," said the questioner. "What is the name of my native servant, my bearer?" "Hadjoo." This was exact too! The gentleman then asked, "Do you know my profession?" (I need scarcely say that this had not been mentioned.) At first, a facetious answer was given, at which the gentleman looked half offended, half diverted. On its being then asked if they would rap at his writing what it was, the answer was in the affirmative, and he privately wrote a number of professions, but no sound came until he came to that of "clergyman," and then followed a sort of victorious roll of raps. (The gentleman, whom I have seen, has more a military than clerical aspect; and if I had been asked I should have *guessed* him a major at least.) Other questions were answered, convincing the brothers that they were in presence of invisible intelligences; but I stopped making notes here.

I related some of these particulars to a gentleman, Dr. R——, who, calling on me shortly afterwards, asked me as to my acquaintance with such phenomena, and he, in return, gave me a piece of his experience at the same medium's. At her table he had received, through the alphabet, the name of a deceased friend, with a promise of a communication at a subsequent evening. At the appointed evening he went. Sitting at the table, "Strike," was the first word spelt. His friend having been a peaceful man, he was surprised at this exordium; his surprise was not diminished when, by the alphabet, this was stated to have been the name of the individual communicating. Dr. R—— remembered having had some transactions with a person of that combative name at Melbourne, many years ago; but having moved shortly after to Adelaide, from whence he has just returned to England, he had quite forgotten him. "Strike," he said, "dealt in horses, and his character was not of the best." In answer to questions the spirit communicated that he was not happy; that he died six years ago. Nothing intelligible could be obtained beyond this, at a sitting to which he went with such different expectations. It seemed as if other similar spirits had come with Strike. Dr. R—— meeting shortly after, here in London, an old Melbourne acquaintance, asked him about this individual, and from him learned that he did actually die there at the time specified at the table.

Let me finish with the items of a sitting at which I was present. A sister-in-law has recently returned from America, and as she had not there witnessed any of the phenomena with which we had been so long familiar, my wife proposed that she should go with us to the same medium's, Mrs. M——, and we went forthwith. Sitting at the table, with others who were there, my sister-in-law's chair was turned half round, and then tilted so that she could scarcely keep her seat; it was then slowly turned into its original position. Through the alphabet it was intimated that this was done to show her the reality of the action of spirits. "Is it done by one of her family?" I asked. "No." "By one of mine?" "Yes." "Who?" "William D——." "My brother or cousin?" "Uncle." Thinking there might be a mistake, although I remembered hearing often about an uncle of that name who had left the world before I made my appearance in it, I asked, "Will you give the number of years you have left here?" Sixty distinct raps were made. Confounded at the moment by such a lapse of time, I said, "Is there a mistake? may I trouble you to state the time again?" The reply was given by ten raps, six times repeated, a pause being marked between each ten. "Is there a spirit of her own family present?" Then followed, through the alphabet, a short religious exhortation, ostensibly from her mother, and another from her nephew, of which I am sorry I have not copies. Communications to us then ceased, others being sought by the rest of the party. The grandson of William D—— calling on me two days after, I enquired of him the date of his grandfather's death. He said that he died when his father, as he had often heard him state, was an infant: his father was born in 1802. So far for the accuracy of the "sixty years." Then how was I to account for William D——, "dead" before I was born, presenting himself in association with my sister-in-law, and accompanying the spirit of her mother. The friendship of my family with hers, it appears, commenced with my uncle William, who on his marriage occupied part of her mother's house. It seems, thus, that they know us whom we have never known, and that friendships die not out with earthly death.

8, Great Ormond-street, London.

Yours, &c.,
JACOB DIXON.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Notting Hill-square, October 7, 1863.

SIR,—Having been informed to-day by letter from one of my sisters that the family of one of my brothers, near Clifton, had felt the shock of an earthquake, and, on enquiry, subsequently, that the newspapers were full of an account of an earthquake that took place about twenty-five minutes past three on Tuesday morning, I think it my duty to inform you that I felt the shock of the earthquake in my bed in this house about the time mentioned, and that I had been distinctly forewarned that an earthquake would be felt at London, twice, at least, if not three or more times, before it took place. When (to use the language of

the Hebrew Scriptures) "the word" unexpectedly came to me that there would be an earthquake at London, having some acquaintance with geology, and knowing that we are situated on the tertiary formation, that is, on the thickest part of the crust of the earth, I almost scouted the idea, and thought that it might have been suggested to me to try my understanding, or to turn my credulity to ridicule; but I did not entirely disbelieve it, as I have found from experience, so many things foretold to me often to happen, contrary to my reasonable or preconceived expectations. On Monday night, I had no recollection of the premonition I had received, and before going to bed, having a severe cold and cough, I had taken a double dose of pills with opium in them, but I lay awake, hungering for sleep, and wondering at the excitement of mind which kept me wakeful, when suddenly I felt my bed vibrating under me; I then thought to myself, this is real, it is not imagination: is this the earthquake of which I was forewarned, or is it a spiritual manifestation? and I looked at my watch, and found that it was about twenty-three minutes past three o'clock in the morning. Many of your readers will, I imagine, cavil at this communication. They will say, how is this? Why is this? Why should the Almighty select an insignificant person to forewarn him of such an event, which however extraordinary in a physical point of view, is yet of no practical importance? I cannot answer these questions. I am as weary as they are of these unresolved doubts and questionings. But I mention simple facts, and they whose ears are opened to believe these facts will believe, as I know, that a Being really exists, who is omniscient, recording what is past, cognisant of the present, and foreseeing the future; and that the Deity is not merely an idea, but an omnipresent omniscient substance, pervading creation and eternity, however incomprehensible this may be to us. And thus, from facts apparently trivial, the vague faith of other minds may be made to notice and to act upon intimations of greater importance; and such writers as amuse some, but, I acknowledge, disgust me, by the familiar spirit in which they receive communications from a "Mary Jane," be brought to a sense that they are tampering irreverently, though, through their simplicity, innocently, in the Divine presence, or rather with the Divine power, for God is present in all His services.

I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

JOHN PERCEVAL.

[Our readers will remember the remarkable incident of the assassination of Mr. Perceval's father by Bellingham, in the lobby of the House of Commons, being known to a relative in Cornwall long before the news could have arrived there by mortal means.—ED.]

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

Portobello Lodge, Lower Norwood, 4th October, 1863.

SIR,—I have just read, with interest, in your October number, some communications from Mr. Jacob Dixon, as I am a writing medium, and my experience is similar, and in some instances identical with his. I may mention as an instance, the fact of its having been several times told me that unhappy spirits could obtain relief from the prayers of mortals, and of mine having been asked.

Communications purport to come to me from many spirits that were known to me as men, or of whom I have heard, and from whom I write in different hands, and it may be interesting to know that when I first wrote from the spirit of D. C., from whom is the accompanying communication, it also was in a peculiar hand. I never knew him in his lifetime, and had never seen any of his writing, though I had heard of him. On receiving this communication, in order to test its genuineness, I called on a lady who had known him, and in comparing the handwriting of it with that of his in this lady's possession, the two appeared to be identical.

I send you the communication, as a recommendation is contained in it that its sentiments should be imparted to others. It was written on the request of a lady that a message should be written from some spirit to her friend.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

G. B. PRICHARD.

THE Spiritual Magazine.

Vol. IV.]

DECEMBER, 1863.

[No. 12.]

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.*

M. MATTER has produced a very readable biography of Swedenborg, comprising nearly all the common stories about him; and as we believe no biography of the Swedish Seer had previously appeared in France, he has filled a vacuum in French literature. In England, Dr. Wilkinson's volume, *Swedenborg: a Biography*, published in 1849, is not likely soon to be superseded. M. Matter is not a Swedenborgian, but he writes, as he says, "with most lively sympathies on the one side, and the most lively aversion on the other." He evidently has been led to his task by his interest in the mystics, and he inclines to regard Swedenborg as a link in the chain between Jacob Behmen, Jane Lead, Mesdames Guyon and Bourignon, and Saint Martin. Swedenborg, however, does not fit into this rank at all. Except for the fact that, while living here on earth, he professed himself a denizen of the Spiritual world, and a comrade of angels and devils, none would call him a mystic. In the mystical temper Swedenborg was peculiarly—some will say, unhappily—deficient. A mystic, we take it, is a dealer in mysteries,—one with an awful, and, it may be, an oppressive, sense of the infinite and unknown; but Swedenborg had little or nothing of this sense. If Benjamin Franklin had only been favoured to talk with spirits, he would have been very like Swedenborg. Some of those who have called Swedenborg an impostor have credited him with a powerful imagination; but his imagination, if powerful, was essentially prosaic, and kindred to Defoe's. If we were disposed to complain of Swedenborg and his disciples, so far as we have known them, it would be to charge them with the absence of that faculty of wonder and reverence which seems

* "Emmanuel de (*sic*) Swedenborg, sa Vie. ses Ecrits et sa Doctrine." Par M. MATTER. Un tome. Pp. 436. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1863.

"De Cœlo et ejus Mirabilibus, et de Inferno. Ex Auditibus et Visis," Quarto Pp. 272. Londini: 1758.

"The Future Life: a Relation of Things Heard and Seen." By EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Pp. 260. Price Ninepence. London: F. Pitman, 1860.

to us the crowning grace of the noblest characters. They profess to know everything and to explain everything, in heaven above and on earth beneath; nothing is hid from the light of their eyes. You feel, indeed, after converse with them, as if the creation of a world was no whit more mysterious than the making of a dumpling. Now, of nothing need we be more certain than that so far as we yield to such a feeling we yield to a sad illusion; for we are never farther from the truth than when we imagine that the largest human knowledge is anything but as the light of a taper in the sunshine of the Infinite, or when we cease to perceive that we are girt about on every side by mystery.

The external life of Swedenborg is soon told. He was the son of a Swedish bishop, and was born, in Stockholm, in 1688. He was educated at Upsala, and, after taking his degree as Doctor in Philosophy, travelled for four years in England, Holland, France, and Germany. In 1722 he was appointed Assessor to the College of Mines. His tastes appeared to be wholly scientific. He wrote on chemistry, geology, astronomy, and mechanics. In 1734 he published three folio volumes, entitled *Opera Philosophica et Mineralia*. The first of these contained a mathematical theory of the origin of matter, in which he wrought up the known facts of magnetism and carried them to new issues, and in which, it is said, he anticipated some of the most advanced theories of our own day. The second and third volumes are technical,—one on iron, and the other on copper and brass. Dr. Percy, in the first volume of his *Metallurgy*, thus expresses his opinion of their value: “The metallurgical works of this remarkable man seem to be very imperfectly known,—at least they are rarely, if ever, quoted: and yet none are, in my judgment, more worthy of the attention of those interested in the history of metallurgy. They form two tolerably thick folio volumes, copiously illustrated with copper-plate engravings, and magnificently printed.” About the same time Swedenborg published a *Treatise on the Infinite*. His next occupation was the study of anatomy and physiology, with the purpose of discovering the soul, hidden, as he fancied, in the inmost tissues of the body. This pursuit resulted in the publication of his two works, entitled, respectively, *The Economy of the Animal Kingdom*, and the *Animal Kingdom*,—both treating solely of the structure of the human body.

About 1744, when Swedenborg was in his fifty-sixth year, occurred the great change which altered the whole drift and business of his life. He asserted that his “spiritual sight” was opened, and that he became cognizant of the presence of angels and devils; and he believed himself divinely called to publish

“the things heard and seen,” for the use of a new Church, to be raised up among the Gentiles, and described in the Apocalypse under the figure of the New Jerusalem. He resigned his Assessorship of Mines, forsook his scientific studies, and spent the remainder of his years in writing and printing Latin quartos expository of the “spiritual sense” of the Scriptures, descriptive of his other-world experience, and developing the theology of the New Jerusalem. The old bachelor died in London, in 1772, in his eighty-fifth year,—in a lodging over a barber’s shop in Clerkenwell.

For some unknown reason, the world has declined to have acquaintance with Swedenborg. A small sect has arisen from his teaching, and the study of his writings is confined within its pale. It may be said that his writings are too voluminous for ordinary readers, and probably they are; but it may be replied that there is no necessity to read the whole. Such a book as his *Heaven and Hell*, for instance, one might have thought would have possessed interest for the lovers of the marvellous, and for those who crowd for interviews with Mr. Home and the Spirits; but it is not so. *Heaven and Hell* has been translated over and over again, by clergymen and by quakers, and advertised for sale at the price of paper, printing and binding; hundreds of copies have been distributed among libraries and likely people; but by no artifice can the book be made popular. We have a copy before us, (price 9d. or 10 copies for 5s.) with the title softened into *The Future Life*; but it will certainly prove a bad speculation. No publisher need hope to make money by printing anything of Swedenborg’s.

This curious book, a request for which at Mudie’s is probably rare indeed, we have recently read through, and made notes of some of its most characteristic statements, which, much better than any number of detached passages from M. Matter, will give the reader an idea of Swedenborg as a Spiritualist. As our space is limited, we shall confine ourselves to narrative, and leave the reader to interpolate his own criticisms at discretion.

In the first place, it may be well to premise that Swedenborg did not regard the Spiritual World as far off in space, like Japan, or Jupiter. On the contrary, he asserts that every man, even now, is in Heaven, and a companion of angels, so far as he is good; and in Hell, and an associate with devils, so far as he is evil. Our material body, he says, is only a gross vesture, interwoven in every tissue with a spiritual body, having members and faculties corresponding, in every particular, with those of the material body. All, then, that is required for our instant presence in the Spiritual World is the removal of the material body by death, or, as in his own case, by the opening of the

spiritual eyes,—by their release for a time from their fleshy sheaths. By this means he maintained that he was himself able to hold converse with spirits, as freely and as perfectly as with men.

At death, he tells us only the decidedly good pass immediately into Heaven, and the decidedly bad immediately into Hell; the great majority abide for a while, varying from days to thirty years, in an intermediate state, called the World of Spirits. No essential change is there wrought in the character; but character is there reduced to unity, to symmetry, being made strictly conformable to the ruling love or passion, whether celestial or infernal. Imperfections of habit and temper are removed from the good, who, if they hold false doctrine, are instructed in the truth. On the other hand, the wicked are divested of every pretence to goodness, and deprived of all truths whereby they may work mischief and deceive the unwary. It is the law of Heaven and Hell that every one must appear just what he *is* at heart, with inside and outside perfectly as one; and as soon as this end is effected, the discipline of the World of Spirits terminates.

A man, having risen from the World of Spirits into Heaven, finds himself spontaneously associated with Angels of a character kindred with his own, who recognize him at once, as though he were an old friend, and with whom he instantly feels at ease and at home. The bond of heavenly community is similarity of disposition. Angels who are like each other dwell together; angels who are unlike dwell apart, and near or far apart according to the degree of their diversity. Angels of the same society have a general likeness of countenance, just as though they were members of one family.

As in the angelic host there are infinite varieties of character, so Heaven is divided into numberless societies, "some larger and some smaller, the larger consisting of myriads of angels, the smaller of some thousands, and the least of some hundreds." Viewed as a whole, Heaven consists of two Kingdoms, a celestial and a spiritual. In the angels of the celestial, love predominates, and intellect in those of the spiritual kingdom. There is an ancient controversy as to whether the cherubim, who love most, or the seraphim, who know most, are to be preferred. Swedenborg gives his judgment emphatically in favour of the celestial angels, asserting that, in glory, holiness, and felicity, they greatly excel the spiritual angels.

The common notion of an angel is of a creature with wings, or of an ethereal intelligence without form or body. To both of these assumptions Swedenborg opposes his experience, and maintains that angels are as perfectly men and women as when on earth. "I have seen a thousand times," he writes, "that

angels are human forms of men ; for I have conversed with them as man with man, sometimes with one alone, and sometimes with many in company, and, from all my experience during many years, I can declare and solemnly affirm that the angelic form is in every respect human ; that angels have faces, eyes, ears, breasts, arms, hands, and feet ; that they see, hear, and converse with each other, and, in a word, that no external attribute of man is wanting, except the material body." The beauty of the angels is in proportion to their goodness. " I have seen," says Swedenborg, " the faces of angels of the inmost Heaven, which were so beautiful that no painter, with the utmost power of art, could depict even a thousandth part of their light and life ; but the faces of angels of the lowest Heaven may, in some measure, be adequately depicted." They who are in Heaven are continually advancing to the spring time of life, and the more thousands of years they live, the stronger and more lovely they grow. Good women who have died worn with age, return to the flower of their youth, and into a beauty exceeding all earthly conception. In fine, to grow old in Heaven is to grow young.

Not only does the *physique* of an angel correspond with his character, but so likewise do his dress, his habitation, and the scenery which surrounds it. Whatever he is within is reproduced without ; the nobler the mind, the more beautiful is its environment. Garments are various, according to the intelligence of the angel. The most intelligent have garments which glitter as with flame, and some are resplendent as with light ; the less intelligent have garments of clear or opaque white, without splendour, and the still less intelligent appear in coloured vesture. Swedenborg tells us further that " the garments of the angels do not merely appear to be garments, but really are garments, for the angels not only see them but feel them, and have many changes, which they take off and put on, laying aside those which are not in use, and resuming them when they come into use again. That the angels are clothed with a variety of garments, I have witnessed a thousand times ; and when I enquired whence they obtained them, they told me ' from the Lord,' and that they receive them as gifts, and that they are sometimes clothed without knowing how."

The habitations of the angels are varied on the same principle as their garments, some dwelling in magnificent palaces, girt about with paradises, and others in humbler lodgings. Houses in Heaven are not built by hands, like houses on earth, but each angel finds his dwelling erected for him, in exact conformity with his spiritual condition, and, whether it be large or small, it is a place perfectly adapted to his taste, and sweet with all the pleasantness of home. " Whenever," says our author, " I have

conversed with the angels, mouth to mouth, I have been present with them in their habitations, which are exactly like the habitations on earth, but more beautiful. They contain chambers, parlours, and bed rooms, in great numbers; courts also, and around them gardens, shrubberies, and fields. Where the angels live in societies their habitations are contiguous, or near to each other, and arranged in the form of a city, with streets, ways, and squares, exactly like the cities on our earth; and it has been granted me to walk through them, and to look about on every side, and occasionally to enter the houses. This occurred when I was in a state of full wakefulness, and my interior sight was opened."

It was said that Swedenborg's angels have no wings, but he endows them with a power of progression far exceeding anything which wings could supply. Space in Heaven, is an appearance, subject to the minds of the angels, and not the dreary reality whereby in this world long months are fixed between friends in England and Australia. When two angels desire intensely to see each other, that desire at once brings about a meeting. When an angel goes from one place to another, whether it is in his own city, or in the courts, or the gardens, or to others out of his own city, he arrives sooner or later, just as he is ardent or indifferent, the way itself being shortened or lengthened in proportion. Distances in Heaven express differences of character; hence it is that those who are alike dwell together, and those who are unlike, apart.

On this principle he answers the question, Shall we know each other in the future life? We shall, if we are of kindred character; but if not, we shall be divided, though without pain, for we shall have no desire for acquaintance. "Natural affinities perish after death, and are succeeded by spiritual affinities. Of ten who are brothers in the world, five may be in Hell, and five in Heaven, and each of the five in different societies, and should they meet, they would not know one another."

As space is subject to the minds of the angels, so are the times and seasons. In Heaven there is no bleak winter and no dark night, but there is brightness and there is dulness, corresponding accurately to similar mental conditions. The angels are sometimes in states of intense love, sometimes in states of placid enjoyment, and sometimes in states verging on sadness, and, the world without answering to the world within, there appears morning, noon, evening, and twilight. There are, therefore, no clocks in Heaven. That which we call time, marked into days of certain length by the reel of the earth on its axis, and into years by its race round the sun, is unknown to the angels. Beyond themselves, they have no guage for time. Day

and its brightness last as long as they are in delight, and evening comes as their delight subsides. Time is subject to them, and not they to time; their only clocks are their hearts, and their days are long or short, bright or cloudy, in harmony therewith. Even here it is much the same. Our life is never rightly measured by external days and years; we are old as our hearts are withered, and ever young if they keep tender and true.

Divine worship in Heaven he describes as much the same as in the world. All the preachers are appointed by the Lord, and no others are allowed to minister. "That I might understand the order of the angelic service, I have" he says, "been sometimes allowed to enter the temples of the angels, and to hear the preaching. The preacher stands in a pulpit on the east: in front of him sit the wisest, and on the right and the left the less wise. They sit in the form of a circus, so that all are in view of the preacher, and no one sits on either side of him, so as to be out of his sight. Novitiates stand at the door. No one is allowed to get behind the pulpit, because the preacher would be confused by it; and he is confused if any one in the congregation dissents from what he says, so that the dissenter is bound to turn away his face. The sermons are fraught with such wisdom that nothing of the kind in the world can be compared with them."

The language of Heaven, he says, is an universal language. It does not require to be learned; every one at death finds he has it, and speaks it instinctively. Its sounds are sounds of affection, articulated by the intellect into words. No one in Heaven can utter a word out of agreement with his heart, and the wiser angels can discern the whole life of another from a few sentences of his speech. The speech of the angels, being thus a direct outflow from their affections, is exquisitely sweet and musical. An angel once spoke to a certain hard-hearted spirit, and he was at length so affected by his discourse that he burst into tears, saying that he could not resist it, because it was love speaking, and that he had never wept before."

When angels speak with man, they converse with him in his mother-tongue; thus in French with a Frenchman, in English with an Englishman, in Greek with a Greek, in Arabic with an Arabian, and so forth. Swedenborg thus limits spiritual communications to investiture in the words and facts contained in a man's own memory: spirits and angels, he says, are not allowed to speak with man out of their own memories, but from the man's. Supposing we admit the fact, it serves to explain the cause of the common complaint that spiritual communications contain nothing new, and never transcend the capacity of the medium. If Swedenborg is right, that the case should be so becomes a matter of course.

Angelic writing is as spontaneous as angelic speech, and is executed without instruction; nor does an angel pause for the choice of a word, but sets down his thought as fluently as his pen will fly. The kind of writing practised by the angels of the highest heaven involves arcana which no thought can exhaust; a few words express more than a man could set forth in several pages. The writing of the lower angels is like that practised on earth, but not intelligible to man, because in the angelic language,—which has nothing in common with human languages.

Swedenborg tells us that the angels have houses, clothing, and food, provided for them as freely as we have light and air; speech and writing, moreover, are no trouble to them, but flow from their lips and fingers with perfect ease. What then do they find to do? Are they idle? Is Heaven a synonyme for *dolce far niente*? By no means, he replies. Heaven is a place of usefulness; every angel has a function to fulfil, and finds his supreme joy in his occupation. The wise govern, the less wise obey. Redeemed from the drudgeries of the world, having neither houses to build, fields to cultivate, nor cloth to spin, the energies of the angels are left free for spiritual culture and social intercourse. Some angels spend their existence in the care of infants received from earth, some in the education of children; some instruct simple souls in the truths of faith, and others perform a like service to the Gentiles; some busy themselves in the reception of new comers from the world, protect them from evil spirits, and help them through the trials which in the World of Spirits prepare for Heaven; others find their joy in defending men from false thoughts and sinful desires, and infusing in their stead wisdom and holy inclinations. The employments of the angels, he further says, are innumerable, compared with those of men, and indescribable to our gross apprehension. In Heaven every office is filled by some one whose nature expressly qualifies him for the post. Thus, usefulness and inclination are made to coincide, and the perfection of order and freedom are at once attained.

The magnificence in which an angel lives is proportionate to his usefulness. Angels who are governors do not domineer and command imperiously, but minister and serve; they do not make themselves greater than others, but less, and put the good of the society in which they preside in the first place, and their own in the last. “Nevertheless, they enjoy honour and glory, and dwell in palaces, but they accept honour and glory, not for the sake of themselves, but for the sake of obedience.” Method and order pervade Heaven throughout. “In every house there is a master and servants; the master loving the servants, and the servants loving the master, so that they serve each other from

love. The master teaches the servants how they ought to live, and directs what they ought to do, whilst the servants obey and perform their duties."

With this practical conception of Heaven, it will scarcely excite surprise when it is said that Swedenborg maintains the existence of sex and marriage among the angels. A man is a man in Heaven, and a woman a woman, as much as here. The marriages contracted in the world, however, are seldom continued in Heaven. The wedding of two angels results from a thorough sympathy and affinity of mind, and this union is so intimate that, says our author, "two married partners in Heaven are not called two, but *one angel*." Marriage, likewise, is the rule of Heaven; and though there are bachelors and spinsters to be found in the celestial regions, yet they are confined to a frigid zone out of the range and influence of connubial warmth.

Here let us ask, Has any one observed how frequently in recent literature marriage in Heaven is assumed! Not to stray far in the production of examples, who does not remember the lines in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," in which Guinevere exclaims—

And blessed be the King, who hath forgiven
My wickedness to him, and left me hope
That in mine own heart I can live down sin,
And be his mate hereafter in the heavens
Before high God.

Although there are marriages in Heaven no children are born there, but all infants, without exception, who die on earth are taken to Heaven. "Some believe," says Swedenborg, "that only the infants who are born within the Church are admitted to Heaven, but not those who are born out of the Church; and they assign as a reason that infants within the Church are baptized, and are thus initiated into the faith of the Church; but they are not aware that no one receives heaven or faith by baptism; for baptism is only a sign that a man is to be regenerated, and that he is capable of being regenerated who is born within the Church, because the Church possesses the Word which contains the divine truths whereby regeneration is effected, and in the Church the Lord is known by whom regeneration is accomplished. Be it known, therefore, that *every* infant, where-soever born, whether of pious parents or of wicked parents, whether within the Church or out of it, is received by the Lord at death, and is educated in Heaven."

Infants, as soon as they die, are received by angels who had loved infants tenderly while in the world. By them they are trained in perfect ways, each infant according to its disposition and faculties. As they grow up, they are transferred to masters, who train them until they arrive at early youth, at which age

they remain to eternity. Angels who have grown up from infancy in Heaven have no idea, except from hearsay, that they were ever in the world, and confess no father but the Lord.

In the same spirit Swedenborg asserts the salvation of such Gentiles as live according to their light. "That Gentiles are saved as well as Christians," he says, "may be known to those who understand what constitutes Heaven. Heaven is *in* man, and they who have Heaven in themselves appear in Heaven after death. It is Heaven in man to acknowledge a Divine Being and to be led by Him, doing His will as far as known." This, he maintains, is the case with good Gentiles. Their goodness is from the Lord, and after death they receive instruction in the truths of faith, and live consciously in that Heaven into which a righteous life in the world had unconsciously brought them. "Of all the Gentiles," he says, "the Africans are most beloved in Heaven." We have observed that Swedenborg, having slight hopes of converts in Christendom, looked to the Gentile world for the materials out of which the "Church of the New Jerusalem," professing his doctrines, should be constructed.

Swedenborg tells us there are no created angels; that every angel in Heaven was once a man on our earth, or on some other earth of the universe.

His chapter on "the Wise and Simple in Heaven," abounds in many acute observations on the relations between the Will, the Reason, and the Memory, which we may approve without any reference to his other-world application of them. The root of all true and enduring intelligence he maintains to be goodness. The Will is a king which holds Reason and Memory in service, and whatsoever in them is not in accordance with its desires, is sooner or later extirpated. Hence, in the future life, a good heart drops off false doctrine, and accepts truth in correspondence with itself; and an evil heart, on the contrary, rejects every truth which does not consort with its selfishness. Goodness and truth, evil and falsehood, have an invincible affinity. Goodness loves truth, finds it and cherishes it; evil lusts for falsehood, finds it and burrows in it. Goodness and truth are one; and as the only home of truth is the good heart, the good man is the only wise man, and with him alone can truth form an eternal union. Such is the order of the spiritual world; a man is as wise as he is good, and is an idiot if he is evil.

From this it is not to be inferred that Swedenborg teaches that the culture which the mind receives from science, literature, and business in this world passes for nothing in the next; far otherwise. The difference to eternity remains wide between the good man who has cultivated his reason by science and reflection

and the good man who has been pleased to fulfil the routine of life without hard intellectual endeavour. What a man is here, he is hereafter: the simple good man is the simple good angel; the good man with the cultivated reason is the wise angel, the leader and helper of the less wise. "All," says our author, "are received into Heaven who have loved the true and the good for their own sake: they who have loved much are called *wise*, and they who have loved little are called *simple*. The wise in Heaven are in great light, but the simple in less light, and every one in light according to his goodness and love of truth."

Learning, he continues, is not to be mistaken for the culture of the understanding. The intellectual discipline which stands a man in good stead beyond the grave is that by which he was enabled to comprehend the why and wherefore, the causes and connections, of things; in short, the development of the reason; not a gorged memory, but an understanding which has used the contents of the memory to grow by. Facts in the memory are as much outside a man as food in his stomach is outside his body; nothing in the memory can be said to be the man's until incorporated by the reason, any more than food in the stomach is bone and healthy tissue until digested and appropriated by exercise. Pedants and book-worms, therefore, who have crammed their memories with languages, names, and historic gossip, whatever their reputation here, find themselves of little account in the future life. Their acquirements, having no hold of their life, vanish away, and as they essentially were in the world, there they openly appear.

Dependant as the Memory is on the Reason, the Reason is on the Will. In the Will alone is the basis of eternal intelligence: in the love of truth for good ends,—in the love of truth for its use, for itself, for its service to mankind. Continually, in the world, is truth sought, not for its own sake, or for its use, but for the glorification of the seeker. Now, whoever seeks truth for selfish ends, may find it, but with him truth has no real, but only an accidental, connection. He loves truth because it promotes his glory or interest, but when it ceases to do so he is indifferent to it, and, should it thwart him, then he hates it. To be eternally wise, therefore, is to be good. Moved by self-love, we may gather up learning, turn every scrap into display, and reason and discourse to the world's admiration; but there ends our reward. We have loved ourselves, and not the truth; and when the masks and shows of this world have for us passed away, we shall enter the spiritual world insane with self-conceit, and far removed from the angels, who love the truth, because it is the truth; who could even say to God, in their pilgrimage below, "Though thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee."

"It is not so difficult as many suppose to live the life which leads to Heaven," teaches Swedenborg. "Some imagine that they must renounce the world, divest themselves of the delights of the flesh, and live immersed in pious meditation about God, salvation, and eternal life, and spend their time in prayer, and in reading the Word, and other pious books. This they call renouncing the world, and living to the spirit, and not to the flesh; but that the truth is far otherwise has been revealed to me by much experience, and by conversation with the angels. Hence I have been taught they who renounce the world and live to the spirit in the manner described, contract a melancholy life, into which the joy of Heaven can find no entrance; and we have seen that such as a man is in the world he remains to eternity. In order that a man may receive the life of Heaven it is necessary that he should live in the world, and engage in its business and duties, for thus by a moral and civil life he receives spiritual life, nor can he be prepared for Heaven by other means. It is allowable for a man to acquire riches and accumulate wealth, so far as opportunity is given him, provided he use no cunning or evil artifice; that he may eat and drink delicately, provided that he does not make his life to consist in such things; dwell magnificently according to his rank in society; converse with others as others do; frequent places of amusement, and talk about worldly affairs; and that he has no need to assume a devout aspect, to be of a sad and sorrowful countenance, and to bow down his head, but that he may be glad and cheerful; nor is he compelled to give to the poor, except so far as he is moved by affection. In one word, a man may live outwardly just like a man of the world, and such conduct will not hinder his admission into Heaven, provided he think interiorly in a becoming manner of God, and deal sincerely and justly with his neighbour. Since, therefore, a man may live outwardly as others do, may grow rich, keep a plentiful table, dwell in a fine house, wear splendid apparel according to his rank and employment, and enjoy delights and gratifications, it is evident that it is not so difficult to enter the way of Heaven as some believe. *The only difficulty is to be able to resist the love of self, the love of the world, and to prevent their predominance, for they are the source of all evils.*

"The poor do not go to Heaven on account of their *poverty*, but on account of their *life*, for whether a man be rich or poor his life follows him; nor does Divine mercy favour one more than another; but he who lives well is received, and he who lives ill is rejected. Besides, poverty seduces and withdraws men from Heaven as much as wealth; for great numbers of the poor are not contented with their lot, but are greedy of many things, and

believe riches to be real blessings. They are angry, therefore, if they do not receive them, and cherish evil thoughts concerning the Divine Providence. They also envy others the good things they possess, and are as ready as the wicked amongst the rich to defraud others, and to live in sordid pleasures when they have the opportunity; but it is otherwise with the poor who are contented with their lot, who are careful and diligent in their occupations, who love labour better than idleness, who act sincerely and faithfully, and who live a Christian life. From much conversation and living experience with the angels it has been given me to know most certainly that the rich enter into Heaven as easily as the poor; that no man is excluded from Heaven because he lives in abundance, and that no one is received into Heaven because he is poor. Both rich and poor have entered into Heaven, and many of the rich enjoy greater glory and happiness than the poor. These statements are made in order to shew that the life which leads to Heaven is not a life of retirement from the world, but of action in the world; that a life of piety without a life of charity,—which can only be acquired in the world,—does not lead to Heaven; but only a life of charity, which consists in acting sincerely and justly in every situation, engagement, and work, because such conduct is agreeable to the Divine Law. Such a life *is not difficult*, but a life of piety alone without charity *is difficult*, and it leads *away* from Heaven as much as it is commonly believed to lead to Heaven.”

These passages are highly characteristic of Swedenborg, and serve to illustrate the remark we made at the outset, that, whatever Swedenborg was, he was no mystic. Whenever he treads on common ground we feel we have no dreamer, but a shrewd man of the world, to deal with. Franklin himself could not have indited a more practical recipe for getting to Heaven, and when Mr. Binney published his popular prescription, “*How to make the best of both Worlds*,” it is not surprising that the Swedenborgians suspected that he had been holding counsel with their prophet.

Swedenborg has chapters on the Wisdom, the Joy, the Peace, and the Power of the Angels, but with these we shall not meddle, alike for want of space, and because their contents are readily conceivable. Nor shall we discuss Swedenborg’s Divinity, for it is beyond our sphere, nor enter into the intricate question of the organization of Heaven, which, he says, is modelled on the human form. With a few notes from his description of Hell we shall close the extraordinary volume.

Hell is the assembly of the evil,—of all who love themselves first and others last. Hell is thus the reverse of Heaven, in which all love their neighbours first, and themselves second. In

Hell, selfishness, which in right order forms the circumference of human nature, is the heart of the devil. Hell, therefore, consists of those who live for themselves alone, who consider others merely as implements of service whereby they can gratify their lust for power, or praise, or pleasure. It is the lot of selfishness to be stupid, to believe in means as ends, to live in lies. In avarice, a common form of selfishness, this is manifest. The avaricious love money for the sake of money, pinch and screw and strive to heap up gain, for what they know not! Tantalus up to his lips in the lake from which he could never drink, Sisyphus eternally rolling his stone to the mountain top, the Danaides for ever pumping water into their sieves, are true effigies of avarice. If truth is what *is*, if to know truth is to know what *is*, if to be wise and happy is to be brought into subjection to the truth, therefore, into right relation to, and knowledge of, what *is*, evidently then the avaricious live in an atmosphere of lies, for they think what *is not*, and struggle after what can never be attained. They trust in riches, thinking gold in itself a blessing, when, in reality, in itself it is worth no more than ashes, and takes its value at all times from the love to whose use it ministers. Moreover, had the avaricious any eye for facts, they would see that the world will go on as it has ever done, that fair and honest wants will never lack satisfaction, and that their fret and fume to amass treasure is in very deed the inspiration of him "who was a liar from the beginning."

What is the case with avarice is true of all other forms of self-love,—of pride, or hatred, of lust. The thoughts of selfishness are inevitably falsehood and insanity. Shew Swedenborg a selfish man, and he will shew you one whose thoughts are lies.

It was observed in Heaven that what an angel was he saw; that his dress, his house, his scenery, were in correspondence with his spirit; that the order and loveliness within were repeated in beauty and magnificence without. By the operation of the same law, Hell is created out of the mind of the Devil. "I have been permitted," writes Swedenborg, "to look into the Hells, and to see what kind of places they are.

"The Hells are everywhere under the mountains, hills, rocks, plains, and valleys of the World of Spirits. (the intermediate state) The openings or gates of Hell in the mountains are fissures in the rocks, some wide and large, some strait and narrow, and many of them rugged. They all appear dark and dusky when looked into, but the evil spirits who dwell there are in a light like that of burning charcoal, to which their eyes are adapted. The openings to the Hells in the plains are of various forms; some are like those in the mountains, others are like dens and caverns, others like chasms, bogs, and pools of stagnant

water. These openings are concealed, except when an evil spirit is prepared to be cast in, when there issues from the pit an exhalation of fire and smoke.

"In some Hells there appear as it were the ruins of houses and cities after a general conflagration. In these ruins the devils dwell and conceal themselves. In the milder Hells there appear as it were rude cottages, which are, in some cases, contiguous, like the lanes and streets of a city. Within the houses, infernal spirits are engaged in continual quarrels, enmities, blows and butcherings, while the streets and lanes are full of robberies and depredations. In some Hells there are thick forests in which infernal spirits prowl about like wild beasts, and hide themselves in dens when pursued by others; in others there are deserts where all is sterile and sandy, where the devils dwell in caverns and huts.

"It is impossible to give a description of the horrible forms of the spirits of Hell. No two are alike, although there is a general likeness of those who are in the same kind of evil. In general they are forms of contempt of others, of menace against those who do not pay them respect, of hatreds of various kinds, and of revenge; and in these forms outrage and cruelty blaze from within; but when others commend, worship and venerate them, their faces are drawn up, and have an appearance of gladness arising from delight. Some of their faces are direful and void of life, like corpses, some are black, and others fiery like torches, others are disfigured by pimples, warts, and ulcers, and frequently no face appears, but instead of a face, something hairy and bony, and sometimes nothing but teeth. Their bodies are monstrous, and their speech is the speech of anger, of hatred, of revenge; for every one speaks from his own delusion, and the tone of his voice is from his own evil. In a word, they are all images of their own hellish love."

Because Hell appeared thus horrible to Swedenborg, he would not have us conclude that it appears so to the devils. Far otherwise. Among themselves, the devils appear handsome fellows, and their abodes everything that can be desired; for in self-love (and the devils are forms of self-love) there is perfect self-satisfaction. The light of Heaven maddens them with pain, and they fly with horror from its presence to congenial darkness.

As Swedenborg maintains that all angels were once men, so likewise, he holds, were all devils. Hell, as a whole, is called the Devil, or Satan; there is no one spirit, so called, who is the leader of the infernals. The common idea of the Devil, as a fallen angel, Swedenborg rejects as a fable.

It need scarcely be added that Swedenborg denies the resurrection of the body; the flesh and bones laid in the grave

will, he says, never be resumed. The last judgment is executed on all, at death, and thirty years thereafter, at the furthest, every soul has found an eternal habitation, in Heaven or Hell.

Swedenborg, in his lifetime, had few followers; he made no effort whatever to form a sect, and died in communion with the established Lutheran Church of Sweden. Indeed, as the son of a Bishop, he was strongly attached to ecclesiastical order, and it is probable that he would have shrunk with terror from the formal creation of schism. In 1778, six years after his death, his treatise on *Heaven and Hell* was translated from the Latin into English by William Cookworthy, a minister of the Society of Friends, and the Rev. Thomas Hartley, rector of Winwick, Northamptonshire, and published by Phillips the Quaker bookseller in George-yard, Lombard-street. Both Cookworthy and Hartley were personal friends of Swedenborg, and receivers of his doctrines, yet both lived and died apparently without a thought of breaking away from their religious connections. By far the most distinguished advocate of Swedenborgianism was the Rev. John Clowes (born in 1743, died 1831,) for sixty-two years rector of St. John's Church, Manchester. He made no secret of his faith; he translated the *Arcana Cœlestia*, Swedenborg's most voluminous work, published a multitude of tracts and books in defence and illustration of his opinions, and held his living in the Church undisturbed.

The Swedenborgian sect owes its origin to Robert Hindmarsh, a printer in Clerkenwell-close, London. When a young man he became a reader of Swedenborg, and, being of an unscrupulous and enterprising spirit, he straightway determined to institute a new church. He advertized in the newspapers, inviting any who were Swedenborgians to meet him, and in 1788 public worship was commenced in a room in Eastcheap. He and his friends proceeded to construct a petty hierarchy; they resolved that they were "the New Church signified by the New Jerusalem in the Revelations," and that the sacraments of baptism and the holy supper were invalid, save from their hands. Chiefly in the towns of Lancashire, and from the influence of Clowes, this organization took root and extended, and it exists, as the small Swedenborgian community, at this day, though with somewhat less than the audacious pretensions of Hindmarsh. Next to Lancashire, Swedenborgianism has flourished most in New England, and particularly in Boston. The sect, as a sect, has for many years been stationary in England, if it have not retrogressed. By reason, perhaps, of the freer intercourse which travelling, and commerce, and newspapers induce, the air of the world grows every year less and less favourable to sectarian exclusiveness and isolation, and the capture of the entire people

of England by the Church of England becomes daily more practicable. Again, whoever has studied the little sects, such as the Unitarians, the Plymouth Brethren, the Swedenborgians, and the Quakers, will have observed that in each there prevails a common physiognomy, and may have come to the fair conclusion that they are quite as much affairs of breed as of opinion. Hence, as soon as a sect reaches the limit of its peculiar breed in the nation, it attains the limit of its increase, and from that hour its propaganda is ineffective.

WILLIAM WHITE.

Weldon's Register.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

"THE more a man is versed in business the more he finds the hand of Providence everywhere." Such is the statement, not of an ignorant or dreamy enthusiast, but of one who had had large experience in public affairs. It was the utterance of the celebrated William Pitt to the British Parliament, in 1759. And there are few persons, if any, who have not met illustrations of its truth in the course of their reading, or in their own experience.

Take, for instance, the following, related by Marshall, in his *Life of Washington*:—"In a very short time after the action (of the Monongahela) had commenced, he was the only *aide* remaining alive and unwounded. On him alone devolved—in an engagement with marksmen, who selected officers, and especially those on horseback, for their objects—the whole duty of carrying the orders of the commander-in-chief. . . . He had two horses killed under him, and four balls through his coat; but to the astonishment of all, escaped unhurt, while every other officer on horseback was either killed or wounded. 'I expected, every moment,' says an eye-witness (Dr. Craik) 'to see him fall. His duty and situation exposed him to every danger. Nothing but the superintending care of Providence could have saved him from the fate of all around him.'" Bancroft tells us an Indian chief singled him out with his rifle, and bade others of his warriors do the same. Their rifles were levelled at him in vain, 'Some potent Manitou (good spirit) guards his life,' exclaimed the savage. Washington wrote to his brother:—"Death was levelling my companions on every side of me; but by the all-powerful dispensations of Providence I have been protected."

Again, Motley, in his *History of the Netherlands* relates this remarkable instance of preservation of the Prince of Parma, on the occasion of the destruction of the bridge at Antwerp, by one

of the fire-ships of Gianbelli:—"A certain ensign, De Vega, moved by some instinctive and irresistible apprehension, fell upon his knees, and plucking the general earnestly by the cloak, implored him with such impassionate words and gestures to leave the place, that the prince reluctantly yielded. It was not a moment too soon. . . . Scarcely had Alexander reached the entrance of St. Mary's Fort, at the end of the bridge, when a horrible explosion was heard. The "Hope" disappeared together with the men who had boarded her, and the block-house, against which she had struck, with all its garrison; while a large portion of the bridge with all the troops stationed upon it, had vanished into air. It was the work of a single instant. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time."

It may seem to some a bathos to refer in this connection to the case of William Huntington, who, from an illiterate coal-heaver, became a zealous and popular preacher of the Gospel among the poor, and the minister of a large congregation at Providence Chapel, London;—the author of the *Bank of Faith*. It must be confessed, that in this work he sometimes relates needless trivialities and particulars. On these critics have eagerly fastened to make sport; but, in truth, the whole history (beside instances of prevision, prophecy, and spiritual dreams) is a narrative of manifest and particular providences, so numerous and continuous, that he was "daily exercised" therewith. He says:—"I really believe it has pleased God to raise me up and send me forth, not only into the ministry, that I might tell them that fear God what He hath done for my soul; but it hath pleased Him to keep me depending on His Providence, from hand to mouth, throughout the whole course of my pilgrimage, that I might publish to the Church at large, not a recital of what Providence has done for others, but as a living witness of the facts, what He has done for me to encourage the faith of others. And God has so done it that infidelity itself cannot give this my testimony the lie; for these things were not done in a corner. The persons whom God has raised up and made use of to assist me in times of need, being in number about five hundred brethren, are all witnesses of these facts, for of these 'the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep.'"

The chapel he built was named by him PROVIDENCE Chapel, for the reason he sets forth in the following passage:—"When I laid the foundation of the chapel I was £20 in debt for the necessaries of life; and when I had finished it I was in arrears £1,000 more; so that I had plenty of work for faith, if I could but get plenty of faith to work: and while some deny a Providence, Providence was the only resource I had. I had £47 per annum ground rent, and almost £50 per annum for interest, a

large chapel, and a small congregation; and those who lent me the money a poor, industrious people, and weak in faith, being but young in the ways of God; and there were plenty of hypocrites in Zion to tell them that all who had a hand in that chapel would burn their fingers." And this "only resource" did not fail him. The whole debt was cleared off and the creditors honorably paid.

On one occasion he had to pay a sum of £20 for tithes, and was much troubled as to how he should meet the demand. He says:—"I looked different ways, and chalked out different roads, for the Almighty to walk in; but his paths were in the deep waters, and his footsteps were not known. No raven came, neither in the morning nor in the evening. There was a gentlewoman at my house on a visit, and I asked her if she had got the sum of £20 in her pocket, telling her, at the same time, how much I wanted it. She told me she had not; if she had, I should have it. A few hours after the same woman was coming into my study, but she found it locked, and knocked at the door. I let her in, and she said, 'I am sorry I disturb you.' I replied, 'You do not disturb me; I have been begging a favour of God, and I had just done when you knocked: and that favour I have now got in faith, and shall shortly have in hand, and you will see it.' The afternoon of the same day two gentlemen out of the city came to see me; and after a few hours' conversation, they left me, and to my great surprise, each of them, at parting, put a letter into my hand, which, when they were gone, I opened, and found a ten pound note in each. I immediately sent for the woman up stairs, and let her read the letters, and then sent the money to answer that demand."

Another time he had been greatly exercised with debt and embarrassment, and his patience was severely tried, not only on account of himself, but of a friend, who was in distress, and stood in need of relief. His never failing resort was to the Great Father of bounties, in earnest and sincere prayer. And God who heareth the ravens when they cry, thus answered him. It was in the evening that he made the subject a matter of special supplication. The next morning a person knocked at his door, desiring to see him. He was shown into his study. Huntington says:—"I looked at him, and perceived him to be a gentleman that I had never seen before. He told me that he had once heard me preach at Dr. Gifford's meeting-house, and once or twice in Margaret-street Chapel, and that he had heard me greatly to his satisfaction; and the reason of his coming to see me now was, that he had been exercised last night with a dream—that he dreamed the Word of God came to him saying, 'If thy brother be waxed poor, thou shalt open thy hand to thy poor brother,' &c. He asked me if there was such a portion of Scripture; I answered

the words were these:—‘If there be among you a poor man, one of thy brethren, within any of thy gates, in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not harden thy heart, nor shut thy hand from thy poor brother’—(See Deut. xv., 7, 11.) He then told me that these words came to him in his sleep; and in the morning when he awoke, he felt the power of them. In wondering who this poor brother could be, he informed me it was impressed on his mind that I was the brother about whom he had dreamed; and asked me concerning my circumstances; I then told him of the trial I was in; and as he was fully satisfied it was of God, he wondered much at it. At his departure, he gave me money and goods sufficient to relieve my own circumstances, and also the condition of my friend. Thus, God, who commanded a widow to sustain Elijah, commanded this man to relieve me.”

The Rev. Woodbury M. Fernald in his deeply interesting work, *God in His Providences*, after relating this anecdote, remarks:—“Such a circumstance will undoubtedly be viewed lightly by those who have scarcely any faith in such Providences, and the more so because they do not understand the method of them, and have no idea of their frequency. But is it at all unreasonable that by means of the supplication the night before, some angel or spirit could be commissioned to the sleeping man, and thus a connection be established which was efficacious? How many such instances there are!”

In confirmation of this view, M. Fernald, among other instances, relates the following “well-authenticated account,” which I have slightly abridged:—A poor, industrious, pious collier lived among the hills between Abergavenny and Hereford, who was generally known by the name of Caleb. He had a wife and several small children. One winter there was a severe frost which lasted many weeks, so that he could not work for the support of his family. One night they had eaten up all their stock, not a morsel was left for the morning, nor any human possibility of getting any; but Caleb’s mind was composed in firm reliance on a provident God, who neither wanted power nor means to supply his wants. He went to prayer with his family, and then to rest, and slept soundly till morning. Before he was up, he heard a knock at his door; he went and saw a man standing with a horse loaded, who asked if his name was Caleb. He answered in the affirmative; the man desired him to help him take down the load. Caleb asked what it was. He said, “Provision.” On his enquiring who sent it, the man said he believed God had sent it; no other answer could he obtain. When he came to examine the contents, he was struck with amazement at the quantity and variety of the articles; bread, flour, oatmeal, butter, cheese, salt meat and fresh, &c., which served them through the frost, and a little over.

Caleb related this circumstance to his minister, Dr. Stennett, of Abergavenny, who was much affected by the account. Two years after Dr. Stennett was on a visit to Dr. Talbot, a well-known physician of Hereford, a good, generous man, though called "infidel" by the orthodox. One evening the conversation turned on the subject of prayer. In illustration of its efficacy, Dr. S. instanced the circumstance of poor Caleb. Dr. Talbot smiled, and said:—"Caleb! I shall never forget him as long as I live." "What! did you know him?" said Dr. S. "I had but a very little knowledge of him," said Dr. T.; "but I know he must be the same man you mean."

Dr. Talbot then related the following circumstance. He said that the summer before the hard winter above mentioned, riding on horseback among the hills, as was his usual custom when he had a leisure hour, he observed a number of people assembled in a barn, and rode up to the door to learn the cause; when he found, to his surprise, that there was a man preaching to a vast number of people. He stopped and observed that they were very attentive to what the preacher delivered. One poor man in particular attracted his notice, who had a little Bible in his hand, turning to every passage of Scripture the minister quoted. He wondered to see how ready a man of his appearance was in turning to the places. When the sermon was over, he walked his horse gently along, and the poor man whom he so particularly noticed, happened to walk by his side.

The doctor asked him many questions concerning the meeting and the minister, and found him very intelligent. He inquired also about himself—his employment, his family, and his name: his name he said was Caleb. After the doctor had satisfied his curiosity, he rode off, and thought no more about him till the great frost came the following winter. He was one night in bed—he could not tell for certain whether he was asleep or awake, but thought he heard a voice say, '*Send provision to Caleb.*' He was a little startled at first, but concluding it to be a dream, he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. It was not long before he heard the same words repeated, but *louder* and *stronger*. Then he awoke his wife, and told her what he had heard; but she thought it could be no other than a dream, and she fell asleep again.

But the doctor's mind was so impressed that he could not sleep; at last he heard the voice so powerfully saying, '*Get up and send provision to Caleb,*' that he could resist no longer. He got up, and called his man, bade him bring his horse, and went to his larder, and stuffed a pair of panniers as full as he could of whatever provision he could find, and having assisted the man to lade the horse, he bade him take the provision to Caleb.

‘Caleb, sir?’ said the man; ‘who is Caleb?’

‘I know very little of him,’ said the doctor, ‘but that his name is Caleb; he is a collier, and lives among the hills; let the horse go, and you will be sure to find him.’

The man seemed to be under the same influence as his master, which accounts for his telling Caleb, ‘God sent it, I believe.’

Many cases are on record of this kind of providential interposition by a guiding or warning voice. Sometimes, as in the instance just quoted, the person is so addressed in behalf of another; at others, as in the following, related by Grotius, it is a warning to the individual himself:—‘When M. de Saumaise was councillor of the Parliament at Dijon, a person, who knew not a word of Greek, brought him a paper on which was written some words in that language, but not in the character. He said that a voice had uttered them to him in the night, and that he had written them down, imitating the sound as well as he could. Mons. de Saumaise made out that the signification of the words was, ‘Begone! do you not see that death impends?’ Without comprehending what danger was predicted, the person obeyed and departed. On that night the house that he had been lodging in fell to the ground. In the same letter (Epistle 405, second series.) Grotius mentions a person at Landrecies who, warned in a dream of impending danger, rose, and left the house, and had scarcely done so when the roof fell in, and, had he not removed, would have crushed him.

Dr. Abercrombie, in his *Inquiries concerning the Intellectual Powers*, after instancing the case of a clergyman, on a visit to Edinburgh, at a short distance from home, who, awakened by a dream of seeing a fire and one of his children in the midst of it, immediately hastened home, found his house actually on fire, and got there in time to save one of his children, who in the alarm and confusion had been left in a situation of danger, adds:—“The following anecdotes I am enabled to give as entirely authentic.—A lady dreamt that an aged female relative had been murdered by a black servant; and the dream occurred more than once. She was then so impressed by it, that she went to the house of the lady to whom it related, and prevailed upon a gentleman to watch in an adjoining room during the following night. About three in the morning the gentleman hearing footsteps on the stair, left his place of concealment, and met the servant carrying up a quantity of coals. Being questioned as to where he was going, he replied, in a confused and hurried manner, that he was going to mend his mistress’s fire; which at that hour in the middle of summer was evidently impossible; and on farther investigation, a strong knife was found concealed beneath the coals.—Another lady dreamt that a boy, her nephew, had been

drowned along with some young companions with whom he had engaged to go on a sailing excursion in the Firth of Forth. She sent for him in the morning, and with much difficulty prevailed upon him to give up his engagement. His companions went, and were all drowned."

Cases of special providence by the agency of dreams might easily be collected in sufficient number to form a volume.

In one of the cases cited from Dr. Abercrombie, it was the means of the preservation of life and the prevention of crime.* A similar providence as the result of presentiment occurred to the illustrious Talleyrand. The anecdote was given to Dr. Sigmond by the widow of M. Colmache, the private secretary and friend of Talleyrand, and is recorded in Dr. Forbes Winslow's *Psychological Journal*:—

"One day, in the presence of the minister, the conversation had turned upon the subject of those sudden warnings which have been looked upon as communications from the world of spirits to man: some one observed, that it would be difficult to find a man of any note, who had not, in the course of his life, experienced something of the kind.

"‘I remember,’ said Talleyrand, ‘upon one occasion having been gifted, for one single moment, with an unknown and nameless power. I know not to this moment whence it came; It has never once returned, and yet upon that one occasion it saved my life. Without that sudden and mysterious inspiration I should not have been here to tell my tale. I had freighted a ship in concert with my friend Beaumetz. He was a good fellow, Beaumetz, with whom I had ever lived on the most intimate terms; and in those stormy times, when it needed not only friendship to bind men together, but almost godlike courage to shew that friendship, I could not but prize most highly all his bold and loyal demonstrations of kindness and attachment to me. I had not a single reason to doubt his friendship. On the contrary, he had given me, on several occasions, most positive proof of his devotion to my interest and well-being. We had fled from France; we had arrived at New York together, and we had lived in perfect harmony during our stay there. So, after having resolved upon improving the little money that was left by speculation, it was, still in partnership and together, that we freighted a small vessel for India, trusting to all the goodly chances which had befriended us in our escape from danger and from death, to venture once more conjointly to brave the storms

* The *Dublin Review* for May, 1861, in an article on "Crime and its Detection," gives a number of cases in which crime has been brought to light and its perpetrators detected by means either of dreams or of some secret inexplicable impression or impulse.

and perils of a yet longer and more adventurous voyage. Everything was embarked for our departure; bills were all paid, and farewells all taken, and we were waiting for a fair wind with most eager expectation, being prepared to embark at any hour of the day or night, in obedience to the warning of the captain. This state of uncertainty seemed to irritate the temper of poor Beaumetz to an extraordinary degree, and, unable to remain quietly at home, he hurried to and from the city with an eager, restless activity, which at times excited my astonishment, for he had ever been remarkable for great calmness and placidity of temper. One day he entered our lodging, evidently labouring under great excitement, although commanding himself to appear calm. I was engaged at that moment in writing letters to Europe; and looking over my shoulder, he said, with forced gaiety, 'What need to waste time in penning those letters? they will never reach their destination. Come with me, and let us take a turn on the Battery; perhaps the wind may be chopping round; we may be nearer our departure than we imagine.' The day was very fine, although the wind was blowing hard, and I suffered myself to be persuaded. Beaumetz, I remembered afterwards, displayed an unusual officiousness in aiding me to close my desk and put away my papers, handing me, with hurried eagerness, my hat and cane, and doing other services to quicken my departure, which at the time I attributed to the restless desire for change, the love of activity with which he seemed to have been devoured during the whole period of our delay. We walked through the crowded streets to the Battery. He had seized my arm and hurried me along, seemingly in eager haste to advance. When we had arrived at the broad esplanade—the glory then, as now, of New York—Beaumetz quickened his step still more, until he arrived close to the water's edge. He talked loud and quickly, admiring in energetic terms the beauty of the scenery, the Brooklyn heights, the shady groves of the island, the ships riding at anchor, and the busy scene on the peopled wharf, when suddenly he paused in his mad, incoherent discourse—for I had freed my arm from his grasp, and stood immovable before him. Staying his wild and rapid steps, I fixed my eye upon his face. He turned aside, cowed and dismayed. 'Beaumetz,' I shouted, 'you mean to murder me: you intend to throw me from the height into the sea below. Deny it, monster, if you can.' The maniac stared at me for a moment; but I took especial care not to avert my gaze from his countenance, and he quailed beneath it. He stammered a few incoherent words, and strove to pass me, but I barred his passage with extended arms. He looked vacantly right and left, and then flung himself upon my neck, and burst into tears. 'Tis true—'tis true,

my friend! The thought has haunted me day and night, like a flash from the lurid fire of hell. It was for this I brought you here. Look! you stand within a foot of the edge of the parapet: in another instant the work would have been done.' The demon had left him; his eye was unsettled, and the white foam stood in bubbles on his parched lips; but he was no longer tossed by the same mad excitement under which he had been labouring, for he suffered me to lead him home without a single word. A few days' repose, bleeding, abstinence, completely restored him to his former self, and, what is most extraordinary, the circumstance was never mentioned between us. MY FATE was at work.'

"It was whilst watching by the bed-side of his friend that Talleyrand received letters which enabled him to return to France; he did so, and left Beaumetz to prosecute the speculation alone. The Prince Talleyrand could never speak of the preceding event without shuddering, and to the latest hour of his existence believed that 'he was for an instant gifted with an extraordinary light, and during a quick and vivid flash the possible and the true was revealed to a strong and powerful mind,' and that upon this the whole of his destiny hinged. 'This species of momentary exaltation,' says Dr. Sigmond, 'which is not again repeated, but is remembered with the most vivid impression, is what is more immediately known by the name of fantasia:' in France and England it is named *presentiment*."

A somewhat similar instance is related by Frederick Douglass, in his autobiography. He and some fellow-slaves had planned an escape. The morning of the day on which it was to have been executed, they were in the field at their work. "While thus engaged," says Douglass, "I had a sudden presentiment, which flashed upon me like lightning in a dark night, revealing to the lonely traveller the gulf before, and the enemy behind. I instantly turned to Sandy Jenkins, who was near me, and said to him, '*Sandy, we are betrayed; something has just told me so.*' I felt as sure of it, as if the officers were there in sight. Sandy said, '*Man, dat is strange; but I feel just as you do.*' *If my mother—then long in her grave—had appeared before me, and told me that we were betrayed, I could not, at that moment, have felt more certain of the fact.*"

The presentiment was but too well founded. "In thirty minutes after that vivid presentiment came the apprehended crash." But thus forewarned, they were enabled in time to destroy the evidence which would have substantiated the charge against them. Speaking of another event, which he regarded as a special providence in his behalf, Douglass says in so regarding it, he may be deemed superstitious and egotistical, and he adds:—"But the thought is a part of my history, and I should be false to the

earliest and most cherished sentiments of my soul if I suppressed or hesitated to avow that opinion, although it may be characterised as irrational by the wise, and ridiculous by the scoffer."

Professor Boehm, of Giesen and Marburg, an eminent mathematician, a man of integrity and religious principle, though "anything else but an enthusiast," used frequently, says Stilling, to relate the following narrative:—"Being one afternoon in pleasant society, where he was smoking his pipe and taking his tea, without reflecting upon any particular subject, he, all at once, felt an impulse in his mind to go home. Now, as he had nothing to do at home, his mathematical reason told him he ought not to go home, but remain with the company. But the inward monitor became stronger and more urgent, so that, at length, every mathematical demonstration gave way, and he followed his inward impulse. On entering his room, and looking about him, he could discover nothing particular; but he felt a new excitement within him, which told him that the bed in which he slept must be removed from its place, and transported into another corner. Here, likewise, reason began again to operate, and represented to him that the bed had always stood there: besides which, it was the fittest place for it, and the other the most unfit, but all this availed nothing, the monitor gave him no rest; he was obliged to call the servant, who moved the bed to the desired place. Upon this his mind was tranquillized, he returned to the company he had left, and felt nothing more of the impulse. He stayed supper with the company, went home towards two o'clock, then laid himself in his bed, and went to sleep very quietly. At midnight he was awakened by a dreadful cracking and noise; he arose from his bed, and then saw that a heavy beam, with a great part of the ceiling, had fallen exactly upon the place where his bed had previously stood. Boehm now gave thanks to the merciful Father of men, for having graciously caused such a warning to be given him."

Stilling also relates the following:—"The merchant in whose employ I was formerly, from the year 1763 to 1770, and whom I have called 'Spanier' in the narrative of my life, frequently related to me a remarkable presentiment, which he once had in Rotterdam. On commencing business, he took a journey into Holland, for the purpose of forming connexions for his extensive iron-works. But his chief attention was directed to Middleburg in Zealand, to which place he had several recommendations from his friends, as well as to other towns in Holland. Having finished his business at Rotterdam, he went in the morning to the Middleburg market boat, which was lying there at anchor, ready to sail at noon to Middleburg. He took and paid for his place, and then requested that a sailor might be sent to him at an inn, which

he named, when the vessel was about to sail. He then went to the said inn, prepared for his voyage, and ordered some refreshment to be sent up to his room at eleven o'clock. When he had almost finished his repast, the sailor came to call him, but as soon as the man opened the door, and the merchant cast his eyes upon him, he was seized with an unaccountable trepidation, together with an inward conviction that he ought not to go to Middleburg, so that all his reasoning against it was of no avail, and he was obliged to tell the sailor that he could not accompany him; to which the latter replied, that if so he would lose his fare, but this mattered not, he felt himself compelled to stay. After the sailor was gone, the merchant coolly reflected on what might be the probable reason of this singular mental impulse. In reality, he was sorry and vexed at thus neglecting this important part of his journey, as he could not wait for the next market boat. To banish his tedium and disappointment he went out for a walk, and towards evening called at a friend's house. After sitting there a couple of hours, a great noise was heard in the street; inquiry was made, and now they learnt that the Middleburg market boat, having been struck by lightning, had sunk, and that not an individual was saved! My readers may think what an impression this intelligence made upon the mind of the worthy traveller; he hastened home, and in retirement thanked God for this gracious warning. I can solemnly vouch for the truth of this relation.

Instances of special providence, of warning, guidance, and protection are indeed sown broadcast in history and biography, and in common life. That their true character does not meet with more general recognition is, I think, mainly due to a false philosophy, which can see in the idea of special providence only an arbitrary interference with the laws established by Infinite Wisdom. But here, Spiritualism, rightly understood, supplies a ground of reconciliation on which philosophy may well "rest and be thankful!" In all this wide class of facts it finds nothing incompatible or inconsistent with the ordinary operation of laws. It does not indeed see in the universe only a celestial mechanism, a piece of clock-work wound up by Fate and Nature; but a spiritual cosmos of free intelligences, working by and within a higher range of laws than those of mere earth and Nature. The laws of the lower physical, being included in the higher spiritual, and together forming a divine unity. Specialty, there is none, in respect to any occurrence taking place without law, or contrary to law; but providences often become to us special, "not as taken out of the universal, but as included in it; yet as projecting out of it *to our view*, so as to convince us of more than mere laws, and of personal and Divine agencies working with those laws.

. . . . Indeed, Providence must be particular to the smallest iota, because the universal is made up of nothing but the smallest particulars!"

Philosophers tell us that the atom that glistens in the sunbeam on a summer's day,—that the solid globe itself,—that the solar system to which it belongs,—that the stars and constellations, the suns and systems that people the boundless univercælum, hold each their appointed place, and move in their respective orbits by virtue of the simple law of the attraction of gravitation. Now, that which gravitation is to the physical, sympathy is to the moral and spiritual world. It binds together individuals, tribes, nations, races, yea, the whole intelligent creation of God. It is the golden chain which was represented by ancient mythology as fastened to the throne of God, whence it fell in perpetual folds, embraced the whole earth, encircled with one or other of its golden links every created being, and then returned to Him from whom it descended. It is the ladder seen by the patriarch resting on the earth, but reaching to the highest heaven, while upon every step of its infinite length angels of God ascended and descended for ever. Well then may "all" the angels be "ministering spirits!" Well may there "be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth!"

And "Do not the angelic ministrations come under the head of *spiritual* law? For behold the analogy. An angel is not moved to come from his high abode to relieve the distresses of a suffering mortal, or to minister to his spiritual good, by any less of law, than that by which a stone falls to the ground. The stone falls by the law of gravitation. The angel comes by the strong law of *sympathy*, by which, in a certain degree, he is *impelled* to draw near to a suffering mortal, and to impart the needed relief. He comes *because he cannot help it*; just as a good man cannot refuse to give a loaf of bread to a starving beggar. It is the law of His *goodness* that prompts and urges him on. Or, in other words, it is spiritual attraction of soul to soul, instead of material attraction of earth to earth. But surely, there is something in the contemplation of *angelic* performance—help from the heavens—and in that personal *will* and *effort* which an angel, like a man, puts forth in our behalf, which takes the occurrence out of the common order of nature, and invests it with a Divine specialty and importance. These, then, although in a high sense special providences, yet are no more out of the sphere of law and order, than the growth of the grass or the falling of the rain. They are special with man but not with God. Highly opportune and timely, but with God they were always so! They come under the operation of a *higher* law, and of personal agencies acting *by* those laws, and that is all the

difference. Yet this is a difference which wonderfully affects the heart of man. It touches more peculiarly his *religious* nature, and causes him to look up. . . . The universe of existence thus contemplated becomes a connected *chain* of being and operation, from inmost God to outmost nature; and as the impulses of Divine love and care first stir in the heart of the Infinite Father, so they are communicated to the angels nearest Him, or nearest the Divine Centre of being, and thus on, out and down through the vast ranks of glorified spirits, till they reach to earth, and protect the merest child from injury and danger."

T. S.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES IN ENGLAND.

AN extremely visible change has come over the Press in this country within the last six months. Frantic as was the outbreak on the publication of the *Incidents of My Life* and the *History of the Supernatural*, and reckless as were the expressions of anger and feigned contempt on the part of the reviews and newspapers, a wonderful calm has now fallen on them, and those journals which have taken time to think, have made many and large concessions to the spiritual principle. We need not recapitulate these cases, they are sufficiently known to our readers; but we may note briefly the last appearance of this kind. This is on the part of the organ of the Methodist body, the *London Quarterly Review*, which has devoted nearly fifty pages to prove that Spiritualism *is*, and that it had rather that it wasn't. It goes to work with an air of great candour, but nevertheless digs at the foundations of the spirit theory with a sly tenacity. It makes no question about the facts recorded in all ages, and especially in our own. It admits that it would be a folly and a madness to call them in question. It has watched the troop of the learned who had already made their displays on this subject, and profited by their folly. One had strongly recommended a committee of the scientific to determine whether the thing lived or not; another with haggard looks and hurried words not only declared that the thing did live, but was about to spring upon them; a third thought it was no living creature, but only a *property* of matter; a fourth thought it might be alive but would soon die out; a fifth that it was dead already; a sixth, a very longheaded fellow, put a lemon to his nose and declared that it was an epidemic; and a seventh that it was a very odd thing that it had frightened so many mighty editors, and therefore, it must be the great OD itself.

All this appears very contemptible to the *London Quarterly*.

As for ghosts, it claims them as old friends of John Wesley's, and claps them on the back with a "Well, old boys, here you are again!" It doats on them, and introduces fresh ones to their acquaintance, but yet, after all, it would fain persuade itself that the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are not the work of ghosts, or spirits, which are the same thing. It would rather have them to be magnetism or zoo-magnetism, forgetting that this principle was the other day as violently rejected as Spiritualism is now, and that it is so yet by a large public. Forgetting that the few rounds of the ladder of belief that it has got upon, are yet denied by others to be in the ladder at all. Forgetting that in admitting the facts it has admitted the spirits as the agents of them; for no part of the facts is more palpably proved than the agency of spirits in these manifestations. Spiritualists don't reason upon this point, because they know it, and can any day bring volumes of proofs of such facts followed by such a host of living witnesses as would put them and the whole army of sceptics out of any court in the three kingdoms. We must regard it as very unkind in the *London Quarterly* towards its friends the ghosts, after having endorsed their reality and respectability, to refuse to admit them to *séances*. And when they venture to leave their old ruinous castles, and haunted houses to warm themselves by Christian fire-sides, to insult them by denying their entity, and nicknaming them magnetism or zoo-magnetism. Does it not know that on all occasions at these *séances* they insist and persist in asserting that they are spirits? Now if they had denied regularly that they were spirits, and claimed to be od, or magnetism, or the like, would not the *London Quarterly* and every other London journal have most kindly and politely admitted their right to name themselves as they thought proper? Undoubtedly they would; most gladly they would. Why then this reluctance to admit them to be what they uniformly say they are? There must be a reason for this reluctance on the part of the men of letters, if they would obligingly tell us what it is.

But, in truth, the literary and religious worlds are already reduced to a dilemma. They say as plainly as possible:—

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

The conviction of the truth is bursting upon them, and they cling convulsively to every twig of sophism, which they hope may delay awhile their fall into open confession. The great Methodist organ admits that numbers of Atheists and Deists may have been converted to Christianity through Spiritualism; but then it says, "Men are so much more easily converted by *visions* than by *arguments*." If the Methodist writers really think this is true, would it not be desirable that they should

earnestly recommend all their preachers to lay aside their pulpit arguments, and pray for visions? Let them recollect that St. Paul was converted by a vision. Whatever means are found the most effectual for men's salvation, it behoves Christian ministers instantly and energetically to adopt. It is a sacred and indispensable duty. Now, we do not hear of any of their mighty host of preachers converting Atheists and Deists by "the foolishness of preaching;" but men must be saved, and if "visions" will save them, by all means let visions be adopted. Like St. Paul, let them "be all things to all men, so that they may save some." This is our view of the matter, and we think it is a Christian view. But let it be clearly understood, that the employment of visions is not our idea, but that of the *London Quarterly*. The Atheists and Deists to whom the "History of the Supernatural" alluded, were not converted by either arguments or visions, but by plain and simple facts. These facts the *Methodist Quarterly* thinks poor and mean facts; and that if Spiritualism is to be judged by its facts, "it is lost." But surely facts that convert Atheists when the preachers' arguments cannot do it, must be infinitely less mean and poor than the arguments. And facts that re-assure souls in the faith of their own immortality; which reconstruct the mere breath of air residing in the brain, or the heart, or somewhere to which the orthodox religions had reduced it, into the real, complete, and undying man, of which the body is but the covering, as a glove is of the hand; which brings the future world of the race palpably before the soul, with its mountains, seas, and cities; a magnificent fact, and no longer a misty idea to be obtained, after ages of lying in the damp senseless grave;—the facts and doctrines that demonstrate that world as a world of progress in purity and felicity to those who desire progress, instead of a world of useless and senseless eternal damnation; facts which commission the departed to bring to us tidings of re-union with them and with God: these are facts infinitely more noble, and more consolatory; more partaking of the Divine and glorious nature of Christianity, than the flat and repulsive doctrines which have destroyed in the soul the vitality and substance of the hope of salvation, and driven countless thousands into the remorseless regions of Materialism.

The *Methodist Quarterly*, casting about for something to weaken, if but for a moment, the effect of "The History of the Supernatural," at one instant represents its author as a Friend, on the principle that an old frog must still be a tadpole, because it was so twenty years ago; and at another instant, that he must have turned Papist—the author of the History of Priestcraft turned Papist, because he accuses Protestantism of having de-

stroyed all faith in the spiritual, which it admits to be a fact, and on the same showing must itself be Papist too.

All these are miserable displays on the part of the orthodox, whether of Church or Dissent; but grand testimonies to Spiritualism. This very organ of Methodism declares that a change has become obvious in the public mind; that the stolid and petrified infidelity of the last and present age, is fast breaking up; that there is a rapid return to belief in the invisible. What has produced this? That despised and foolish Spiritualism, with its tables, and raps, and spirits, and a few things besides; such as good writing and fine spiritual drawings, and useful inventions, by-the-bye, such as they will hear of anon. These, like the foolishness of preaching to the Jews and Greeks, are, as the enemies are compelled to confess, turning this old infidel and earthly world upside down. The entire race of the learned, the scientific, and the theologic, feel that the whole scaffolding of their fabric of incredulity is giving way. In vain they run distractedly hither and thither, propping and tying, shoring up and holding on—it is going, going, going, slipping irretrievably down with them and beneath them, and great will be the fall thereof.

W. H.

A PROPHEPIC INCIDENT.

MR. DANIEL D. HOME has placed the following letters at our disposal. We leave them to tell their own story.

Boston, May 17th.

MY DEAR DANIEL,—I can most fully sympathize with you in your sorrow, having recently met with a great bereavement myself. My daughter Mary (Mrs. Higginson) was taken with bleeding from the lungs, and in eight weeks she passed from earth-life to the inner world. She died of *rapid* consumption. While John has been ill for three years, he is still with us, awaiting humbly and patiently his summons and release. He looks like an angel, and is like one for his goodness.

Mary was my youngest daughter, and she had a gentle, lovely temper and disposition, that twined her close round my heart. She was to me all that a daughter could be, and my loss is very great, but I shall not have very long to stay away from her. During your last visit to us, at one of our *séances*, you asked me for paper and pencil. I gave them to you, and you then asked for wafers to seal up your writing. The paper was sealed up very carefully, handed to me, and you told me to keep it till the spirits made it known that it was to be opened. I kept it thus seven

years or more, and then having a good opportunity, I inquired if I might open it. The answer was that I had better not, as the contents were not what I might like. After a while I asked again, and was told that if I were so desirous I might open it. I therefore broke the seals, and found the following words:—"Mary will be the *first* to leave earth. Grieve not. All will be well with her. It may be years."

You may judge of my feelings at this announcement, and when she was taken with the hemorrhage I felt that she would be the first, although for weeks we had almost been daily feeling that John would leave us. We laid her body away last Tuesday, just five days ago, and John breathes yet. Yours, &c.,

D. D. Home, Esq.

A. S. JARVES.

Boston, July 5th.

DEAR DANIEL,—I have postponed writing you since John passed away. His spirit was released from the body on the 21st of May, just eleven days after Mary had left us. Strange to say John did not ask to see his sister as we did not tell him what a *surprise* was awaiting him there. George (his spirit brother) told us that he had impressed John not to think of Mary, and now John tells us that when he met his sister he thought it must only be a vision.

Yours, &c.

D. D. Home, Esq.

A. S. JARVES.

Notices of Books.

FROM MATTER TO SPIRIT.*

JUDGED by one of the best tests—the growth of literature devoted to the subject—Spiritualism is everywhere making rapid progress. The works of this class issued in America, constitute, in themselves, a library. In France, the spiritual journals and reviews advertise a goodly list of books of the same kind. In Germany, besides native works, the writings of American Spiritualists are being translated. Mr. Howitt's *History of the Supernatural* is being translated into Portuguese. Even in bigoted Spain, Spiritualist works are so numerous that they were recently collected by the clerical party for an *auto da fe*. Here, in England, the better sort of works on the spiritual philosophy is on the increase, and is forcing the consideration of the question more and more on the public mind, especially among the educated and

* *From Matter to Spirit; the Result of Ten Years' Experience in Spirit Manifestations. Intended as a Guide to Inquirers.* By C. D., with a Preface by A. B. London: LONGMAN & Co.

literary classes. Among those calculated in an eminent degree to help in this direction is the new work—*From Matter to Spirit*; which, as a careful statement of the results of ten years' investigation, and an exposition of the philosophy to which this investigation has led the writers, bids fair to achieve a high and permanent place. It will be seen that we speak of the authorship of this work in the plural number, the forty-five pages of preface being written by one hand, and the book itself by another. Though generally cognizant of each other's views, both had substantially finished before either set eyes on what the other had written. The circumstances which first led A. B. and C. D. to enter upon their joint investigation is thus detailed in the preface by the former:—

Ten years ago, Mrs. Hayden, the well-known American medium, came to my house *alone*. The sitting began immediately after her arrival. Eight or nine persons were present, of all ages, and of all degrees of belief and unbelief in the whole being imposture. The raps began in the usual way. They were to my ear clean, clear, faint sounds, such as would be said to *ring*, had they lasted. I likened them at the time to the noise which the ends of knitting-needles would make, if dropped from a small distance upon a marble slab, and instantly checked by a damper of some kind: and subsequent trial showed that my description was tolerably accurate. I never had the good luck to hear those exploits of Latin muscles, and small kicking done on the leg of a table by machinery, which have been proposed as the causes of these raps; but the noises I did hear were such as I feel quite unable to impute to either source, even on the supposition of imposture. Mrs. Hayden was seated at some distance from the table, and her feet were watched by their believers until faith in pedalism slowly evaporated. At a late period in the evening, after nearly three hours of experiment, Mrs. Hayden having risen, and talking at another table while taking refreshment, a child suddenly called out, "Will all the spirits who have been here this evening rap together?" The words were no sooner uttered than a hailstorm of knitting-needles was heard, crowded into certainly less than two seconds; the big needle sounds of the men, and the little ones of the women and children, being clearly distinguishable, but perfectly disorderly in their arrival.

On being asked to put the question to the first spirit, I begged that I might be allowed to put my question mentally—that is, without speaking it, or writing it, or pointing it out to myself on an alphabet,—and that Mrs. Hayden might hold both arms extended while the answer was in progress. Both demands were instantly granted by a couple of raps. I put the question, and desired the answer might be in one word, which I assigned; all mentally. I then took the printed alphabet, put a book upright before it, and, bending my eyes upon it, proceeded to point to the letters in the usual way. The word *chess* was given, by a rap at each letter. I had now a reasonable certainty of the following alternative; either some *thought-reading* of a character wholly inexplicable, or such superhuman acuteness on the part of Mrs. Hayden that she could detect the letter I wanted by my bearing, though she (seated six feet from the book which hid my alphabet) could see neither my hand nor my eye, nor at what rate I was going through the letters. I was fated to be driven out of the second alternative before the sitting was done,

At a later period of the evening, when another spirit was under examination, I asked him whether he remembered a certain review which was published soon after his death, and whether he could give me the initials of an epithet (which happened to be in five words) therein applied to himself. Consent having been given, I began my way through the alphabet, as above: the only difference of circumstances being that a bright table-lamp was now between me and the

medium. I expected to be brought up at, say the letter F; and when my pencil passed that letter without any signal, I was surprised, and by the time I came to K, or thereabouts, I paused, intending to announce a failure. But some one called out, "You have passed it; I heard a rap long ago." I began again; and distinct raps came, first at C, then at D. I was now satisfied that the spirit had failed; and I thought to myself that it was rather hard to expect him to remember a passage in a review published in 1817, or thereabouts. But stopping to consider a little more, it flashed into my mind, that C. D. were his own initials, and that he had chosen to commence the *clause which contained the epithet*. I then said nothing but "I see what you are at; pray go on," and I then got T (for *The*), then the F, I wanted—of which not one word had been said—and then the remaining four initials. I was now satisfied that the contents of my mind had been read which could not have been detected by my method of pointing to the alphabet, even supposing that could have been seen.

I gave an account of all this to a friend who was then alive, a man of *ologies* and *ometers* both, who was not at all disposed to think it anything but a clever imposture. "But," said he, "what you tell me is very singular; I shall go myself to Mrs. Hayden: I shall go alone and not give my name. I don't think I shall hear anything from anybody; but if I do I shall find out the trick—depend upon it I shall find it out." He went accordingly, and came to me to report progress. He told me that he had gone a step beyond me, for he had insisted on taking his alphabet behind a large folding screen, and asking his questions by the alphabet and a pencil, as well as receiving the answers. No persons except himself and Mrs. Hayden were in the room. The "spirit" who came to him was one whose unfortunate death was fully detailed in the usual way. My friend told me that he was "awe-struck," and had nearly forgotten all his precautions.

The things which I have narrated were the beginning of a long series of experiences, many as remarkable as what I have given; many of a minor character, separately worth little, but jointly of weight when considered in connexion with the more decisive proofs of reality; many of a confirmatory tendency as mere facts, but of a character not sustentive of the gravity and dignity of the spiritual world.

Accustomed by the bent of his genius, as well as by education and many years' familiar handling of topics which require and admit of strict demonstration, A. B. feels his way among the wondrous facts of spirit manifestation with the utmost circumspection, and his remarks exemplify that rigorous and vigorous reasoning which this eminent mathematician has accustomed us to expect in everything proceeding from his pen. Here, for instance, is "a palpable hit" at "philosophers of our own day," which exhibits both his vigorous reasoning and his cautiousness in admitting any conclusion as a final one:—

I hold those persons to be incautious who give in at once to the spirit doctrine, and never stop to imagine the possibility of unknown power other than disembodied intelligence. But I am sure that this calling in of the departed spirit, because they do not know what else to fix it upon, may be justified by those who do it, upon the example of the philosophers of our own day. Some flints are found in what they call the *drift*, curiously cut, and, for various reasons believed to owe their shape to agents different from those which give other flints their multitudinous configuration. These queer-shaped things are tolerably like the tools of savages. The geologists do not hesitate a moment; these are the *works of men*, and the whole history of the human race must shift its basis. And why are these flints the works of men? I can learn nothing but what amounts to this, that the geologist does not see *what else they can be*. He calls in his higher power the moment he wants to steady his mind upon an explanation; as to waiting awhile for further knowledge, that would not suit the

hunger of the theory-bag. At last, human remains are found, in positions which favour the supposition that we have got the bones of those who owned the axes, as well as the axes themselves. Does this provoke new inquiry into the epoch of these remains? With a few it may, but not with the many. The rapid arrival at conclusions is as conspicuous among the geologists as among Spiritualists. For reasons above given, both are in the right track.

So soon as any matter excites warm discussion and lively curiosity, attempts at imposition commence. Some forged flints—perhaps also bones—have certainly been put into the drift; and some forged spirits have made their communications. The philosophical world is easy of belief in fraud; they can credit any amount of skill and ingenuity, provided only that what they cannot otherwise explain, except unpalatably, may be thereby shown to be trick. If it were meted to them in their own measure it would go hard with their characters: but the outer world is not so unreasonable as they are, and of this they get the benefit. I do not wish to be understood as discouraging suspicion; my own admissions show that I ought to stand up for the keenest scrutiny. What I reprobate is, not the weariness which widens and lengthens inquiry, but the assumption which prevents or narrows it; the imposture theory, which frequently infers imposture from the assumed impossibility of the phenomena asserted, and then alleges imposture against the examination of the evidence.

The keen requirements of the author of the preface, as the great logician of the day, are well verified even as we write, by a paragraph in the papers, which states that a comparatively modern iron horse shoe has been found in the same fossil-bearing drift, which has created such a sensation amongst geologists. Whether or not such an unwelcome horse shoe may ultimately turn up in Spiritualism, we will not forejudge; but the professor's logic is sufficient to prove to sceptics that at all events their theories of imposture and delusion are utterly unfounded. The bent of this masterly essay is to shew that, under any circumstances, the theories of sceptics are good for nothing, that the true causes must be sought in some other description than theirs, and that in the meantime the Spiritual theory is the best that has been brought to view. One cannot but be struck with the vast logical power displayed in handling this subject, and what a different mind it proceeds from, than the silly flea-bites of the ordinary press writers. What a rebuke the preface contains for the Hepworth Dixons and Dickens of the day, who would furnish hardly a mouthful for such a giant. The preface will be a standing entertainment for all such small fry, and we shall take care often to remind them of it. It is written not only with great power, but there is a quiet vein of humour pervading it, and even some broad jokes, which shew a writer who is able to play with any antagonist of the puny sort who form the sceptics of the day. He reminds us of an elephant who can either pick up a pin with his trunk, or thrust out a house side by simply leaning against it.

The *Publishers' Circular*, in its Literary Intelligence, remarks:

Mere littérateurs and writers of fiction may be pardoned for a little tendency to the visionary and unreal, but the fact that the well-known author of the standard works on Formal Logic, the Differential Calculus, and the Theory of Probabilities, should figure with his lady in the characters of believers in spirit-rapping and table-turning, will probably take most people by surprise. There is,

perhaps, no contributor to our reviews who is more at home in demolishing a fallacy, or in good-humouredly disposing of an ignorant pretender in science, than Mr. De Morgan. His clear, logical, witty, and whimsical style is readily traced by literary readers in many a striking article in our critical journals. He is probably the last man whom the sceptical in such mysteries would expect to find on the side of Mr. Home and Mrs. Newton Crosland. Yet we must record the fact that Mr. De Morgan declares himself "perfectly convinced that he has both seen and heard, in a manner which should make unbelief impossible, things *called* spiritual which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake."

To pass from the preface to the body of the work. This is an orderly and methodical exposition of Spiritualism from outermosts to innermosts; it treads with caution and yet firmness the various steps in the ascent from matter to spirit. Beginning with "Method of Experimenting," "Rapping and Table-Moving—Reality of Phenomena," it passes on to the discussion of Mesmerism, showing its affinity to Spiritualism, and illustrating by it the modes of spirit-influence and operation in producing what are known as the "manifestations"—writing, drawing, vision,* the voice, and hearing, and thence to the "Process of Death and Formation of the Spiritual Body," "The Home of the Spirit," "Correspondence and Development," "Influx and Inspiration," and "The Word of God." Those topics are all, as far as possible, illustrated, and the author's conclusions concerning them fortified, by facts within her own knowledge and experience. The work throughout, bears evidence of independent judgment and considerable scholarship, and is pervaded, especially in dealing with the higher phases of the inquiry, by a spirit of earnest reverence befitting its solemn themes. The author is very successful in drawing out the spiritual significance of some of the obscurer passages of Scripture; as well as in the illustrations of sacred symbolism, or, as it is now commonly called, spiritual correspondences.

We do not say, and are sure the author would not say, that all her conclusions are to be accepted. Many of them are confessedly put forth as suggestive and tentative only. The statement for instance (though possibly warranted so far as the author's knowledge and experience is concerned), that in *all* cases of spirit communication the *idea* only is that of the spirit, while the *language* is supplied, though unconsciously, from the mind of the medium; is, though generally true, put forward we think, too absolutely, and needs considerable qualification. But, however

* We cite the following explanation of the way in which spirits operate in exciting and directing the faculty of vision for the benefit of those who are troubled with the "ghost costume" difficulty. It is related as given by a spirit in answer to an inquiry on the subject. Our readers will see the wide extent of its application.

"The spirit mesmerises the eye, then whatever image is in the mind of the spirit is seen by the medium."

much or little the reader may differ from the author in any particular conclusion, he must be dull indeed who can rise from the perusal of the work without feeling his highest thought stimulated and his best affections strengthened.

In her investigations, the author seems to have been happily circumstanced, as for the most part they appear to have been conducted in her own house, the persons having the medium power being resident with the family, in some cases the author herself being the medium. Concerning one of these, through whose mediumship many striking facts had been witnessed, the author relates that: "A few days before her death, she gave me a solemn assurance that she had never deceived me in the slightest degree, in any particular connected with spiritual manifestations; 'But,' she said, 'I have, from my infancy, seen and heard far more curious things than I ever talked of to any one.'"

Here is an interesting incident:—

The name of a great poet was once given to me by the hand of a very young medium, and I, who was then inexperienced in the whole proceeding, asked for a *complete* little poem in three verses for a friend. The child, of course, could have no idea of what was coming, as my request was a sudden thought, but in about five minutes three verses were written with very great rapidity, describing the approach of an army, a battle on the bank of a river, which ran red with the blood of the combatants, another battle on hills whose *greenness* was especially noticed, and a third when the flowers were in bloom, and when the chief was dead. The metre was uncommon, and though the lines were grotesque, they were not inharmonious. One of our greatest living authors, himself a fine poet, pronounced these three stanzas to contain a poetical element which *could* not have proceeded from the mind of a young child. In the following spring, several months after the writing, the applicability of this rythmical production to the three battles of Alma, Inkermann and Balaclava was apparent. But they were written long before the Crimean War broke out.

An interesting instance is given "of the writing of one medium, the vision of another, and the hearing of a third, all independent of each other, agreeing in the same statement."

From the chapter on "Appearances after Death," we take the following narrative with the author's comments:—

Some few years ago I was in frequent communication with a friend, a clergyman, who was much interested in geology, and who had some original views connected with the causes of the various changes discovered in the earth's surface. After a month had elapsed, during which no letter reached me from him, I received an intimation from his family of his sudden death. On the evening of the day on which this intimation reached me I was engaged to meet a friend at the house of a lady who had given some very convincing proofs of her power to communicate with those mysterious beings, or powers, commonly known as "spirits." I was desirous of testing whether a spirit lately entered upon the spirit-world could or would immediately communicate with a friend on earth. I therefore adopted the following course. Having conversed for about an hour upon indifferent subjects, I at length asked the lady if she saw near me any spirits whom she had never seen before? After waiting a few seconds she replied that she did see two or three, all of whom had only lately entered the next world. She then described the appearance of one, whom she said called himself B—, and who intimated that he had died a violent death. That this person was then dead I was not aware, but some weeks afterwards I discovered that

this statement was true, he being supposed, at the time of his appearance, to be a prisoner in the East.

The second spirit the same lady described as looking older, rather tall, and with a clerical appearance about him. But she remarked *that he did not know how to communicate with her*, as he was evidently ignorant of the very elements of the laws by which spirits in and out of the body can exchange ideas and thought. After a few minutes' disappearance the same spirit reappeared, and with him the spirits of two eminent *geologists*, both of whom had before communicated with the lady whose powers were being thus tested. By their evident direction (according to the lady's description), my friend then wrote letters and words, which were described as light, brilliant words, and said, "When on earth I was known as the Rev. ———, of ———," and then he added that he had much now to tell in connection with a scientific problem (in which we had been much and mutually interested), and which problem his change of state had enabled him, in a great measure to solve.

The principal points of interest in this investigation appeared to me to be: first, that the young lady did not personally know the clergyman in question, nor did she know of his death; secondly, the Christian name, surname, place of residence, personal appearance, and profession of the person, were correctly given; thirdly, the immediate reference to a scientific investigation which we had ceased to write about only when he died; fourthly, the fact of his finding a difficulty in making his thoughts palpable to the lady, or, in other words, in communicating with her, until he was taught how to do so by those more experienced than himself. Thus appearing to indicate that there is a law in these matters and conditions which must be fulfilled, just as certain laws must be obeyed in all sciences, in order to obtain constant results.

There are many more passages we should like to quote, and which our readers we are sure would like to read, and which we hope they will read in the book itself; but we must end our extracts, assuring our readers (to adapt and adopt a well-used formula) that this is one of those works that no Spiritualist's library can be considered complete without. When they have carefully read it through we are sure they will feel grateful to Mrs. and Professor De Morgan for this their valuable contribution to the literature of Spiritualism.

PLAIN GUIDE TO SPIRITUALISM.*

THIS long title-page sets forth pretty fully the design of the volume, which is still further indicated in the author's preface, in which he tells us — "It embodies the labours, studies, observations and itinerant experiences of years. . . . I make an honest effort to sum up evidences and opinions, and leave individuals and the public to judge. I have endeavoured to guard all my positions, compilations, and statements with the utmost care and consideration." Any book of which the author can honestly say this must

* *A Hand-Book for Sceptics, Believers, Lecturers, Mediums, Editors, and all who need a thorough Guide to the Phenomena, Science, Philosophy, Religion, and Reforms of Modern Spiritualism*; by URIAH CLARK. Boston, Mass. (U.S.A.), WHITE & Co.; London: BURNS, Progressive Library, Camberwell.

be of considerable value, even though, as in the above sentences, the writer sometimes confuses his tenses, and gives other evidence that in preparing it he has not paid "the utmost care and consideration" to the laws of prosody. The author is well known to American Spiritualists as editor and lecturer; and, as may be expected, many of the topics discussed, as well as the general presentation of the subject, is from the American standpoint. But, though it has what may be called a local *flavour*, the fruit is sound and wholesome, and we doubt not, to many, pleasant withal to the palate. The author is earnest, without dogmatism; religious, without being sectarian; and practical, without the narrowness which is so often painfully conspicuous in those who claim to be pre-eminently "practical;" as witness his exposition of "Practical Spiritualism."

Practical Spiritualism is summed up in one word,—love; love to God, manifest in love to humanity. While Spiritualists seek no central creed,—no fixed platform of intellectual opinion,—no rigid system of theology, binding the conscience and trammelling freedom, they are united in the one grand central element of fraternal love encircling the family of earth and heaven. We can all agree, without controversy, in regard to this central principle; for there is one common chord of benevolence running through the great heart of humanity, which needs only to be touched aright to vibrate in harmony with the eternal world. . . . Dear departed ones from the spirit-land bend over humanity with messages of love to souls long waiting for some influences to touch them, and call forth angel responses. Nothing is so mighty and magical in the human heart as the consciousness of spiritual intercourse, the great fact that heaven is open, its guardianship constant, and its inspiration direct. Spiritualism has already redeemed thousands once darkened, buried in materialism, and hardened in heart, but now lifting songs heavenward.

In a little more than twenty pages the author has condensed "a multitude of pointed facts" in evidence of the reality of spiritual manifestations. Hints are given in the volume on such topics, as:—"How to Investigate."—Bible Evidences.—"How to conduct Circles."—"The Popular Objections and Theories Answered."

Die Mystischen Erscheinungen der Menschlichen Natur. Dargestellt und gedeutet von Maximilian Perty, Doktor der Philosophie und Medizin, Professor an der Universität Zu Bern, &c. Leipzig und Heidelberg, 1861.

THIS is a thick 8vo. volume of nearly 800 pages, to which a Supplement of 83 pages was published in 1863 under the following title: *Die Realität magischer Kräfte und Wirkungen des Menschen gegen die Widersacher Vertheidigt, von Maximilian Perty.* The work is the most complete and elaborate account of the mysterious phenomena of human nature which has yet been published, and is characterized by the well-known German accu-

racy* and extent of research. It contains *thousands* of narrative cases (very brief, of course), with the name of the author and book from which each is taken, most carefully given, extending from the most ancient to the most recent times. In this respect the work is of the highest value and interest to every student of these phenomena, forming in fact quite an Encyclopædia of information on everything relating to Animal Magnetism, Witchcraft, Dreams and Visions, Ghosts and Haunted Houses, "Spirit Rapping and Table Turning," and whatever else can be comprised under the name of "*Mystischen Erscheinungen der Menschlichen Natur.*" But when we come to the author's *theories*, we find more than the usual amount of German strangeness and obscurity. Some of his leading notions are such as we could not have expected in any sane man. The earth, according to him, is actually a living *conscious* animal, its soul or spiritual part being called by him "*Geodæmon.*" The sun and the planets has each its own "*Dæmon*;" the sun's "*Dæmon*" he calls "*Heliodæmon*," that of Mercury "*Hermodæmon*," &c.

The "*Geodæmon*" is a spiritual being of higher order than the human soul, and is conscious of everything and every event which occurs on the earth. Hence he *explains* (!) the marvellous knowledge of distant places and future events, &c., displayed by clairvoyants and spirit-mediums, *viz.*, by their becoming (in some mysterious way which he does *not explain*) partakers in this higher consciousness of the *Geodæmon*. Without expressly denying the possibility of communication with departed spirits he denies the reality of such communication in almost every one of the thousands of cases which he has collected, and attempts to account for the facts by such wild and absurd hypotheses as the above. He rivals and even surpasses the American authors Richmond, Rogers, Mahan, &c., in the powers which he ascribes to "*unconscious*" mental action. A medium can throw furniture about the room, without having the slightest consciousness of what he is doing!!! He may produce writing on a piece of paper locked up in a box out of his reach, and even sight, without being conscious of having anything to do with it!!! (see pages 397, 411, 412, &c.) Even the "*spirit-photographs*" are produced by the unconscious magic power of the individual. We will quote his own words (pages 50-1 of the supplement):—"Der sehr bekannte photograph Richardson in New York, wollte eine junge person photographiren, die etwas medium war. Als die

* *German Accuracy*—"The exception proves the rule." One exception is to be found at page 393, where the author says:—"Spiritualism in its coarsest forms of table-moving and spirit-rapping has in England three established journals. The *Spiritual Magazine* alone has a weekly sale of about 15,000 copies." We wish that the last part of this statement at any rate was correct.

probe gemacht wurde, schien das bild verdorben, aber quer über dasselbe zeigte sich ganz leicht das portrat einer alten frau in ganz anderer kleidung, in welcher die junge person das bild einer verstorbenen Tante erkannte und welches R. mehreren bekannten zeigte. Das bild, ist nach meiner ansicht in diesem falle durch die junge person—nicht durch den geist der Tante—auf die gleiche weise wie die geisterschriften zu stande gekommen; die junge person war ihr selbst unbewusst im magischen theil ihres wesens mit jeuer Tante beschäftigt, imaginirte deren bild, und stellte es durch einwirkung auf das gegebene material dar, verdarb aber damit ihr eigenes." A man who can believe that a person sitting for her portrait, can, by *imagining* a deceased aunt, produce a photographic picture of this aunt—and without the slightest consciousness of having been thinking of this deceased aunt—must be himself one of the most "mysterious phenomena of human nature." Verily, the credulity of incredulity is incredible! But even he makes one admission which totally upsets all his own extraordinary attempts at "explanation." He expressly lays it down that all these wonderful effects of an *unconsciously-acting* magic power in the medium can only occur when the medium is "in a peculiar dream-waking condition," and are impossible when the medium is in her ordinary state of everyday life. "Jedes magische wirken ist bei dem gewöhnlichen Tagleben unmöglich." (page 395.) Again, in his Supplement (page 39):—"Beim geisterschreiben und der spukwirkung verhält sich der mensch als Doppelgänger; sein magisches Ich erscheint und handelt anderwärts, während der Tagmensch immer nur da thätig ist, wo sein körper weilt." That is, "In spirit-writing and disturbance (of physical objects, &c.) the individual behaves as a double-goer; his magic *I* appears and acts at a distance whilst the Day-man is only active there where his body is." We leave our readers to test this theory by the *facts* known to themselves.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "Spiritual Magazine."

SIR,—With your permission, I will give your readers an account of the little experience I have had in Spiritualism. The subject had engaged my attention from time to time, but I, like most persons are apt to do, regarded the whole thing as a myth. I had occasionally seen accounts of wondrous doings in the newspapers; these I looked upon as so much food provided for the lovers of the marvellous. I read the article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and for the first time heard of a "floating medium." This affair, though perplexing to the mind, was disposed of by supposing that the persons present were deceived by the events taking place in the dark. I next had the direct testimony of a friend, in whom I could place implicit confidence, that he himself had seen some wondrous things, one of which was a table standing in mid-air, untouched by any one present. Inexplicable as all this appeared to me, I was, nevertheless, reluctant to give in

my adhesion to statements so contrary to general experience, and for the accomplishment of which the established laws of nature must be set aside, or new, or unknown ones brought into operation. The subject was, however, soon after brought more practically under my notice. About three months ago a young gentleman was staying in this town, and Spiritualism was incidentally mentioned to him; he said that some years ago, when table-turning was in fashion, he had sat at a table and seen it move. He was asked to try again. He did so, and a very decided movements soon took place, but nothing more was done on this occasion. The next night I was invited to attend, and after being seated about ten minutes, the table seemed as if endowed with life and intelligence. It responded to questions by giving the usual affirmative or negative raps with the leg. An alphabet was extemporised, and immediately a remarkable and *apropos* sentence was spelt out, purporting to come from an old clergyman who had died a few weeks before. It will be well to mention that this gentleman held the idea, so prevalent among the clergy, that if there is anything in Spiritualism at all, it is Satanic, and that it should on no account be practised. He had given me a pamphlet to read, written by an Irish clergyman of the name of Nangle, plausibly setting forth that Spiritualism was of the devil. "There," said he, very assuredly, "that will show you where it comes from." Well, this old clergyman having announced himself, was asked if he had anything to communicate, and without hesitation was spelt out, "When I was alive I did not believe in Spiritualism." "Is it Satanic?" "No." "Then good spirits as well as evil spirits are engaged in these manifestations?" "Yes." The names of deceased friends were spelt out on this occasion, but no further communication was made, the chief interest centreing in the movements of the table, which were remarkable to us on account of their novelty, we never having seen anything of the kind before. The next evening the same description of manifestations took place; some questions of a theological character were answered, and the movements of the table exhibited greater power. An interesting circumstance occurred which is worth recording. A child was taken from a cradle and placed on the table, which at once proceeded to rock with a cradle-like motion. We were expecting the table to go along the ground, as we had seen it on the previous evening, when a person mounted it. On retiring to rest our medium was greatly disturbed by rappings, which continued the greater part of the night, and he could not be induced to attend a *séance* again. Not liking to abandon our experiments at so early a stage, we tried among ourselves, and had the satisfaction to find that two of our party were mediums, though not very powerful ones. The movements of the table, however, increased in power on repetition, and were produced more readily. I have frequently seen, at my own house, a heavy man raised on the table, the only contact with it being our finger-ends lightly resting on it. We get questions promptly answered, affirmatively or negatively, but an appeal to the alphabet is seldom successful. The name of a lady has been rapped out as a medium, but as she cannot be persuaded to join in our experiments, we have not been able to test her mediumship. "Here are fair spirits," was on one occasion spelt out; this, on enquiry, we found to mean, that the spirits present were *good* spirits.

At this stage of our proceedings, a gentleman (a civil engineer) requested permission to see our experiments. He witnessed them, and was much struck with what he saw, and became so much interested in the matter, that what we could shew him was not enough; to use his own words, he wanted to "see the hands." I recommended him to visit Mrs. Marshall in London, of whom I had heard. He went, and sent me the following report:—"Knockings and scratchings were heard about the room, and on the table. Questions were promptly answered by loud raps on the table. The name of my sister was correctly spelt out; and the place where her remains are buried, and several questions were correctly answered. After this, the table rose about three feet in the air, and remained so for several seconds, in defiance of the laws of gravitation. I watched the movements with great earnestness and care, and could discover no appearance of fraud."

On receiving this account, I made a journey to London, to see and judge for myself. On arriving at Mrs. M.'s, I found a party of about six, among whom was a lady receiving a long communication from her father; a page or two of

which she read for our edification. On putting the usual question, whether there was any spirit present who knew me, the name of "Mary Cooper" was rapped out, the alphabet being pointed to by an American gentleman, who happened to be present. Not recollecting any one of that name, I enquired who it was, and was answered, "Grandmother." She stated she died about thirty years ago, and was my guardian spirit. I have since ascertained the year of her death to be 1833. She died when I was very young, and my parents having died previously, the responsibility of my care devolved upon the old lady, who always manifested great interest in my welfare. How wonderful that she should thus spring forth to light again, at a time when I had all but forgotten that such a person had ever lived! At this stage of the proceedings, a friend, who accompanied me, inquired if any manifestation of a different kind to those we had yet seen could be produced? "Yes." "Can any spirit present give us direct writing?" "Yes." Hereupon I placed on the floor some note paper and a pencil, and on taking it up, about two minutes after, the name "Mary Cooper," was legibly written in a bold free hand. I marked the paper previous to putting it down. I afterwards placed on the table a photograph, enclosed in an envelope, of a dear deceased relative; her name was instantly spelt out, accompanied by the benedictory words, "Joy be with you." The American gentleman, before alluded to, now began singing, which seemed to increase the movements of the table (a 4-feet loo), and it rose fairly from the floor to the height of about a foot. The rappings now were not confined to the table, but were all about the floor, which shook with a tremulous motion, resembling, as one present observed, an earthquake.

I attended again a short time afterwards, when the same description of phenomena occurred. Singing was again introduced, and on this occasion, the table, a smaller one than that before used, rose in the air, and remained there with a vibratory motion till the close of each verse, when it descended, and rose again at the commencement of the next. The spirit of Dr. Esdaile was invoked, and on being told that he was present, the gentleman requested that he would, if possible, mesmerise him. The table hereupon rose from the ground, and assumed the actions of a mesmerist in making the usual mesmeric passes; the imitation was perfect. Dr. Esdaile, the celebrated mesmerist in India, was well known to the gentleman who had made the request. On another occasion, a military gentleman threw a handkerchief on the floor; the alphabet was called for, and the words, "We have made you a pretty present," were rapped out. On taking up the handkerchief it was found to be tied in knots.

Such are some of the striking incidents I saw at Mrs. M.'s; and coupled with what I have witnessed in my own house, where anything like deception or imposition is out of the question, they appear to me so conclusive, of the truth of the spiritual theory, and, indeed, so impossible on any other theory than that of spiritual agency, that I unhesitatingly give my testimony to its truth, and I believe it destined, under Providence, as the great antidote to materialism, to work marvellous results in the future of humanity. After what I have seen, I can no more doubt the existence of spirits and of these spiritual phenomena, than I can the sunshine that warms and irradiates the earth; and I feel assured that all who will take the trouble to investigate the matter properly, will very soon be of the same conviction.

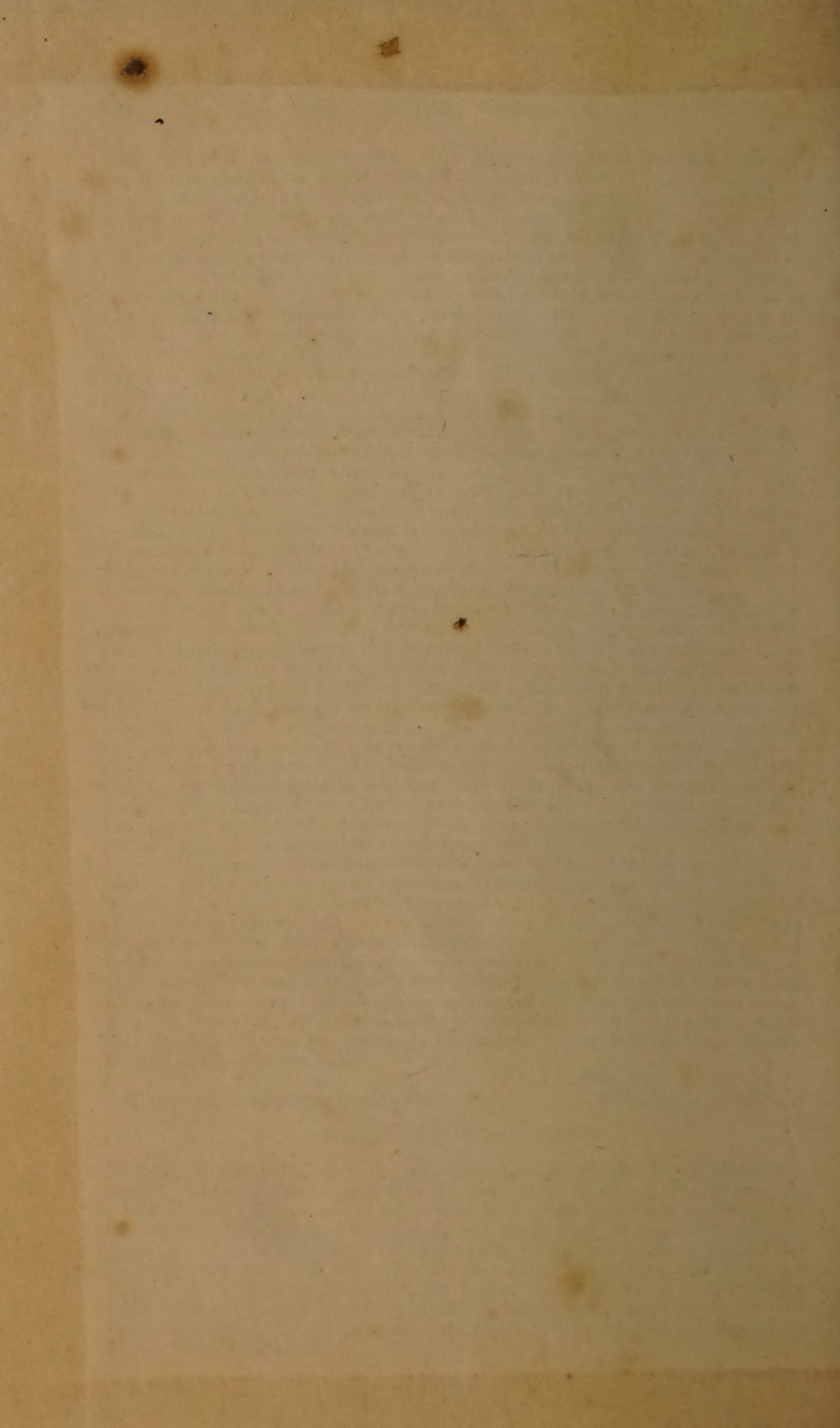
I remain, &c.,

2, Terrace, Eastbourne, Nov. 9, 1863.

ROBERT COOPER.

Count Koucheleff Besborodko, the brother-in-law of Mr. D. D. Home, has made by will a handsome present to the Petersburg Academy of Arts, *viz.*, his whole picture gallery—one of the richest in the whole Russian empire—with the condition that it shall be open daily and gratuitously to everybody, without distinction of rank or dress. This means that it shall not be closed against the poor populace who still wear the Russian national costume, and have not adopted the French habiliments of the higher classes of Russia. The gallery itself consists, besides twelve sculptures—partly antiquities, partly by the hands of Canova, Livy, Dupré, &c.,—of about 500 pictures of old and recent date.—*Court Journal.*







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